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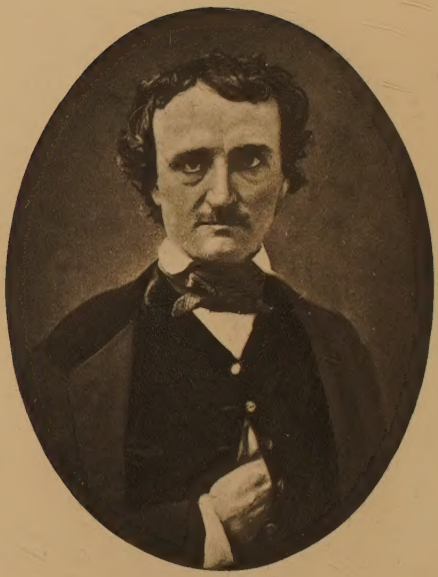

LIFE AND LETTERS OF Edgar Allan Poe

By

JAMES A. HARRISON

of the University of Virginia

—

VOLUME II.

NEW YORK

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

PUBLISHERS

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INTRODUCTION.

A VOLUME of letters — interesting in connection with any author — is of peculiar appeal in the case of Poe. His personality became infused into all his writings to such an extent, that no critique of the works has yet been able to ignore the man himself. Of no other American writer, perhaps, would so much be said. The publication of the present volume of correspondence, therefore, needs no explanation for its existence.

It is intended to supplement the biography (Volume I.), since it furnishes most valuable direct light upon the inner life of the man. And it will also be found useful in the perusal of the works, the writing of which will often be explained by the letters. References by footnotes are frequently made, for the purpose of calling attention to interesting side facts.

The limitations of space have made it impracticable to repeat in this volume letters found in the biography; but in every such case of omission, proper reference is made in its chronological position. The Appendix will be found to contain important letters recently discovered.

All chapters except the last are confined to letters written by Poe and those written to him. The latter are scarcely less interesting than Poe's own letters,

however, since they are addressed to him by his literary friends and contemporaries, either in answer to his own or on general literary topics. They form the other hemisphere of this correspondence, without which Poe's letters would be either incomplete or, in many cases, unintelligible. Here will be found letters from Dickens, Lowell, Miss Barrett, Longfellow, Irving, and many of the lesser literary lights of the day; friendly and love letters passing between Poe and the coterie of women who almost idolized him; the dark chapter of the English controversy so full of vilification and bitterness; the appeals to publishers; the answers to social demands; the chronicling of data for poems, tales, and essays; the hours of anguish when some friend heard the cry escaping from Poe's soul — all this is set down just as it occurred, forming the chiaroscuro of an earthly existence.

The final chapter contains correspondence closely relating to Poe — though none by him — and each letter will be found abundantly to justify its insertion.

This large mass of material now appears in book form for the first time. It is chronologically arranged, and divided into chapter periods coinciding with important epochs in Poe's life. Many new letters from F. W. Thomas, John R. Thompson, Mrs. Clemm, Dr. Chivers, and others throw needed light into obscure corners; the biography also has profited by them; while many other fragmentary letters already known have been traced back to their full text.

The sources of the letters here included are as follows: —

The Griswold Collection of twelve hundred and twenty pieces, presented to the Boston Public Library by Mrs. Rufus W. Griswold, widow of the well-

known biographer of Poe. The letters to, from, and about Poe in this rich collection have been carefully transcribed from the originals for this work by Miss A. G. O'Gorman, official copyist of the library.

The letters in the Biographies of Poe published by Messrs. Ingram, Gill, and Griswold.

The letters of Poe to E. H. N. Patterson, and of Patterson to Poe, published in Eugene Field's edition of the Poe-Patterson letters for the Caxton Club of Chicago.

The Poe-Snodgrass Correspondence published by the New York Herald, March 27, 1881, and edited by Edward Spencer.

The Poe-Snodgrass Correspondence published by Dr. Snodgrass in the Baltimore American, April, 1881.

The Duyckinck Collection of Poe Letters in the New York Public Library.

The Poe-English Correspondence published in the New York Evening Mirror and Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, June–July, 1846.

MS. Poe Correspondence put at the disposal of the editor by Miss A. F. Poe of Baltimore.

Miscellaneous letters obtained from private or public sources, current biographies, magazines, manuscripts owned by institutions of learning, and letters from the Richmond (Va.) Compiler and Standard.

Records of the War Department at Washington, for the papers filed in the case of Edgar A. Perry [Poe].

The preparation of the volume has been made possible only by the generous aid of libraries and friends. We desire to thank most especially the authorities of the Boston Public Library for their liberality in allowing the Poe Correspondence there found

so freely to be copied; Dr. John S. Billings for permission to reprint the Duyckinck collection of letters from the Bulletin of the New York Public Library; Messrs. J. H. Ingram and W. Fearing Gill for the ready courtesy with which they consented to the republication of the rich epistolary material in their most valuable biographies; and the publishers of Scribner's Monthly, The New York Independent, The New York Herald, The Baltimore American, The Century Magazine, and The Richmond Standard for their hearty co-operation in this work.

To Miss A. F. Poe the warmest acknowledgments are due for her unceasing interest, and for her invaluable loans. Dr. Wm. Hand Browne, Dr. B. B. Minor, Mr. F. R. Halsey, Mrs. W. Y. Dill, Messrs. W. A. Slade and J. P. Kennedy, of the Library of Congress, the Messrs. Appleton and Messrs. Harper, and the Chevalier E. R. Reynolds have also aided the editor in many ways, here gratefully acknowledged.

To these names we would add with special appreciation those of Mr. C. L. Hutchinson (owner of the Patterson letters), of Gen. James Grant Wilson (for permission to reprint the Poe-Clemm letters in his Independent paper), of Col. T. W. Higginson, Dr. A. Crawford, and Mrs. W. M. Griswold, the latter of whom has permitted the letters bearing on Poe in "Passages from the Correspondence of Rufus Wilmot Griswold," to be reproduced here, and has also kindly given access to hitherto unpublished matter.

James A. Harrison.

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POE'S EARLIEST KNOWN LETTER.

1829.

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POE TO COLONEL S. THAYER.

March 10, 1831.

This letter and the subjoined "Letter to B" are the only epistolary record of Poe's West Point career. See Appendix, p. 449.

"LETTER TO B——."

1831.

Printed as a Preface to the Poems of 1831. See Appendix, p. 450.

POE TO WILLIAM GWYNN.

May 6, 1831.

Upon May 6, 1831, Poe wrote to William Gwynn, an editor of Baltimore, that he hesitated to ask anything

of him because of his own unfortunate action at a former time. — However, he wished to go to Baltimore to live, now that Mr. Allan had married and Richmond was no longer his home. — Mr. Allan had agreed with his wishes, and he wanted to have Mr. Gwynn's aid in obtaining some employment in which salary would not be a first point considered. — Possibly Mr. Gwynn might be able to give him some sort of work in his office. — If he should Poe would exert himself to the utmost to meet the award. — He would have called upon Mr. Gwynn in person, but was housed by a sprain in the knee.

POE TO KENNEDY.

[Griswold Collection.]

D^R^ SIR, — Your kind invitation to dinner today has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come — and for reasons of the most humiliating nature — my personal appearance. You may conceive my deep mortification in making this disclosure to you — but it was necessary. If you will be my friend so far as to loan me $20, I will call on you to-morrow — otherwise it will be impossible, and I must submit to my fate.

Sincerely
Yours,

J. P. KENNEDY Esq., E. A. POE.
Sunday 15th [1833].

POE TO KENNEDY.

November, 1834.

See Vol. I., page 1.

KENNEDY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

DEAR SIR, — I have rec^{d} your note, and should have apprised you of what I had done, but that Carey's letter only reached me a few days ago as I was stepping into a carriage to go to Annapolis, whence I returned only a day or two since.

I requested Carey immediately upon the receipt of your first letter to do something for you as speedily as he might find an opportunity and to make some advance on your book. His answer let me know that he would go on to publish, but the expectation of any profit from the undertaking he considered doubtful, — not from want of merit in the production but because small books of detached tales however well written seldom yield a sum sufficient to enable the bookseller to purchase a copyright. He recommended however that I should allow him to sell some of the tales to the publishers of the annuals. My reply was that I thought you would not object to this if the right to publish the same tale was reserved for the volume. He has accordingly sold one of the tales to Miss Leslie for the Souvenir at a dollar a page, I think, with the reservation above mentioned, — and has remitted me a draft for fifteen dollars, which I will hand over to you as soon as you call upon me, which I hope you will do as soon as you can make it convenient. If the other tales can be sold in the same way you will get more for the work than by an exclusive publication.

Yours truly

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

BALT. Dec. 22, 1834.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

POE TO KENNEDY.

[Griswold Collection.]

SUNDAY, 15th March, 1835.

D^R SIR, — In the paper which will be handed you with this note is an advertisement to which I most anxiously solicit your attention. It relates to the appointment of a teacher in a Public School, and I have marked it with a cross that you may readily perceive it. In my present circumstances such a situation would be most desirable, and if your interest could obtain it for me, I would always remember your kindness with the deepest gratitude. Have I any hope? Your reply to this would greatly oblige. The 18th is fixed on for the decision of the commissioners, and the advertisement has only this moment caught my eye. This will excuse my obtruding the matter on your attention today.

Very resp^y

E. A. POE.

POE TO WHITE.

[Griswold Collection.]

BALTIMORE, May 30, 1835.

MR. T. W. WHITE.

D^R SIR, — I duly rec^d, through Mr. Kennedy your favour of the 20th enclosing $5; and an order for $4.94. I assure you it was very welcome. Miscarriages of double letters are by no means unfrequent just now, but yours, at least, came safely to hand. Had I reflected a moment I should have acknowledged the rec^t before. I suppose you have heard about ——

of this place, late Editor of the Gazette. He was detected in purloining letters from the office to which the Clerks were in the habit of admitting him familiarly. He acknowledged the theft of more than $2000 in this way at different times. He probably took even more than that, and I am quite sure that on the part of the Clerks themselves advantage was taken of his arrest to embezzle double that sum. I have been a loser myself to a small amount.

I have not seen Mr. Kennedy for some days, having been too unwell to go abroad. When I saw him last he assured me his book would reach Rich^d^ in time for your next number, and under this assurance, I thought it useless to make such extracts from the book as I wished — thinking you could please yourself in this matter. I cannot imagine what delays its publication, for it has been for some time ready for issue. In regard to my critique I seriously feel ashamed of what I have written. I fully intended to have given the work a thorough review, and examine it in detail. Ill health alone prevented me from so doing. At the time I wrote the hasty sketch I sent you I was so ill as to be hardly able to see the paper on which I wrote, and finished in a state of complete exhaustion. I have therefore, not done anything like justice to the book, and I am vexed about the matter, for Mr. K. has proved himself a kind friend to me in every respect, and I am sincerely grateful to him for many acts of generosity and attention.

I read the article in the Compiler relating to the "Confessions of a Poet" but there is no necessity of giving it a reply. The book is silly enough of itself, without the aid of any controversy concern-

ing it. In your private ear however I may say a word or two. The writer "I" founds his opinion that I have not read the book simply upon one fact — that I disagree with him concerning it. I have looked over his article two or three times attentively and can see no other reason adduced by him. If this is a good reason, one way, it is equally good another — ergo — *He* has not read the book because he disagrees with me. Neither of us having read it then, it is better to say no more about it.

But seriously — I *have* read it from beginning to end and was very much amused at it. My opinion concerning it is pretty much the opinion of the press at large. I have heard no person offer one serious word in its defence.

My notice of your Messenger in the Republican was I am afraid too brief for your views. But I could command no greater space in its editorial columns. I have often wondered at your preferring to insert such notices in the *Republican*. It is a paper by no means in the hands of the first people here. Would not the American suit as well? Its columns are equally at your service. Did you notice the alteration I made in the name of the authority of the lines to Mr. Wilde? They were written by Mrs. Dr. Buckler of this city — not Buckley.

You ask me if I am perfectly satisfied with your course. I reply that I am — entirely. My poor services are not worth what you give me for them.

The high compliment of Judge Tucker is rendered doubly flattering to me by my knowledge of his literary character.

Very sincerely yours

Edgar A. Poe.

POE TO WHITE.

[Griswold Collection.]

BAL: June 12th, 1835.

MR. T. W. WHITE.

MY DEAR SIR, — I take the opportunity of sending this M. S. by private hand. Your letter of June 8th I rec^{d} yesterday morning together with the Magazines. In reply to your kind enquiries after my health I am glad to say that I have entirely recovered — although Dr. Buckler, no longer than 3 weeks ago, assured me that nothing but a sea-voyage would save me. I will do my best to please you in relation to Marshall's Washington if you will send it on. By what time would you wish the M. S. of the Review?

I suppose you have rec^{d} Mr. Calvert's communication. He will prove a valuable correspondent. I will send you on The American & Republican as soon as the *critiques* come out. What I can do farther to aid the circulation of your Magazine I will gladly do — but I must insist on your not sending me any remuneration for services of this nature. They are a pleasure to me & no trouble whatever.

Very sincerely

EDGAR A. POE.

I congratulate you upon obtaining the services of Mr. S. He has a high reputation for talent.

POE TO WHITE.

[Griswold Collection.]

BALT: June 22d 1835.

MY DEAR SIR, — I rec^{d} your letter of the 18th yesterday, and this morning your reprint of the Messenger No. 3. While I entirely agree with you, and with many of your correspondents, in your opinion of this number (it being in fact one of the very best issued) I cannot help entertaining a doubt whether it would be of any advantage to you to have the public attention called to this its second appearance by any detailed notice in the papers. There would be an air of irregularity about it — as the first edition was issued so long ago — which might even have a prejudicial effect. For indeed the veriest trifles — the mere semblance of anything unusual or *outré* — will frequently have a pernicious influence in cases similar to this; and you must be aware that of all the delicate things in the world the character of a young Periodical is the most easily injured. Besides it is undeniable that the public will not think of judging you by the appearance, or the merit of your Magazine in November. Its *present* character, whether that be good or bad, is all that will influence them. I would therefore look zealously to the future, letting the past take care of itself. Adopting this view of the case, I thought it best to delay doing anything until I should hear further from you — being fully assured that a little reflection will enable you to see the matter in the same light as myself. One important objection to what you proposed is the insuperable dislike entertained by the Daily Editors to notice any but most recent publica-

tions. And although I dare say that I could, if you insist upon it, overcome this aversion in the present case, still it would be trifling to no purpose with your interest in that quarter. If however you disagree with me in these opinions I will undoubtedly (upon hearing from you) do as you desire. Of course the remarks I now make will equally apply to any other of the back numbers.

Many of the contributors to No. 3 are familiarly known to me — most of them I have seen occasionally. Charles B. Shaw the author of the Alleghany Levels is an old acquaintance, and a most estimable and talented man. I cannot say with truth that I had any knowledge of your son. I read the Lines to his memory in No. 9, and was much struck with an air of tenderness and unaffected simplicity which pervades them. The verses immediately following, and from the same pen, give evidence of fine poetic feeling in the writer.

I will pay special attention to what you suggested in relation to the punctuation &c. of my future M.S.S.

You ask me if I would be willing to come on to Richmond if you should have occasion for my services during the coming winter. I reply that nothing would give me greater pleasure. I have been desirous, for some time past, of paying a visit to Richmond, and would be glad of any reasonable excuse for so doing. Indeed I am anxious to settle myself in that city, and if, by any chance, you hear of a situation likely to suit me, I would gladly accept it, were the salary even the merest trifle. I should indeed feel myself greatly indebted to you, if through your means, I could accomplish this object. What you say, in the conclusion of your letter, in relation to the supervision of proof-sheets, gives me reason to hope that possibly you

might find something for me to do in your office. If so I should be very glad — for at present a very small portion of my time is employed.

Immediately after putting my last letter to you in the P. O. I called upon Mr. Wood [or Woods?] as you desired — but the Magazine was then completed.

Very sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

I have heard it suggested that a lighter-faced type in the headings of your various articles would improve the appearance of the Messenger. Do you not think so likewise? Who is the author of the Doom?

POE TO WHITE.

[W. M. Griswold MSS.]

BALTIMORE, July 20, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR, — I duly rec^{d} both your letters (July 14th and 16th) together with the $20. I am indeed grieved to hear that your health has not been improved by your trip — I agree with you in thinking that too close attention to business has been instrumental in causing your sickness.

I saw the Martinsburg Gazette by accident at Mr. Kennedy's — but he is now out of town, and will not be back till the fall, and I know not where to procure a copy of the paper. It merely spoke of the Messenger in general terms of commendation. Have you seen the "Young Men's Paper" — and the N. Y. Evening Star?

As might be supposed I am highly gratified with Mr. Pleasants' notice and especially with Paulding's.

What Mr. Pleasants says in relation to the commencement of Hans Phaal is judicious. That part of the Tale is faulty indeed — so much so that I had often thought of remodelling it entirely. I will take care & have the Letter inserted in all the Baltimore papers.

Herewith I send you a Baltimore Visiter of October 12th, 1833. It contains a highly complimentary letter from Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Latrobe, and Dr. Miller of Baltimore in relation to myself. The Tales of the Folio Club have only been partially published as yet. *Lionizing* was one of them. If you would in any manner contrive to have this letter copied into any of the Richmond Papers it would greatly advance a particular object which I have in view. If you could find an excuse for printing it in the Messenger it would be still better. You might observe that as many contradictory opinions had been formed in relation to my Tales & especially to Lionizing, you took the liberty of copying the Letter of the Baltimore Committee. One fact I would wish particularly noticed: the Visiter offered two Premiums, one for the best Tale and one for the best Poem — *both* of which were awarded to me. The award was, however, altered, and the Premium for Poetry awarded to the second best in consideration of my having obtained the higher Prize. This Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Latrobe told me themselves. I know you will do me this favour if you can — the manner of doing it I leave altogether to yourself.

I have taken much pains to procure you the Ink. Only one person in Baltimore had it — and he not for sale. As a great favour I obtained a pound at the price of $1.50. It is mixed with Linseed oil prepared

after a particular fashion which renders it expensive. I shall go down to the Steamboat as soon as I finish this letter, and if I get an opportunity of sending it I will do so.

It gives me the greatest pain to hear that my Review will not appear in no 11. I cannot imagine what circumstances you allude to as preventing you from publishing. The Death of the Chief Justice,[1] so far from rendering the Review useless, was the very thing to attract public notice to the Article. I really wish you would consider this matter more maturely and if *possible* insert it in No 11.

Look over Hans Phaal, and the Literary Notices by me in No 10. and see if you have not miscalculated the sum due me. There are 34 columns in all. Hans Phaal cost me nearly a fortnight's hard labour and was written especially for the Messenger. I will not however sin so egregiously again in sending you a long article. I will confine myself to 3 or 4 pages.

Very sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

[SEAL]

3d p. blank.

4th p. folded to form end and addressed as follows:

To)

THOS. W. WHITE ESQR.
Southern Messenger
Richmond
Va:

[SEAL]

20 July 1835
EDGAR A. POE

[1] Marshall. — ED.

POE TO WM. POE.[1]

RICHMOND, Aug: 20, 1835.

DEAR SIR, — I received your very kind and complimentary letter only a few minutes ago, and hasten to reply.

I have been long aware that a connexion existed between us — without knowing precisely in what manner. Your letter however has satisfied me that we are second cousins. I will briefly relate to you what little I have been able to ascertain, or rather to remember, in relation to our families. That I know but little on this head will not appear so singular to you when I relate the circumstances connected with my own particular history. But to return. My paternal grandfather was Gen: David Poe of Baltimore — originally of Ireland. I know that he had brothers — two I believe. But my knowledge extends only to one, Mr. George Poe. My grandfather married, when very young, a Miss Elizabeth Carnes of Lancaster, Pa., by whom he had 5 sons — viz: George (who died while an infant), John, William, David, and Samuel; also two daughters, Maria and Eliza. Of the sons none married with the exception of David. He married a Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins, an English lady, by whom he had 3 children, Henry, myself, and Rosalie. Henry died about 4 years ago — Rosalie and myself remain. The daughters of Gen. David Poe, Maria and Eliza, both married young. Maria married Mr. Wm. Clemm, a gentleman of

[1] Mrs. W. Y. Dill, granddaughter of the William Poe of Georgia, has kindly given the use of this letter.

high standing and some property in Baltimore. He was a widower with 5 children — and had after his marriage to Maria Poe 3 others — viz: 2 girls and a boy, of which a girl Virginia, and a boy Henry are still living. Mr. Clemm died about 9 years ago without any property whatever, leaving his widow desolate, and unprotected, and little likely to receive protection or assistance from the relatives of her husband — most of whom were opposed to the marriage in the first instance — and whose opposition was no doubt aggravated by the petty quarrels frequently occurring between Maria's children, and Mr. C's children by his former wife. This Maria is the one of whom you speak, and to whom I will allude again presently. Eliza the second daughter of the General, married a Mr. Henry Herring of Baltimore, . . . by whom she had several children. She is now dead, and Mr. Herring, having married again ceased communication with the family of his wife's sister. Mrs. Poe the widow of General D. Poe, and the mother of Maria, died only [illegible] ago, at the age of 79. She had for the last 8 years of her life been confined entirely to bed — never, in any instance, leaving it during that time. She had been paralyzed and suffered from many other complaints — her daughter Maria attending her during her long & tedious illness with a Christian and martyr-like fortitude, and with a constancy of attention, and unremitting affection, which must exalt her character in the eyes of all who know her. Maria is now the only survivor of my grandfather's family.

In relation to my grandfather's brother George, I know but little. Jacob Poe of Fredericktown, Maryland, is his son — also George Poe of Mobile — and I presume your father Wm. Poe. Jacob Poe has

two sons, Neilson and George — also one daughter Amelia.

My father David died when I was in the second year of my age, and when my sister Rosalie was an infant in arms. Our mother died a few weeks before him. Thus we were left orphans at an age when the hand of a parent is so peculiarly requisite. At this period my grandfather's circumstances were at a low ebb, he from great wealth having been reduced to poverty. It was therefore in his power to do little for us. My brother Henry he took however under his charge, while myself and Rosalie were adopted by gentlemen in Richmond, where we were at the period of our parents' death. I was adopted by Mr. Jno. Allan of Richmond, Va., and she by Mr. Wm. McKenzie of the same place. Rosalie is still living at Mr. McK^{s} still unmarried, and is treated as one of the family, being a favorite with all. I accompanied Mr. Allan to England in my 7th year, and remained there at school 5 years, since which I resided with Mr. A. until a few years ago. The first Mrs. A. having died, and Mr. A. having married again I found my situation not so comfortable as before, and obtained a Cadet's appointment at W. Point. During my stay there Mr. A. died suddenly, and left me — nothing. No will was found among his papers. I have accordingly been thrown entirely upon my own resources. Brought up to no profession, and educated in the expectation of an immense fortune (Mr. A. having been worth $750,000) the blow has been a heavy one, and I had nearly succumbed to its influence, and yielded to despair. But by the exertion of much resolution I am now beginning to look upon the matter in a less serious light, and although struggling still with many embarrassments, am enabled

to keep up my spirits. I have lately obtained the Editorship of the Southern Messenger, and may probably yet do well.

Mrs. Thompson, your Aunt, is still living in Baltimore. George Poe of Baltimore allows her a small income.

In conclusion, I beg leave to assure you that whatever aid you may have it in your power to bestow upon Mrs. Clemm will be given to one who well deserves every kindness and attention. Would to God that I could at this moment aid her. She is now, while I write, struggling without friends, without money and without health to support herself and 2 children. I sincerely pray God that the words which I am writing may be the means of inducing you to unite with your brothers and friends, and send her that *immediate* relief which is *utterly* out of my power to give her just now, and which, unless it reach her soon will, I am afraid, reach her too late. Entreating your attention to this subject I remain,

Yours very truly & affectionately,

EDGAR A. POE.

It would give me greatest pleasure to hear from you in reply.

To MR. WM. POE.

POE TO KENNEDY.

[Griswold Collection.]

RICHMOND, Sep: 11th, 1835.

DR SIR, — I received a letter yesterday from Dr Miller in which he tells me you are in town. I hasten, there-

fore, to write you, — and express by letter what I have always found it impossible to express orally — my deep sense of gratitude for your frequent and effectual assistance and kindness. Through your influence M! White has been induced to employ me in assisting him with the Editorial duties of his Magazine — at a salary of $520 per annum. The situation is agreeable to me for many reasons — but alas! it appears to me that nothing can now give me pleasure — or the slightest gratification. Excuse me, my Dear Sir, if in this letter you find much incoherency. My feelings at this moment are pitiable indeed. I am suffering under a depression of spirits such as I have never felt before. I have struggled in vain against the influence of this melancholy — *you will believe me* when I say that I am still miserable in spite of the great improvement in my circumstances. I say you will believe me, and for this simple reason, that a man who is writing for *effect* does not write thus. My heart is open before you — if it be worth reading, read it. I am wretched, and know not why. Console me — for you can. But let it be quickly — or it will be too late. Write me immediately. Convince me that it is worth one's while, that it is at all necessary to live, and you will prove yourself indeed my friend. Persuade me to do what is right. I do not mean this — I do not mean that you should consider what I now write you a jest — oh pity me! for I feel that my words are incoherent — but I will recover myself. You will not fail to see that I am suffering under a depression of spirits which will ruin me should it be long continued. Write me then, and quickly. Urge me to do what is right. Your words will have more weight with me than the words of others — for you were my friend

when no one else was. Fail not — as you value your peace of mind hereafter. E. A. Poe.

Mr. White desires me to say that if you could send him any contribution for the Messenger, it would serve him most effectually. I would consider it a personal favour if you could do so without incommoding yourself. I will write you more fully hereafter. I see "*The Gift*" is out. They have published the *M. S. found in a Bottle* (the prize that you will remember) although I not only told Mr. Carey myself that it had been published, but wrote him to that effect after my return to Baltimore, and sent him another tale in place of it (Epimanes). I cannot understand why they have published it — or why they have *not* published rather "Siope" or "Epimanes."

Mr. White is willing to publish my *Tales of the Folio Club* — that is to *print* them. Would you oblige me by ascertaining from Carey & Lea, whether they would, in that case, appear nominally as the publishers, the books when printed, being sent on to them, as in the case of H. S. Robinson?[1] Have you seen the "Discoveries in the Moon"? Do you not think it altogether suggested by Hans Phaal? It is very singular but when I first purposed writing a Tale concerning the Moon, the idea of Telescopic discoveries suggested itself to me — but I afterwards abandoned it. I had however spoken of it freely, & from many little incidents & apparently trivial remarks in those *Discoveries*, I am convinced the idea was stolen from myself.

Yours most sincerely

Edgar A. Poe.

[1] "Horse Shoe Robinson."

KENNEDY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

My dear Poe, — I am sorry to see you in such plight as your letter shows you in. — It is strange that just at the time when every body is praising you and when Fortune has begun to smile upon your hitherto wretched circumstances you should be invaded by these villainous blue devils. — It belongs, however, to your age and temper to be thus buffeted, — but be assured it only wants a little resolution to master the adversary forever. — Rise early, live generously, and make cheerful acquaintances and I have no doubt you will send these misgivings of the heart all to the Devil. — You will doubtless do well henceforth in literature and add to your *comforts* as well as to your reputation which, it gives me great pleasure to tell you, is every where rising in popular esteem. Can't you write some farces after the manner of the French Vaudevilles? if you can — (and I think you can —) you may turn them to excellent account by selling them to the managers in New York. — I wish you would give your thoughts to this suggestion.

More than yourself have remarked the coincidence between Hans Phaal & the Lunar Discoveries and I perceive that in New York they are republishing Hans for the sake of comparison.

Say to White that I am over head in business and can promise never a line to living man. — I wish he would send me the Richmond Whig containing the reply to the Defence of Capt Read. Tell him so.

I will write to Carey & Lea to know if they will allow you to publish The Tales of the Folio Club in their name. Of course, you will understand that if they do not *print* them they will not be required to be at the risk of the printing expenses. I suppose you mean that White shall take that risk upon himself and look for his indemnity

to the sale. My own opinion is that White could publish them as advantageously as Carey.

Write to me frequently, and believe me very truly

Yours

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

BALT. Sept. 19, 1835.

WHITE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

RICHMOND, Sept. 29, 1835.

DEAR EDGAR, — Would that it were in my power to unbosom myself to you, in language such as I could on the present occasion, wish myself master of. I cannot do it — and therefore must be content to speak to you in my plain way.

That you are sincere in all your promises, I firmly believe. But, Edgar, when you once again tread these streets, I have my fears that your resolves would fall through, — and that you would again sip the juice, even till it stole away your senses. Rely on your own strength, and you are gone! Look to your Maker for help, and you are safe!

How much I regretted parting with you, is unknown to anyone on this earth, except myself. I was attached to you — and am still, — and willingly would I say return, if I did not dread the hour of separation very shortly again.

If you could make yourself contented to take up your quarters in my family, or in any other private family where liquor is not used, I should think there were hopes of you. — But, if you go to a tavern, or to any other place where it is used at table, you are not safe. I speak from experience.

You have fine talents, Edgar, — and you ought to have them respected as well as yourself. Learn to respect

yourself, and you will very soon find that you are respected. Separate yourself from the bottle, and bottle companions, for ever !

Tell me if you can and will do so — and let me hear that it is your fixed purpose never to yield to temptation.

If you should come to Richmond again, and again should be an assistant in my office, it must be expressly understood by us that all engagements on my part would be dissolved, the moment you get drunk.

No man is safe who drinks before breakfast ! No man can do so, and attend to business properly.

I have thought over the matter seriously about the Autograph article, and have come to the conclusion that it will be best to omit it in its present dress. I should not be at all surprised, were I to send it out, to hear that Cooper had sued me for a libel.

The form containing it has been ready for press three days — and I have been just as many days deciding the question.

I am your true Friend,

T. W. White.

E. A. Poe, Esq.

TUCKER TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Williamsburg, December 5, 1835.

To Mr. Poe.

Dr Sir, — Your letter has been just received, and deserves my thanks. So far from needing apology, it has been taken as a favour, and I have been congratulating myself on the success of my attempt to draw you into correspondence.

It is more creditable to your candour than to my criticism, that you have taken it so kindly. You are doubtless right in thinking that a mere flow of mellifluous lines is not the thing called for by the laws of metrical harmony.

I was perfectly aware that the lines I lately sent you were faulty in this respect. Faulty, because, as you say, they are faultless. But I could not help it. Not that I could not have made them rugged, but because I did not think myself master of that sort of "grace beyond the reach of art," which so few can snatch. I have seen something analogous to it in the features and in the carriage of persons who were the handsomer for not being perfectly handsome, and the more graceful for a little awkwardness. But these are the things in which poetry, eloquence and grace may be said, like beauty, to be born with us. When we attempt to assume them, we do but attempt to imitate what is inimitable, because unimitated. I do not know to what to liken those occasional departures from regular metre which are so fascinating. They are more to my ear like that marvellous performance — "clapping Juba," than any thing else. The beat is capriciously irregular; there is no attempt to keep time to *all* the notes, but then it comes so pat & so distinct that the cadence is never lost. The art of Moore, which enables him to throw out a syllable, or to throw in a couple of them, without interrupting his rhythm is the great charm of his versification. But such irregularities are like rests and grace notes. They must be so managed as neither to hasten or retard the beat. The time of the bar must be the same, no matter how many notes are in it. Do not think therefore I counted your feet. I did not. I was aware what you would be at, and was pleased with your frequent success. I require no more than to be able to utter the line in its due time, neither more nor less, and when this can be done with only nine, or with eleven syllables, or even twelve, the variety is an agreeable relief from the mawkish sweetness which by continuance becomes nauseous. This I take to be the limit which neither Pope nor Moore, nor even Byron ever transcended. It is the spell which sound imposes on all our members, disposing them to keep time to its cadence. Now in the "fragment" there are lines that cannot by

any reading be forced into time. Take Baldazzar's speech at the bottom of the first column of p. 15.

In saying all this, I may be proving to you, that I have not capacity to understand what I am talking about. It may be so. I only vouch for the *accuracy* of my *ear*. The *correctness* of my taste is another affair. But as I rather deprecate such a conclusion let me add that the rules I am speaking of are, like other laws, but *cobwebs* for *flies*. *Great thoughts* sometimes display themselves best in breaking through them. You will never find me cavilling at *their* dress.

I did not mean to deny the efficacy of a certain style of criticism in demolishing scribblers. I merely said it was not Judicial. It may make the critic as formidable to the rabble of literary offenders, as Jack Dalgliesh (sic) or Jack Portious himself, but it makes him odious too, and adds nothing to his authority in the estimation of those whose approbation for his sentence cuts off the sufferer from the poor privilege of complaining, and the poor consolation of sympathy. Jeffrey's nearest approach to it was in his review of Byron's first publication. I am old enough to remember that it provoked a reaction highly favourable to Byron. Nothing else could have given such triumphant success to the English Bards &c. As to Blackwood; I admire Wilson, but he is an offence unto me by the brutal arrogance of his style of criticism. I have no doubt he demolished the poor Tailor. But "who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?" Supported by the powerful party whose organ he is, he may never feel that he injures himself by such things; but he does. His criticisms will have the less weight with the impartial.

I do not think we differ about the Ποίησις. I have seen much sweet poetry in which there was nothing new but the application or combination of old thoughts. But this is one mode of creation. I do not think you will go beyond this. I am glad you do not know who your dreamer is. He will keep his secret, and take care not to complain.

Mr. White writes me that he is labouring under a woful lack of matter. Like poor Tom "I have no food for him." I will try to write out from memory a few rude lines, composed long syne, which I have neither art nor leisure nor in truth will to polish. I send them on one condition. You are to judge them candidly, and reject them if they do not come up to either my standard or yours. Let me know which.

I will thank you to ask Mr. White to procure me a copy of Burke's works as published in 1834, by Dearborn of New York, in three volumes. I wish him to have them lettered on the back near the bottom with the word Ardmore. I will send him the money for them and the new copy of the Messenger at once.

Respectfully, & with the best wishes

Your obed^{t} Serv^{t}.

[Beverley Tucker.]

[Signature missing]

Here are the lines. I think you will find *them* rugged enough.

CHAPTER II.

JANUARY, 1836–JANUARY, 1837.

EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER.

E. A. POE TO GEORGE POE, ESQR.,

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

[From MSS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

RICHMOND, Jan: 12, 1836.

DEAR SIR, — I take the liberty of addressing you in behalf of a mutual relation, Mrs William Clemm, late of Baltimore — and at her earnest solicitation.

You are aware that for many years she has been suffering privation and difficulties of no ordinary kind. I know that you have assisted her at a former period, and she has occasionally received aid from her cousins, William and Robert Poe, of Augusta. What little has been heretofore in my own power I have also done.

Having lately established myself in Richmond, and undertaken the Editorship of the Southern Literary Messenger, and my circumstances having thus become better than formerly, I have ventured to offer my aunt a home. She is now therefore in Richmond, with her daughter Virginia, and is, for the present boarding at the house of a Mrs Yarrington. My salary is only, at present, about $800 per ann: and the charge per week for our board (Mrs Clemm's, her

daughter's, and my own), is $9. I am thus particular in stating my precise situation that you may be the better enabled to judge in regard to the propriety of granting the request which I am now about to make for Mrs Clemm.

It is ascertained that if Mrs C. could obtain the means of opening, herself, a boarding-house in this city, she could support herself and daughter comfortably with something to spare. But a small capital would be necessary for an undertaking of this nature, and many of the widows of our first people are engaged in it and find it profitable. I am willing to advance, for my own part, $100, and I believe that Wm & R. Poe will advance $100. If then you would so far aid her in her design as to loan her, yourself 100, she will have sufficient to commence with. I will be responsible for the repayment of the sum, in a year from this date, if you can make it convenient to comply with her request.

I beg you, my dear Sir, to take this subject into consideration. I feel deeply for the distresses of Mrs Clemm, and I am sure *you* will feel interested in relieving them.

P. S) — I am the son of David Poe Jr, Mrs C's brother.

POE TO KENNEDY.

[Griswold Collection.]

Richmond, Jany 22, 1836.

Dear Sir, — Although I have never yet acknowledged the receipt of your letter of advice some months ago, it was not without great influence upon me. I have since then, fought the enemy manfully, and am

now, in every respect, comfortable and happy. I know you will be pleased to hear this. My health is better than for years past, my mind is fully occupied, my pecuniary difficulties have vanished, I have a fair prospect of future success — in a word all is right. I shall never forget to whom all this happiness is in a great degree to be attributed. I know that without your timely aid I should have sunk under my trials. M^r White is very liberal, and besides my salary of $520 pays me liberally for extra work, so that I have nearly $800. Next year, that is, at the commencement of the second volume, I am to get $1000. Besides this, I receive, from publishers, nearly all new publications. My friends in Richmond have received me with open arms, and my reputation is extending — especially in the South. Contrast all this with those circumstances of absolute despair in which you found me, and you will see how great reason I have to be grateful to God — and to yourself.

Some matters in relation to the death of Mrs Catherine Clemm, who resided at Mount Prospect, four miles from Baltimore, render it necessary for me to apply to an attorney, and I have thought it probable you would be kind enough to advise me. . . . I should be glad to have your opinion in regard to my Editorial course in the Messenger. How do you like my Critical Notices? I have understood (from the Preface to your 3^d Edition of Horse-Shoe), that you are engaged in another work. If so, can you not send me a copy in advance of the publication? Remember me to your family, and believe me with the highest respect & esteem

Yours very truly
EDGAR A. POE.

J. P. KENNEDY.

KENNEDY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

My dear Poe, — I deferred answering your letter of the 22nd ult. immediately in order that I might see McCulloh who has been absent for a month past from Baltimore. Finding that I am not likely to see him here for a month to come — he is busy at Annapolis — I wait no longer to acknowledge the receipt of yours. As to the business matter in it I will write to you when I have something to say.

I am greatly rejoiced at your success not only in Richmond, but every where. My predictions have been more than fulfilled in regard to the public favour for your literary enterprises. Let me beg you to set down this praise at its value, as nothing, but an incentive to the utmost care and labour for improvement. You are strong enough now to be criticized. Your fault is your love of the extravagant. Pray beware of it. You find a hundred *intense* writers for one *natural* one. Some of your *bizarreries* have been mistaken for satire — and admired too in that character. They deserved it, but *you* did not, for you did not intend them so. I like your grotesque — it is of the very best stamp, and I am sure you will do wonders for yourself in the comic, I mean the *serio tragi comic*. Do you easily keep pace with the demands of the magazine? Avoid, by all means, the appearance of flagging. I like the critical notices very well. By the by, I wish you would tell White that he never sent me the Novr number.

Your letter assures me that you have entirely conquered your late despondency. I am rejoiced at this. You have a pleasant and prosperous career before you, if you subdue this brooding and boding inclination of your mind. Be cheerful, rise early, work methodically — I mean, at appointed hours. Take regular recreation

every day. Frequent the *best* company only. Be rigidly temperate both in body and mind — and I will ensure you at a moderate premium all the success and comfort you covet.

Will you do me a piece of business?

There is a little scapegrace in Richmond, or its vicinity, to whom I have heretofore shown favour. I mean H——d the painter. He carried away from me four years ago nearly, a painting of myself & Mrs. K. and her sister, which I paid him $225 for, and which he never delivered to me. This he took to Richmond, upon a promise to send it back in a month. It has never come. I have written for it, and application has been over and over made for it. Mr. —— has treated me not only ungratefully but most dishonestly. Now, I beg you, if you see this picture any where, claim it from the fellow in my name, or write to me where it is, and I will take steps at law to get it from him. My friend Mr. Hunter from Berkley in the Legislature will bring it up to me if it can be found.

Pray write to me if you can give me any information of H——d or the picture.

Yours truly

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

BALT. Feby 9, 1836.

POE TO KENNEDY.

[Griswold Collection.]

RICHMOND, Feb. 11, 1836.

DR SIR, — I received your kind letter of the 19th about an hour ago, and went immediately in search of Mr. H——d — but have not been successful in getting the picture. Mr. —— does not live in Richmond, but at Gloucester C. H. Va. By the merest accident, however, he was here to-day having arrived yesterday,

and intending to be off to-morrow. Before speaking to him I had ascertained that the picture was not in Richmond. Had it been here, I would have obtained it at all hazards. He says that it is on its way to Baltimore — but I do not believe him. He had forgotten the name of the vessel in which he shipped it, thinks it was the Todsburg — and cannot tell who is her captain. It is *possible* that the picture is really on its way to *Norfolk*, where he is bound himself and where he will exhibit it. But my firm impression is that it is at his house in Gloucester — opposite York. He has evidently no intention to give it up. I know a Mr Colin Clarke who resides in Gloucester — a gentleman of high respectability — and have some idea of writing him, and requesting him to get the picture in your name — but on second thoughts determined to write you first. I will go to any trouble in the world to get it for you, if you will direct me in what manner to proceed.

You are nearly, but not altogether right in relation to the satire of some of my Tales. Most of them were *intended* for half banter, half satire — although I might not have fully acknowledged this to be their aim even to myself. "Lionizing" and "Loss of Breath" were satires properly speaking — at least so meant — the one of the rage for Lions, and the facility of becoming one — the other of the extravagancies of Blackwood. I find no difficulty in keeping pace with the demands of the Magazine. In the February number, which is now in the binder's hands, are no less than 40 *pages* of Editorial — perhaps this is a little *de trop*. There was *no* November number issued — Mr W. having got so far behind hand in regard to time, as to render it expedient to date the number which *should*

have been the November number — December. I am rejoiced that you will attend to the matters I spoke of in my last. Mr W. has increased my salary, since I wrote, $104., for the present year — This is being liberal beyond my expectations. He is exceedingly kind in every respect. You did not reply to my query touching the "new work." But I do not mean to be inquisitive. In an article called "Autobiography" [1] in the next Messenger, you will see that I have made a blunder in relation to your *Seal*. I could decipher only the concluding portion of the motto on one of your letters — (*le partout*) — and taking the head for a Lion's head, imagined the words to be "il parle partout." Your last letter convinces me of my error. I doubt if it is a matter of much importance.

Most sincerely yours

Edgar A. Poe.

J. P. Kennedy.

PAULDING TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

New York, 17th March, 1836.

Dear Sir, — In compliance with your wishes, it would have afforded me much pleasure to propose the publication of your book to some one respectable Bookseller of this city. But the truth is, there is only one other, who publishes anything but School Books, religious works and the like, and with him, I am not on terms that would make it agreeable to me, to make any proposition of this nature, either in my own behalf or that of another. I have therefore placed your work in the hands of Messrs. Harpers to forward with a Box of Books they are send-

[1] Autography.

ing to Richmond in a few days, and I hope it will come safely to hand.

I think it would be worth your while, if other engagements permit, to undertake a Tale in a couple of volumes, for that is the magical number. There is a great dearth of good writers at present both in England and this country, while the number of readers and purchasers of Books, is daily increasing, so that the demand is greater than the supply, in mercantile phrase. Not one work in ten now published in England, will bear republication here. You would be surprised at their excessive mediocrity. I am of opinion that a work of yours, would at least bring you a handsome remuneration, though it might not repay your labours, or meet its merits. Should you write such a work, your best way will be to forward the MS directly to the Harpers, who will be I presume governed by the judgment of their *Reader*, also from long experience can tell almost to a certainty what will succeed. I am destitute of this valuable instinct, and my opinion counts for nothing with publishers. In other respects you may command my good offices.

I am Dr Sir,
Your friend & Servt,
J. K. Paulding.

Mr. Edgar A. Poe,
Richmond.

KENNEDY TO POE.

[W. M. Griswold MSS.]

My dear Poe, — I am remiss in so long postponing the performance of my duty to you in regard to the question you propounded in a former letter relating to the estate of Mr. Clemm. The truth is McCulloh has been but little in town, and I have been a great deal out of it, and our incomings and outgoings were completely dovetailed : so I could not see him. Yesterday, however, I

was furnished with an opportunity to learn from him all about the matter. We had a long talk, the result of which was to show me that the heirs of Wm. Clemm have no claim to anything. There were debts, advances — and I know not what — that had utterly extinguished the claim of W. Clemm himself. Mr. McCulloh has promised to give me the statement on paper. When he does so I will send it to you.

That rascally little H——d still sets me at defiance. Is it not hard that I should be so cozened by such an ape? I believe he is in Norfolk and my picture perhaps is with him. The devil take him for a false dauber of fair colours — a counterfeit, as he is a counterfeiter, of a gentleman. I have almost a mind to go to Norfolk on purpose just to beard — no to *moustache*, him, — nature has not given him manliness enough for a beard. — After all, I suppose if I did go he would persuade me that the picture had sailed by the last boat, and I should be cheated again. So I will for the present bear my misfortune. I heartily rejoice to see you thriving so well.

Tell Mr. White that I recd his letter informing me of his daughter's coming to Baltimore but was in Washington on the day he had named for her arrival.

Very truly Yours

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

BALT. April 26, 1836.

MRS. SIGOURNEY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

HARTFORD, Connt April 23d 1836.

MY DEAR SIR, — Please to accept my thanks for your letter of the 12th with the January number of the "Southern Literary Messenger," which I had not before seen. I am happy to discover the present Editor

of my favourite periodical, and also to perceive how much it profits by the guidance of that powerful pen, whose versatile and brilliant creations, I have often admired.

With regard to the article which has elicited our correspondence, allow me to premise, that few entertain more exalted opinions of the majesty of criticism than myself, and of its salutary influence on national literature, when independently, yet candidly exercised. I have felt that the living writers of our country, especially those of my own sex, had been too indiscriminately fed on praise. At least, in my own case, the courtesy of the publick has so far transcended my deserts, that were it not for the deep consciousness of imperfection, I should scarcely have retained hope of improvement. With these sentiments, I should not probably be over sensitive on the subject of a review, or be restive under discipline, which I had sought to establish. —

At the same time I confess that there are points in yours, for which I was not perfectly prepared. — The exposition, however severe, of any faults in style, spirit, or construction, which I might have reformed, — would have been held cause of gratitude. But the character of a determined imitator, — and one whose reputation has been greatly assisted by chicanery, — seem to impeach both intellectual and moral integrity. — If founded in justice, they truly demand a "purgation with euphrasy and rue." — I would be the last to invade your right of fully expressing these opinions, or to cherish the least resentment towards you for holding them. — I simply regret, even to grief, that any course of mine, could have induced you to form them. — I would not for a moment admit the idea that there is ought of equality between my writings, and that of the most gifted poet of the age, so recently reclaimed to her native sphere. — The resemblance, which my friends have imagined to exist, I have resolved into their partiality. The contents of a volume of poems, published in 1814 & selected by a friend from journals, written in early youth, without a thought of pub-

lication, & another in 1821, were composed before I had heard of Mrs. Hemans, and likewise one of 1827, — most of whose poems were in existence, before I had enjoyed the pleasure of perusing any of hers, — can therefore not be classed as imitations of that pure model.

But that I have now transgressed a rule long since adopted, not to remark on any unfavorable criticism, — must be imputed to the courtesy of your letter, — which surely merited a friendly reply, and with sincere wishes for the success of the work under your auspices, — and a benedicite on Virginia, which I love, — I remain yours,

with high respect & esteem,

L. H. Sigourney.

E. A. Poe, Esqr.

POE TO DR. ROBERT M. BIRD.

[N. Y. Independent, April 25, 1901.]

Richmond, Va., June 7, 1836.

Dear Sir, — I take the liberty of again addressing you and of calling your attention to what was not precisely a promise on your part, but a kind of demi-promise made some months ago — in relation to an article for our *Southern Literary Messenger*. It would be, indeed, a matter of sincere congratulation with us if by any means, within our power, we could so far interest you in our behalf as to obtain something from the author of "Calavar." We have, just at this moment, a conspiracy on foot, and we would be most happy to engage you in our plans. We wish, if possible, to take the public opinion by storm, in a single number of the *Messenger* which shall contain a series of articles from all the first pens in the land. Can you not aid us — with a single page, if no more? I will

trust to the chivalric spirit of him who wrote the "Infidel" for a reply. With the highest respect,

Your obedient servant,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO KENNEDY.

[Griswold Collection.]

RICHMOND, Va., June 7, 1836.

DEAR SIR, — Having got into a little temporary difficulty I venture to ask you, once more, for aid, rather than apply to any of my new friends in Richmond. Mr. White, having purchased a new house at $10,000, made propositions to my aunt to rent it to her, and to board himself and family with her. This plan was highly advantageous to us, and, having accepted it, all arrangements were made, and I obtained credit for some furniture, &c to the amount of $200, above what little money I had. But upon examination of the premises purchased, it appears that the house will barely be large enough for one family, and the scheme is laid aside, leaving me now in debt, (to a small amount,) without those means of discharging it upon which I had depended.

In this dilemma I would be greatly indebted to you for the loan of $100 for six months. This will enable me to meet a note for $100 due in 3 months, and allow me 3 months to return your money. I shall have no difficulty in doing this, as beyond this $100 I owe nothing, and I am now receiving $15 per week, and am to receive $20 after November. All Mr White's disposable money has been required to make his first payment.

Have you heard anything farther in relation to Mrs Clemm's estate?

Our Messenger is thriving beyond all expectations, and I myself have every prospect of success. It is our design to issue, as soon as possible, a number of the Magazine consisting entirely of articles from our most distinguished *literati*. To this end we have received, and have been promised, a variety of aid from the highest sources — Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Sedgwick, Paulding, Flint, Halleck, Cooper, Judge Hopkinson, Dew, Governor Cass, J. Q. Adams, and many others. Could you not do me so great a favor as to send me a scrap however small, from your portfolio? Your name is of the greatest influence in that region where we direct our greatest efforts — in the South.

Any little reminiscence, tale, jeu-d'esprit, historical anecdote, — anything, in short, *with your name*, will answer all our purposes. I presume you have heard of my marriage.

With sincere respect & esteem

Yours truly

EDGAR A. POE.

J. P. KENNEDY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

HARTFORD, June 11th, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 4th was this morning received, and I hasten to assure you that your apprehension of having forfeited my good-will, is entirely groundless. — It is surely a hard case, if a critic may not express his opinions, freely, and even severely, in this land of

freedom. All that an author can expect, in such a case, is to explain, if he supposes there has been ought of misconception. This I ventured to do. — But to cherish vindictiveness, is quite another affair, & I assure you, forms no part of my creed. There is surely, enough of controversy abroad in our land, without its few literati lifting up the tomahawk, and scalping-knife against each other. Even if I had cherished some lingerings of resentment, which I by no means acknowledge, you would have entirely removed every such sombre shadow, by your favorable review of Mellen's poems.[1] — He is a man of genius, who I think, has not been fully appreciated in New-England, and I give you thanks, for rendering him, what I consider, a just reward.

— I send at your request, what I happen to have by me, — and as you will have it to be a peace offering, you can thus view it, though there is in reality, no truce to be made between us. Do not, however, assume a more lenient style with regard to me, in consequence of any little aid I may have afforded the "Messenger," since no traffick in civilities is as valuable in my opinion as sincerity Yours, with respect, and in perfect good temper,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

If it would not be too much trouble, might I ask you to inquire of the bookseller, to whom Mr. White consigned my "Letters to Young Ladies," if he meets with any difficulty in disposing of them? If so, we would be glad to have them returned, — as the Edition is expended, and there are demands for them here & in New-York, which we have not the means of satisfying, until another edition is issued. I would not burden you with this commission, if I knew the bookseller's name.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

[1] This review was not by Poe. — ED.

POE TO THE RICHMOND COURIER AND DAILY COMPILER.

Sept. 2, 1836.

See Appendix, p. 458.

W. R. DEW TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

William & Mary College, Oct. 17, 1836.

Dear Sir, — I have just received your kind letter & hasten to answer it by an opportunity which presents itself. If you will read over my address you will be enabled to draw up a few editorial remarks of the character you desire. Our College is the oldest in the Union save one and older than that, if we might date back to the establishment of an Academy in this city of some note prior to the erection of the College. The numbers at W^m^ & Mary have rarely been great, & yet she has turned out more useful men, more great statesmen than any other college in the world in proportion to her alumni. The high political character of old Va. is due to this college. Some colleges may have equalled ours in Physics and Mathematics, but few have in Morals and Politics, & it is these last subjects that give the highest finish to the mind, and raise it to its greatest elevation. The scenery here, the hospitable population, the political atmosphere all conspire to give a utilitarian character to the mind of the student. Hence the alumni of this college have always been characterized by *business* minds & great efficiency of character. In conclusion I will say, that we never had more brilliant prospects than now, & I have no doubt that our numbers this year will be as great as have ever been known in this college. An editorial of the kind you mention would be highly

gratifying to the friends of the college, & would be of great service. I beg you to hasten the publication of my address, as it is important that it should get before the public as soon as possible. Be sure you let me have the proof sheets as early as possible by steam boat or mail.

With high respect,
I am Dr Sir,
Yr obt svt,
W. R. Dew.[1]

Mr. E. A. Poe.

N. B. My address will give you all the information you desire in relation to our course of studies, & discipline.

[1] Mr. W. R. Dew was president of William and Mary College. Poe printed his address in the Messenger. — Ed.

CHAPTER III.

JANUARY, 1837–DECEMBER, 1840.

PHILADELPHIA: ARTHUR GORDON PYM; EDITOR OF BURTON'S "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE;" TALES OF THE GROTESQUE AND ARABESQUE.

WHITE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Jan. 17, '37.

MR. POE, — If it be possible, without breaking in on my previous arrangements, I will get more than the 1st portion of Pym in — tho' I much fear that will be impossible.

If I had read even 10 lines of Magruder's manuscript, it would have saved me the expense of putting it in type. — It is all [illegible] — bombast. He will have to live a little longer before he can write well enough to please the readers of the M.

Touching Carey's piece, gratitude to him for pecuniary assistance, obliges me to insert *it*.

You are certainly as well aware as I am that the last $20 I advanced to you was in consideration of what you were to write for me by the piece.

I also made you a promise on Saturday that I would do something more for you to-day, — and I never make even a promise without intending to perform it, — and though it is entirely out of my power to send you up any thing this morning, yet I will do something more for you

before night, or early to-morrow, — if I have to borrow it from my friends.

Truly yrs —

T. W. W.

ANTHON TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

New York, June 1, 1837.

Dear Sir, — I owe you an apology for not having answered your letter of the 27th sooner, but I was occupied at the time with matters that admitted of no delay, and was compelled therefore to lay your communication on the table for a day or two. I hope you will find what is written below satisfactory. Do not wait to pay me a formal visit, but call and introduce yourself.

Yours truly,

Chas. Anthon.

E. A. Poe Esqr.

1. *Isaiah* 34.10.

1	2	3	4	5
לְנֵצַח	נְצָחִים	אֵין	עֹבֵר	בָּהּ
Leneçah	*neçahim*	*'ên*	*'over*	*bah*

1. "For an eternity"
2. "of eternities"
3. "not"
4. "moving about"
5. "in it."

"For an eternity of eternities (there shall) not (be anyone) moving about in it." The literal meaning of *bah* is "in it," not "through it." The participle *over* refers to one moving to and fro, or up and down, and is the same term which is rendered "*current*," as an epithet of money, in Genesis 23.16. The prophet means that there shall be

no marks of life in the land, no living being there, no one moving up and down in it."

2. *Ezekiel* 35.7.

1	2	3	4	5	6
וְהִכְרַתִּי	וּשְׁמָמָה	לְשִׁמְמָה	שֵׂעִיר הַר	אֶת	וְנָתַתִּי
1	2	3	4	5	6
W^{e}nathatti	*eth-har*	*seir*	*l^{e}shim^{e}mah*	*ush^{e}mamah*	*wehikhratti*

7	8	9
מִמֶּנּוּ	עֹבֵר	וָשָׁב
7	8	9
mimmennu	*'over*	*washabh*

1. "and I will give"
2. "the mountain"
3. "Seir"
4. "for a desolation"
5. "and a desolation"
6. "and I will cut off"
7. "from it" —
8. "him that goeth"
9. "and him that returneth."

"and I will give mount Seir for an utter desolation, and will cut off from it him that passeth and repasseth therein."

The reference here is the same as in the previous passage, and the inhabitants of the land are referred to, as moving about therein, and actively employed in the business of life. The meaning of "passing and repassing" is sanctioned by Gesenius, s. v. vol. 2, p. 570, Leo's transl. Compare Zachariah 7.14 and 9.8. There is something analogous in the Hebrew-Greek phrase that occurs in Acts 9.28, *καὶ ἦν μετ' αὐτῶν εἰσπορευόμενος καὶ ἐκπορευόμενος ἐν Ἰερουσαλὴμ.* "and he was with them in Jerusalem, coming in and going out." The Latin *versatus est* hits it off exactly. The meaning is that Saul, the new convert, was on intimate terms with the true believers in Jerusalem, moving about amongst them, to and fro, or in and out.

C. A.

E. A. Poe Esqr.

POE TO N. C. BROOKS, EDITOR OF "AMERICAN MUSEUM."

[Ingram.]

PHILADELPHIA, September 4, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR, — I duly received your favour with the $10. Touching the review, I am forced to decline it just now. I should be most unwilling not to execute such a task well, and this I could not do at so short notice, at least now. I have two other engagements which it would be ruinous to defer. Besides this, I am just leaving Arch Street for a small house, and, of course, am somewhat in confusion.

My main reason, however, for declining is what I first alleged, viz.: I could not do the review well at short notice. The truth is, I can hardly say that I am conversant with Irving's writings, having read nothing of his since I was a boy, save his "Granada." It would be necessary to give his entire works a perusal. You see, therefore, the difficulty at once. It is a theme upon which I would like very much to write, for there is a vast deal to be said upon it. Irving is much overrated, and a nice distinction might be drawn between his just and his surreptitious and adventitious reputation — between what is due to the pioneer solely, and what to the writer.

The merit, too, of his tame propriety and faultlessness of style should be candidly weighed. He should be compared with Addison, something being hinted about imitation, and Sir Roger de Coverley should be brought up in judgment. A bold and *a priori* investigation of Irving's claims would strike home, take my word for it. The American literary

world never saw anything of the kind yet. Seeing, therefore, the opportunity of making a fine hit, I am unwilling to hazard your fame by a failure, and a failure would assuredly be the event were I to undertake the task at present.

The difficulty with you is nothing — for I fancy you are conversant with Irving's works, old and new, and would not have to read for the task. Had you spoken decidedly when I first saw you, I would have adventured. If you can delay the review until the second number I would be most happy to do my best. But this, I presume, is impossible.

I have gotten nearly out of my late embarrassments. ——— would not aid me, being much pushed himself. He would, no doubt, have aided me, if possible. Present my respects if you see him. —

Very truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

Suppose you send me proofs of my articles; it might be as well — that is, if you have time. I look anxiously for the first number, from which I date the dawn of a fine literary day in Baltimore.

After the 15th, I shall be more at leisure, and will be happy to do you any literary service in my power. You have but to hint. E. A. P.

BURTON TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

PHILA. May 10, 1839,
Saturday.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have given your proposals a fair consideration. I wish to form some such engagement as

that which you have proposed, and know of no one more likely to suit my views than yourself. The expenses of the Magazine are already wofully heavy; more so than my circulation warrants. I am certain that my expenditure exceeds that of any publication now extant, including the monthlies which are double in price. Competition is high, — new claimants are daily rising. I am therefore compelled to give expensive plates, thicker paper, and better printing than my antagonists, or allow them to win the goal. My contributors cost me something handsome, and the losses upon credit, exchange, etc. are becoming frequent and serious. I mentioned this list of difficulties as some slight reason why I do not close with your offer, which is indubitably liberal, without any delay.

Shall we say ten dollars per week for the remaining portion of this year? — Should we remain together, which I see no reason to negative, your proposition shall be in force for 1840. A month's notice to be given on either side previous to a separation.

Two hours a day, except occasionally, will, I believe, be sufficient for all required, except in the production of any article of your own. At all events, you could easily find time for any other light avocation — supposing that you did not exercise your talents in behalf of any publication interfering with the prospects of the G. M.[1]

I shall dine at home to-day at 3. If you will cut your muton with me, good. If not, write or see me at your leisure.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your obd^t^ Servt.,
W. E. Burton.

POE TO BURTON, 1839.

See Vol. I., Biography, pages 163–167.

[1] Gentleman's Magazine.

HEATH TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

RICHMOND, 12. Sept. 1839.

DEAR SIR, — Since the receipt of yours of the 5 inst. I have been so exceedingly occupied and withal so very much indisposed, that I could not until within the last day or two, take a peep into the interesting magazine which you were good enough to send me. I have read your article "The Fall of the House of Usher" with attention, and I think it among the best of your compositions of that class which I have seen. A man need not have a critical judgement nor a very refined taste to decide, that no one could have written the tale, without possessing great scope of imagination, vigorous thought, and a happy command of language; but I am sure you will appreciate my candor when I say that I never could feel much interest in that class of compositions. I mean that I never could experience pleasure in reading tales of horror and mystery however much the narrative should be dignified by genius. They leave a painful and melancholy impression on my mind, and I do not perceive their tendency to improve the heart.

I have had a conversation with White since the receipt of your letter and took the liberty to hint to him your convictions of an unfriendly spirit manifested on his part towards you. I am happy to inform you that he disclaims the existence of any unkind feeling, on the contrary professes that your prosperity and happiness would yield him pleasure. He is not aware of having spoken or written any thing with a design to injure you or any thing more in censure or disparagement than what he has said to you in person when you resided here. I am inclined to think that you entirely mistake the man if you suppose that a particle of malignity lurks in his composition. My long acquaintance with him justifies me in saying that I have known few men more disposed to cherish kindly and be-

nevolent feelings towards their fellowmen than himself. He informs me that he will with pleasure admit a notice of the "Gentleman's Magazine" in the Messenger and if possible in the October number. He is apprehensive however that the "Fall of the House of Usher" would not only occupy more space than he can conveniently spare (the demands upon his columns being very great) but that the subject matter is not such as would be acceptable to a large majority of his readers. He doubts whether the readers of the Messenger have much relish for tales of the German School although written with great power and ability, and in this opinion I confess to you frankly, I am strongly inclined to concur. I doubt very much whether tales of the wild, improbable and terrible class, can ever be permanently popular in this country. Charles Dickens it appears to me has given the final death blow to writings of that description. Of course there is nothing I could say on that subject which can or ought to influence your own mind. There is no disputing in matters of taste, and there is no infallible standard to which men consider themselves obliged to defer and surrender their own judgments.

It gives me sincere pleasure to understand that your own good sense and the influence of high and noble motives have enabled you to overcome a seductive and dangerous treatment which too often prostrates the wisest and best by its fatal grasp. The cultivation of such high intellectual powers as you possess cannot fail to earn for you a solid reputation in the literary world. In the department of criticism especially, I know few who can claim to be your superiors in this country. Your dissecting knife, if vigorously employed, would serve to rid us of much of that silly trash and silly *sentimentality* with which puerile and conceited authors, and gain-seeking book sellers are continually poisoning our intellectual food. I hope in relation to all such you will continue to wield mace without "fear, favor or affection."

I subscribe myself sincerely your well-wisher,

(Signature missing). [JAS. E. HEATH.]

COOKE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

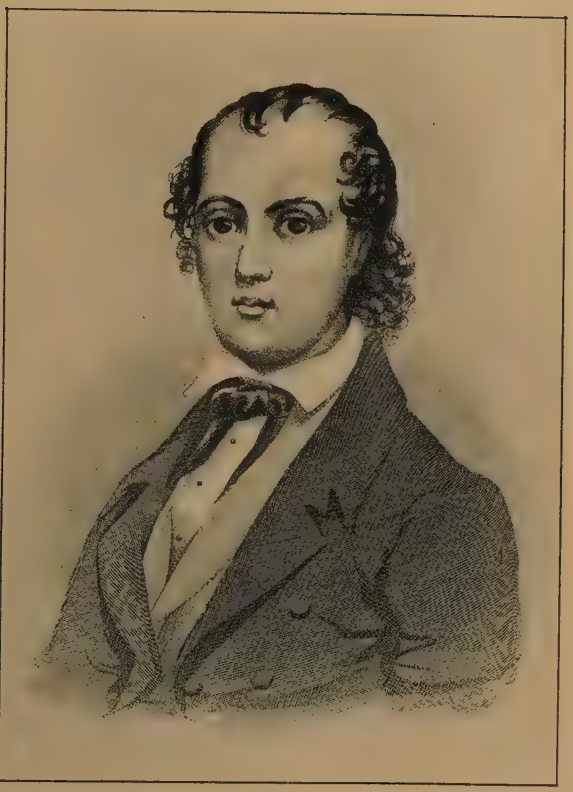
My dear Sir, — I received your friendly letter a long time ago but have scarcely been at home since its receipt. My wife enticed me off to visit her kins-people in the country, and I saw more of guns & horses and dogs than of pens and paper. Amongst dinners, barbecues, snipe shooting, riding parties &c. I could not gain my brains into the humour for writing to you or to any body else. I reached home two days ago, & now "hasten slowly" to assure you of my undiminished regard & respect for you — and to tell you (as above) the reasons of my neglect in leaving yr. letter so long unanswered.

I do not believe you ingenuous or sincere when you speak in the terms which you use touching the value of my rambling compositions — my contributions to the Messenger &c — yet it of course cannot be disagreeable to me to find myself considered worth flattering. I will send you occasionally — if possible — such matters as I may consider worth inserting in the Gen^ns. Magaẹ with pleasure; I cannot promise anything like the systematic contribution which I was guilty of in White's case, for the "madness of scribbling" which once itched & tickled at my fingers-ends has been considerably cured by a profession & matrimony — money-cares and domestic squabbles — buying beef & mutton, and curing my child's croups, colicks, &c. The fever with which I was afflicted has given way to a chill — or, as romantic young persons say, "The golden dream is broken."

As to *Ligeia*, of which you ask my opinion, (doubtless without any intention of being guided by any person's but your own) I think it very fine. There is nothing *unintelligible* to my mind in the "sequel" (or conclusion) but I am impertinent enough to think that it (the conclusion) might be mended. I of course "took" your "idea" throughout. The whole piece is but a

sermon from the text of "Joseph Glanvil" which you cap it with — and your intent is to tell a tale of the "mighty will" contending with & finally vanquishing Death. The struggle is vigorously described — and I appreciated every sentence as I advanced, until the Lady Ligeia takes possession of the deserted *quarters* (I write like a butcher) of the Lady Rowena. There I was shocked by a violation of the ghostly proprieties — so to speak — and wondered how the Lady Ligeia — a wandering essence — could, in quickening *the body of the Lady Rowena* (such is the idea) become suddenly the visible, bodily, Ligeia. If Rowena's bodily form had been retained as a shell or case for the disembodied Lady Ligeia, and you had only become aware *gradually* that the blue Saxon eye of the "Lady Rowena of Tremaine" grew daily darker with the peculiar, intense expression of the "look" which had belonged to Ligeia — that a mind of grander powers, a soul of more glowing fires occupied the quickened body and gave an old familiar expression to its motions — if you had brooded and meditated upon the change until proof accumulated upon proof, making wonder certainty, and then, in the moment of some strangest of all evidence of the transition, broken out into the exclamation which ends the story — the *effect* would not have been lessened, and the "ghostly proprieties" would, I think, have been better observed. You may have some theory of the story, or transition, however, which I have not caught.

As for your compositions of this class, generally, I consider them, as Mr. Crummles would say, "phenomenous." You *write* as I sometimes *dream* when asleep on a heavy supper (not heavy enough for nightmare). — The odd ignorance of the name, lineage, &c. of Ligeia — of the circumstances, place, &c. under which, & where, you first saw her — with which you begin your narrative, is usual, & not at all wondered at, in dreams. Such dimness of recollection does not *whilst we dream* excite any surprise or diminish the *vraisemblable* aspect of the



strange matters that we dream of. It is only when we wake that we wonder that so material an omission in the thread of the events should have been unnoticed by the mind at a time when it could dream in other respects so plausibly — with such detailed minuteness — with such self-possession.

But I must come to a conclusion, as I tire myself with this out-of-the-way sort of writing.

I will subscribe to the Gentlemn's Mag. shortly & also "contribute" to it.

Yrs. sincerely

P. P. Cooke.

Charlestown, Sep. 16, 1839

P. S. — I would not say "*saith Lord Verulam*" — it is out of the way. I am very impertinent.

POE TO COOKE.

Philadelphia, September 21, 1839.

My dear Sir, — I received your letter this morning — and read it with more pleasure than I can well express. You wrong me, indeed, in supposing that I meant one word of mere flattery in what I said. I have an inveterate habit of speaking the truth — and had I not valued your opinion more highly than that of any man in America I should not have written you as I did.

I say that I read your letter with delight. In fact I am aware of no delight greater than that of feeling one's self appreciated (in such wild matters as "Ligeia") by those in whose judgment one has faith. You read my most intimate spirit "like a book," and with the single exception of D'Israeli, I have had communication with no other person who does. Willis had

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a glimpse of it — Judge Tucker saw about one half way through — but your ideas are the very echo of my own. I am very far from meaning to flatter — I am flattered and honored. Beside me is now lying a letter from Washington Irving in which he speaks with enthusiasm of a late tale of mine, "The Fall of the House of Usher," — and in which he promises to make his opinion public, upon the first opportunity, — but from the bottom of my heart I assure you, I regard his best word as but dust in the balance when weighed with those discriminating opinions of your own, which teach me that you feel and perceive.

Touching "Ligeia" you are right — all right — throughout. The *gradual* perception of the fact that Ligeia lives again in the person of Rowena is a far loftier and more thrilling idea than the one I have embodied. It offers in my opinion, the widest possible scope to the imagination — it might be rendered even sublime. And this idea was mine — had I never written before I should have adopted it — but then there is "Morella." Do you remember there the *gradual* conviction on the part of the parent that the spirit of the first Morella tenants the person of the second? It was necessary, since "Morella" was written, to modify "Ligeia." I was forced to be content with a sudden half-consciousness, on the part of the narrator, that Ligeia stood before him. One point I have not fully carried out — I should have intimated that the *will* did not perfect its intention — there should have been a relapse — a final one — and Ligeia (who had only succeeded in so much as to convey an idea of the truth to the narrator) should be at length entombed as Rowena — the bodily alterations having gradually faded away.

But since "Morella" is upon record I will suffer "Ligeia" to remain as it is. Your word that it is "intelligible" suffices — and your commentary sustains your word. As for the mob — let them talk on. I should be grieved if I thought they comprehended me here. The "saith Verulam" shall be put right — your "impertinence" is quite pertinent.

I send the "Gentleman's Magazine" (July, August, September). Do not think of subscribing. The criticisms are not worth your notice. Of course I pay no attention to them — for there are two of us. It is not pleasant to be taxed with the twaddle of other people, or to let other people be taxed with ours. Therefore, for the present, I remain upon my oars — merely penning an occasional paragraph, without care. The critiques, such as they are, are all mine in the July number, and all mine in the August and September, with the exception of the three first in each — which are by Burton. As soon as Fate allows I will have a Magazine of my own — and will endeavor to kick up a dust. Do you ever see the "Pittsburg Examiner" (a New Monthly)? I wrote a Review of "Tortesa," at some length in the July number. In the October number of the "Gentleman's Magazine," I will have "William Wilson" from "The Gift" for 1840. This tale I think you will like — it is perhaps the best, although not the last, I have done. During the autumn I will publish all in two volumes — and now I have done with my egotism.

It makes me laugh to hear you speaking about "romantic young persons" as of a race with whom, for the future, you have nothing to do. You need not attempt to shake off or to banter off Romance. It is an evil you will never get rid of to the end of your days.

NAZARETH COLLEGE LIBRARY

It is a part of yourself — a portion of your soul. Age will only mellow it a little, and give it a holier tone. I will give your contributions a hearty welcome, and the choicest position in the magazine.

Sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

IRVING TO POE.

[The Century Magazine.]

NEWBURG, November 6, 1839.

DEAR SIR, — The magazine you were so kind as to send me, being directed to New York, instead of Tarrytown, did not reach me for some time. This, together with an unfortunate habit of procrastination, must plead my apology for the tardiness of my reply. I have read your little tale of "William Wilson" with much pleasure. It is managed in a highly picturesque style, and the singular and mysterious interest is well sustained throughout. I repeat what I have said in regard to a previous production, which you did me the favor to send me, that I cannot but think a series of articles of like style and merit would be extremely well received by the public.

I could add for your private ear, that I think the last tale much the best, in regard to style. It is simpler. In your first you have been too anxious to present your picture vividly to the eye, or too distrustful of your effect, and have laid on too much coloring. It is erring on the best side — the side of luxuriance. That tale might be improved by relieving the style from some of the epithets. There is no danger of destroying its graphic effect, which is powerful. With best wishes for your success,

I am, my dear sir, yours respectfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

POE TO WILLIAM POE.

[Mrs. W. Y. Dill: MS.]

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15, 1840.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Owing to a temporary absence from town, I did not receive your welcome letter of the 28th of July until this morning. I now hasten to reply, and in the first place let me assure you that, if I have not lately written, it is rather because I have been overwhelmed by worldly cares, which left me scarce a moment for thought, that I do feel for you the kindliest affection as well as deep gratitude for the services yourself & brothers have so often rendered me.

Herewith I send you a Prospectus of my contemplated Magazine. I believe you know that my connexion with the Sou. Messenger was merely that of Editor. I had no proprietary interest in it, and my movements were therefore much impeded. The situation was disagreeable to me in every respect. The drudgery was excessive, the salary was contemptible. In fact, I soon found that whatever reputation I might personally gain, this reputation would be all. I stood no chance of bettering my pecuniary condition, while my best energies were wasted in the service of an illiterate and vulgar, although well meaning man, who had neither the capacity to appreciate my labors, nor the will to reward them. For these reasons I left him & entered first into an engagement with the New York Review & afterwards with The Gentleman's Magazine, writing occasionally for different journals, my object being merely to keep my head above water as regards money, until a good opportunity should appear of establishing a magazine of my own, in which I should be able to carry out

my plans to full completion & could in time have the satisfaction of feeling that my exertions be used to my own advantage.

I believe that the plans I here speak of and some of which you will find details in the Prospectus are well [illegible] will meet with the hearty support of the most honorable & intelligent portion of the community. Should I be able to bring them fairly before the public, I feel assured that my fortune is made. The ambition which actuates me [illegible] now to be no ordinary nor unworthy sentiment, & knowing this, I take pride in earnestly soliciting your support & that of your brothers & friends. If I fully succeed in my purpose, I will not fail to produce some lasting effect upon the growing literature of the country, while I shall establish for myself individually a name which that country "will not willingly let die." It is upon the South that I chiefly rely for aid in the undertaking & I have every hope that it will not fail me in my time of need. Yet the difficulties, which I have to overcome are great and I acknowledge to you that my prospects depend very much upon getting together a subscription list previously to the 1st of December. If by this day I can obtain 500 names, the work cannot fail to proceed: I have no fear of the result. The friendship you have always evinced, the near relationship which exists between us, & the kind offer in your last letter, all warrant me in hoping that you will exert your whole influence for me in Augusta. Will you oblige me by acting as my agent for the Penn Magazine in your city this letter being your authority? If I am not mistaken you always acted in that capacity for the Messenger. I will write a few lines also by this mail to your brother Robt, with a prospectus as you suggest, & also to Washington at Macon.

Mrs. Clemm, my aunt, is still living with me, but for the last six weeks has been on a visit to a friend in New Jersey. She is quite well, having entirely recovered her health. Respecting the letter from Mr. Bayard, I am quite at a loss to understand it. It is, however, possible that the letter was written by Mr. B. at a period when we were all in much difficulty in New York & that Mrs. C. concealed the circumstances from me through delicacy.

Very truly

To E. A. P.

Wm. Poe.

Augusta Ga.

CHIVERS TO POE.

August 27, 1840.

See Vol. I., Biography, pages 190–191.

POE TO TOMLIN.[1]

Philadelphia, Sep. 16, 1840.

Dear Sir, — Your kind letter, with the names of nine subscribers to the Penn Magazine, has only this moment reached me, as I have been out of town for the last week. I hope you will think me sincere when I say that I am truly grateful for the interest you have taken in my welfare. A few more such friends as yourself and I shall have no reason to doubt of success.

What you say about "The Devil's Visit to St

[1] This letter to John Tomlin, Esqre., of Jackson, Tennessee, is written upon the second blank page of a "Prospectus of the Penn Magazine," the general plan or outline being printed on the first page. Both letter and Prospectus are here given through the courtesy of Mr. F. R. Halsey.

Dunstan" gives me great pleasure. I was thinking in what manner I should ask of you some such favor as you propose in sending me this "true history — but was afraid of making too many demands at once upon your good nature. Your offer, therefore, is most à propos. I shall look anxiously for the tale, and will assuredly be proud to give it a conspicuous place in the opening number of the Magazine.

With high respect, I am,

Yr ob st.

Jno Tomlin Esqe Edgar A. Poe.

Prospectus

of the Penn Magazine, a monthly literary Journal, to be edited and published in the city of Philadelphia,

By Edgar A. Poe.

To The Public: —

Since resigning the conduct of the Southern Literary Messenger, at the commencement of its third year, I have had always in view the establishment of a Magazine which should retain some of the chief features of that Journal, abandoning or greatly modifying the rest. Delay, however, has been occasioned by a variety of causes, and not until now have I found myself at liberty to attempt the execution of the design.

I will be pardoned for speaking more directly of The Messenger. Having in it no proprietary rights, my objects, too being at variance in many respects with those of its very worthy owner, I found difficulty in stamping upon its pages that *individuality* which I believe essential to the full success of all similar publications. In regard to their permanent influences, it

appears to me that a continuous, definite character, and a marked certainty of purpose are desiderata of vital importance, and (I cannot help believing that these requisites are) only attainable when one mind alone has the general direction of the undertaking. Experience has rendered obvious, what might indeed have been demonstrated *a priori;* that in founding a Magazine of my own lies my sole chance of carrying out to completion whatever peculiar intentions I may have entertained.

To those who remember the early days of the Southern periodical in question it will be scarcely necessary to say that its main feature was a somewhat overdone causticity in its department of Critical Notices of new books. The Penn Magazine will retain this trait of severity in so much only as the calmest yet sternest sense of justice will permit. Some years since elapsed may have mellowed down the petulance without interfering with the rigor of the critic. Most surely they have not yet taught him to read through the medium of a publisher's will, nor convinced him that the interests of letters are unallied with the interests of truth. It shall be the first and chief purpose of the Magazine now proposed to become known as one where may be found at all times, and upon all subjects, an honest and a fearless opinion. It shall be a leading object to assert in precept, and to maintain in practice the rights, while in effect it demonstrates the advantages, of an absolutely independent criticism — a criticism self-sustained; guiding itself only by the purest rules of Art, analyzing and urging these rules as it applies them; holding itself aloof from all personal bias; acknowledging no fear save that of outraging the right; yielding no point either to the vanity of the

author, or to the assumptions of antique prejudice, or to the involute and anonymous cant of the Quarterlies, or to the arrogance of those organized *cliques* which, hanging like nightmares upon American literature, manufacture, at the nod of our principal booksellers, a pseudo-public-opinion by wholesale. These are objects of which no man need be ashamed. They are purposes, moreover, whose novelty at least will give them interest. For assurance that I will fulfil them in the best spirit and to the very letter, I appeal with confidence to the many thousands of my friends, and especially of my Southern friends, who sustained me in the Messenger, where I had but a very partial opportunity of completing my own plans.

In respect to the other features of the Penn Magazine, a few words here will suffice. It will endeavor to support the general interests of the republic of letters, without reference to particular regions; regarding the world at large as the true audience of the author. Beyond the precincts of literature, properly so called, it will leave in better hands the task of instruction upon all matters of *very* grave moment. Its aim chiefly shall be *to please*, and this through means of versatility, originality and pungency. It may be as well here to observe that nothing said in this Prospectus should be construed into a design of sullying the Magazine with any tincture of the buffoonery, scurrility, or profanity, which are the blemish of some of the most vigorous of the European prints. In all branches of the literary department, the best aid, from the highest and purest sources, is secured.

To the mechanical execution of the work the greatest attention will be given which such a matter can require. In this respect it is proposed to surpass,

by very much, the ordinary Magazine style. The form will nearly resemble that of the Knickerbocker; the paper will be equal to that of The North American Review; the pictorial embellishments will be numerous, and by the leading artists of the country, but will be introduced only in the necessary illustration of the text.

The Penn Magazine will be published in Philadelphia, on the first of each month, and will form, half-yearly, a volume of about 500 pages. The price will be $5 per annum, payable in advance, or upon the receipt of the first number, which will be issued on the first of January, 1841. Letters addressed to the Editor and Proprietor,

EDGAR A. POE.

TOMLIN TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

JACKSON, TENNESSEE,
Nov. 22, 1840.

EDGAR A. POE ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, — As the time will soon be here when the subscribers in this place will have to pay for your *Magazine*, I must beg of you, at some early period to inform me, if Tennessee money is current in the ordinary business transactions of your city. It is possible, that I may thro' the Branch of the Union Bank at this place, obtain a check on some one of your Banks. If Virginia, N. Carolina or S. Carolina money is more current in Philadelphia, than Tennessee, I shall certainly obtain the one that you may mention, as preferable.

Will I not have to lay myself under an obligation to you, for some emendation of the Devil's Visit? I look with much anxiety for its appearance in the first number of your new work. I will not, I know be disappointed.

The abiding interest which I feel for your welfare, gives at all times the most cheering hopes of your success. It cannot be that you will not succeed! For the warm-hearted Southerners, by whom you are known, will not let the Work die for the want of patronage. They are your friends — for they know you well, and will sustain you.

Is W. Gilmore Simms of Charleston doing anything for you? Surely he is! He can aid you materially, and I have no doubt but what he will. Some years ago, he was my friend and gave me much good advice. The most pleasant walks I have ever taken in the fields of Literature, were made in his company. Since then he has far outstripped me, and I am where he was when he first commenced to ramble among the *genii* of Fiction. Has Simms's last work, "The Black Riders of the Santa" been published?

When I was a boy, I used to love to hear the Author of "Millechampe" talk. He said much to interest one of my years. As I grew older, my reverence for the man increased, until in my own mind, I am persuaded, that I shall "never look upon his like again."

In a little while, some two or three months hence, I purpose visiting Nashville. While there I shall certainly procure other names to your work.

I am Sincerely

Your friend,

JNO. TOMLIN.[1]

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23, 1840.

MY DEAR THOMAS, — I only received yours of the sixth about an hour ago, having been out of town for

[1] Tomlin is called by W. M. Griswold ("Selections from the Correspondence of R. W. Griswold") "the Mississippi poet."—ED.

the last ten days. Believe me, I was very glad to hear from you — for in truth I had given you up. I did not get the [St. Louis] "Bulletin" you sent, but saw the notice at the Exchange. The "Bulletin" has always been very kind to me, and I am at a loss to know who edits it — will you let me into this secret when you write again? Neither did "Howard Pinckney" come to hand. Upon receipt of your letter, just now, I called at Congress Hall — but no books. Mr. Bateman had been there, and gone, forgetting to leave them. I shall get them on his return. Meantime, and long ago, I have read the novel, with its predecessors. I like "Howard P[inckney]" very well — better than "E[ast] and W[est]," and not nearly so well as "C[linton] B[radshaw]." You give yourself up to your own nature (which is a noble one, upon my soul) in "Clinton Bradshaw;" but in "Howard Pinckney" you abandon the broad rough road for the dainty by-paths of authorism. In the former you are interested in what you write, and write to please, pleasantly; in the latter, having gained a name, you write to sustain it, and the effort becomes apparent. This consciousness of reputation leads you so frequently to those literary and other disquisitions about which we quarreled at Studevant's. If you would send the public opinion to the devil, forgetting that a public existed, and write from the natural promptings of your own spirit, you would do wonders. In a word, *abandon* is wanting in "Howard Pinckney," — and when I say this you must know that I mean a high compliment — for they to whom this very *abandon* may be safely suggested are very few indeed, and belong to the loftier class of writers. I would say more of "Howard Pinckney," but nothing in the

shape of criticism can be well said *in petto,* and I intend to speak fully of the novel in the first number of the "Penn Magazine" — which I am happy to say will appear in January. I may just observe now, however, that I pitied you when I saw the blunders, typographical and Frostigraphical — although to do Frost justice, I do not think he looked at the proofs at all.

Thank you a thousand times for your good wishes and kind offers. I shall wait anxiously for the promised article. I should like to have it, if possible, in the first sheet, which goes to press early in December. But I know that I may depend upon you, and therefore say no more upon this head. For the rest, your own experience and friendship will suggest the modes by which you may serve me in St. Louis. Perhaps, you may be able to have the accompanying "Prospectus" (which you will see differs from the first) inserted once or twice in some of the city papers — if you can accomplish this without trouble I shall be greatly obliged to you. Have you heard that that illustrious graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge (Billy Barlow [Burton]), has sold his magazine to Graham, of the "Casket"?

Mrs. Clemm and Virginia unite with me in the kindest remembrance to yourself and sister — with whom your conversation (always turning upon the "one loved name") has already made us all so well acquainted. How long will it be before I see you again? Write immediately.

Yours most truly,

E. A. P.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

St. Louis,
December 7, 1840.

My dear Poe, — Yours of the 23 of last month I received yesterday. I thought if I sat down to weave a tale for you that procrastination or a better apology might keep me from finishing the MS. till it was too late for your first number, for which you seemed to wish the communication. I therefore, as you like my "adventures of a Poet" — you remember I read it to you — thought I would give you extracts from it. Inclosed I send them. The "steamboat story" which I gave you is, you know, an extract from the same MS.

I am obliged to you for your good opinion of "Howard Pinckney" but more particularly for that of myself. I regret you do not like H. P as much as C B,[1] but I am not certain that I do myself — our first book like our first love ever has the warmest place in our affections.

About your magazine: I rejoice to know that you will have it out on the first. I look to its appearance with great pleasure, for I believe the principles expressed in your prospectus will be carried out in your practice. I went today to have an editorial notice &c taken of it and you, but found my friend out; to-morrow on my way to the office with this letter I will see to it and duly send you a paper.

There is a magazine agent here who to all appearances is honest; he is a one-legged man on a crutch and I would fain therefore believe so. I called on him today. He does a good business I should judge. He tells me that he receives *two* hundred copies of the "Ladies Companion" for instance, fifty of the "Knickerbocker" &c.

[1] H. Pinckney as much as Clinton Bradshaw.

He wrote his "terms" off for me at my request, which I herewith copy from his MS. lying before me. By the bye it seems there are two of these — agents.

"Terms of Agency. — So much per cent on yearly subscribers procured by the agents. The *exclusive* agency for this city to be given to them. If the publication can be put low enough by the publishers they will order so many copies on *their own account* each month: payment for which to be made monthly or quarterly — It would be necessary to have written or printed authority to act as agents. The work to be put up very securely with strong envelopes secured well with twine, to prevent its being damaged by the mail; and to be mailed with as much punctuality as possible at the earliest possible moment after it comes from the press.

FOWZER & WOODWARD,
39 Chestnut St St Louis."

There, Poe, I give you Mr. Fowzer's bulletin of terms as I received them. I truly think that he will do well for the "Penn" here. I hope that with Harrison's election better times will come unto us who like the spider weave the web from our own brains to catch the flies. Let me hear from you. I will negociate "terms" for you if you say so with the aforesaid Fowzer and Woodward.

The leading editor of the Bulletin is named Churchill. Lately he has been elected to the legislature and a Mr Cady has charge in C's absence at Jefferson City the capital of this state. C is a good fellow — so I believe is Cady. Perhaps the most influential paper here is the "Republican." I had the honor of being a guest at a public dinner given him (the editor) the other day, or rather the other night here, on which occasion I read the toast and made a speech &c. I will get him also to notice you. I write this in my sister's room; she is indeed gratified at the kind manner in which Mrs. Clemm and your Lady mention her. She sends her regards while I

look up from the paper to say that your letter is just as you talk.

In the spring I hope to take you by the hand — speaking of "taking" can you tell me how Howard Pinckney took in the "Penn" City. My kindest remembrances to your mother and lady.

F. W. THOMAS.

CHAPTER IV.

September, 1840–1841.

THE POE-SNODGRASS CORRESPONDENCE.[1]

[New York Herald, March 27, 1881.]

These epistles, in their original shape, are almost worn out, having seemingly been exposed to the action of water. They are written upon foolscap, folded, sealed with wafers and have their address upon the back, the envelope not having come into vogue at that time. Poe's handwriting is very plain and uncharacteristic, and he forms every letter in a way which would make him a treasure in any newspaper office in the country and would induce city editors to condone a thousand minor offences on his part; but neither the text nor the signature has any of that flourish which appears in Poe's articles in *Godey's Lady's Book*, in one part of which, in a seemingly incidental way, he altogether demolishes Snodgrass by superimposing his own signature to the doctor's. The one is so small, mean and ineffective; the other so big, bold, round and manly, that Poe made the contrast stronger in this way between him and Snodgrass than if

[1] Dr. Snodgrass was a Virginian who was co-editing the Baltimore *Saturday Visiter* in 1833 when Poe made it famous by his contribution of "A MS. found in a Bottle."

Dr. Snodgrass, who was present at Poe's death in 1849 and published "The Facts of Poe's Death and Burial" in 1867, died in 1880. Poe's letters to him were copied, and printed by Mr. Edward Spencer of Baltimore, from whose communication of them to the *The New York Herald*, March 27, 1881, we are permitted by the courtesy of *The Herald* to reprint them.

The comments interspersed among the letters are Mr. Spencer's.

he had written a volume on the subject. There is none of this, however, in the correspondence, which is business-like throughout.

The value of these letters seems to consist in the fact that they disclose Poe's honesty of character in the most undeniable light. The poorest of our authors and journalists, he is constantly striving to become the proprietor of a magazine. Not for his own emolument, however, or with the idea of increasing his income, but always and with the single idea of divorcing his work of criticism from all and every sordid consideration. He wants to be free, not to put money in his pocket, but in order to make criticism free. He wants to have opinions of his own to express and not those of his publishers. This trait alone in Edgar Allan Poe's character should entitle him to a monument in Central Park.

The first letter, dated September 11, 1839, and written from Philadelphia during the period when Poe was editor of Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, was in acknowledgment of an article in the St. Louis *Bulletin* which Snodgrass had sent to the editor. He says in regard to this: —

"I was the more gratified, as the reception of the paper convinced me that you, of whom I have always thought highly, had no share in the feelings of ill will toward me, which are somewhat prevalent (God only knows why) in Baltimore."

After something more of this sort, which it does not seem needful to quote, Poe goes on in a way which appears to reveal his exigent honesty: —

"I have now," he writes, "a great favor to ask, and think I may depend upon your friendship, it is to write a notice (such as you think rightly just, no more) of the September number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, embodying in your article the passage concerning myself from the St. Louis *Bulletin* in any manner which your good taste may suggest. . . .

"If you will do me this great favor depend upon any similar good office from me 'upon demand.'"

In this letter and in others of the series Poe discloses the worst — the suspicious, mistrustful and invidious — side of his character, in the manner in which he speaks of his cousin Mr. Neilson Poe at that time editor of a Baltimore daily paper, and now Chief Judge of the Orphan's Court.[1] It seems to have been Poe's rule of conduct to interpret everything which was not active and energetic friendship on his behalf as being prompted by envy and jealousy. The article in the Missouri paper to which Poe refers speaks of the general tone and character of the *Southern Literary Messenger* as imparting lustre to our periodical literature. It says: —

"Let it never be forgotten, however, that the first impetus to the favor of literary men which it received was given by the glowing pen of Edgar A. Poe, now assistant editor of Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, and although since he has left it has well maintained its claims to respectability, yet there are few writers in this country — take Neal, Irving and Willis away and we would say none — who can compete successfully in many respects with Poe. With an acuteness of observation, a vigorous and effective style, and an independence that defies control, he unites a fervid fancy and a most beautiful enthusiasm. His is a high destiny."

This letter of Poe's has two postscripts, one of which is in reference to newspaper praises of his "Fall of the House of Usher." In the other he writes: — "I have made a profitable engagement with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and my forthcoming tales are promised a very commendatory review in that journal from the pen of Professor Wilson. Keep this a secret, if you please, for the present." This profitable engagement with *Blackwood's* will be found explained further in this correspondence, and it does not seem altogether likely that even so enthusiastic an editor as Professor Wilson would pledge *Blackwood's* to a highly commendatory notice in advance of a volume which he had not seen.

[1] Judge Poe has since died. — Ed.

Poe's next letter to Snodgrass is dated October 7, 1839, and is also written from Philadelphia. In this his enmity to Mr. Neilson Poe crops out in epithets such as, it must be said to his credit, our poet very seldom indulges. It is not worth while to repeat the language, of which the injustice is transparent. At the same time Poe is profuse in his acknowledgment of some friendly acts toward him on the part of Snodgrass. "I sincerely thank you," he writes, "for the interest you have taken in my well-doing. The friendship of a man of talent, who is at the same time a man of honorable feeling, is especially valuable in these days of double dealing. I hope I shall always deserve your good opinion." "My book," Poe adds, "will be out in the beginning of Nov." This was the volume of tales published by Lea & Blanchard, "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," which, while it secured a *succès d'estime*, put no money in the pockets of either author or publisher.

The third letter, which is headed "Philadelphia, 12, '39" and directed to "Dr. J. Evans Snodgrass," bears the postmark of December 13. It accompanied a copy of Poe's volume, apparently just out. "In the same package," writes poor Poe, "is a copy for Mr. Carey, of the *American*, which I must beg you to deliver to him, with my respects. I have not the pleasure of knowing him personally, but entertain a high opinion of his talents. Please write his full name in his copy 'with the author's respects.' I forget his *praenomen*." Was Grub street ever more forcibly illustrated since Goldsmith wore his "peach blossom velvet coat" out at elbows?

In the next letter (Philadelphia, December 19, 1839), after mentioning again the fact that he had recently sent on two copies of the "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," he enters into some explanations in regard to premiums advertised by Burton for matter for his magazine. Poe's reasons for leaving this magazine have been grossly and infamously perverted by Griswold. The present letters enable the writer to show that the reason

for Poe's leaving originated in his disgust at Burton's "prize list" and the freedom with which he expressed his dislike for that sort of "humbug." "Touching the premiums," says Poe in this letter, "the advertisement respecting them was written by Mr. Burton, and it is not, I think, as explicit as it might be." [This letter, by the way, is the worst preserved and the most defective of the entire series.] The object of Poe's letter seems to be, while preserving his loyalty to his publisher, to save Snodgrass from the labor of writing articles in competition for prejudged prizes. "The truth is," he says to Snodgrass, "I object, *in toto*, to the whole scheme, but merely follow the B. J. make-up upon all such matters of business."

Apparently Dr. Snodgrass had been sending some rather extensive instalments of poetry to Mr. Poe — at any rate he explains that "if you look over our columns you will see that we only put in poetry in the odds and ends of our pages; that is, to fill out a vacancy left at the foot of a prose article, so that the length of a poem often determines its insertion. Yours could not be bro't to fit in, and was obliged to be left out." Poe seems to be anxious in this letter to find out what the Baltimore papers have to say of his book. As to the Philadelphia papers, their encomiums suit him exactly. "They have given me," he writes to Dr. Snodgrass, "the very highest possible praise. I c'd desire nothing farther." . . . In Alexander's *Messenger*, says Poe, "is a notice by Professor Frost, which I forward you, to-day, with this. . . . The *Star* and the *Evening Post* have both capital notices. There is also a promise of one in the *New World* — Benjamin's paper — which I am anxious to see, for, praise or blame, I have a high opinion of that man's ability." This is evidence that, in spite of the large quantity of it which he himself furnished, Poe understood criticism, was vulnerable to it, and was anxious about what just and competent critics should say of his performance.

At this date Dr. Snodgrass appears to have been editor of a Baltimore weekly. He seems to have suggested to Poe that in a spirit of reciprocity he would like a notice. Unfortunately, however, Dr. Nathan C. Brooks,[1] who is now president of a female college in our city and is one of our oldest surviving literary gentlemen, was publishing the *Amaranth* or something of a similar sort, and Poe writes: — "I am obliged to decline saying anything of the *Museum* in the *Gent's Mag.* However, I feel anxious to oblige yourself, and to express my own views, you will understand me when I say that I have no proprietary interest in the *Magazine* and that Mr. Burton is a warm friend of Brooks — *verb. sat sap.*"

"I have heard," writes Poe in this letter, "that an attempt is to be made by some one of capital in Baltimore to get up a magazine. Have you heard anything of it? If you hear will you be kind enough to let me know all about it by return mail, if you can spare the time to oblige me? I am particularly desirous of understanding how the matter stands — who are the parties," &c.

It is evident from this letter that Poe was already anxious to sever his connection with Burton. It is also apparent that, while fully loyal to his employer, he wished to indicate to his friend Snodgrass that he would waste his time in preparing articles for competition for premiums which were not actually and *bonâ fide* to be paid.

The letter succeeding this is dated June 17. In it Poe says: —

"My Dear Snodgrass, — Yours of the 12th was duly received, but I have found it impossible to answer it before, owing to an unusual press of business which has positively not left me a moment to myself. Touching your essay, Burton not only lies but deliberately and wilfully lies; for the last time but one that I saw him I called his attention to the MS., which was then at the top of a pile of other MSS. sent for premiums, in a

[1] Mr. Brooks has since died. — Ed.

drawer of the office desk. I saw the essay in the same position, and I am perfectly sure it is there still. You know it is a peculiar-looking MS., and I could not mistake it. In saying it was not in his possession his sole design was to vex you, and through you myself. Were I in your place I would take some summary method of dealing with the scoundrel, whose infamous conduct in regard to this whole premium scheme merits and shall receive exposure. I am firmly convinced that it was never his intention to pay $1 of the money offered, and, indeed, his plain intimations to that effect, made to me personally and directly, were the immediate reason of my cutting the connection as abruptly as I did. [Every reader, whether he credits this absolutely or not, should compare it with Griswold's account of the supposed transaction.] If you could in any way spare the time," adds Poe, "to come on to Philadelphia, I think I could put you in the way of detecting this villain in his rascality. I would go down with you to the office, open the drawer in his presence, and take the MS. from beneath his very nose. I think this would be a good deed done, and would act as a caution to such literary swindlers in future. Will you come on? Write immediately in reply."

Poe adds to this letter, which was written after he had severed his connection with Mr. Burton and his magazine, that

"Mr. Carey's book on slavery was received by me not very long ago, and in last month's number I wrote at some length a criticism upon it, in which I endeavored to do justice to the author, whose talents I highly admire. But this critique, as well as some six or seven others, were refused admittance into the magazine by Mr. Burton upon his receiving my letter of resignation."

Says the poet in concluding this letter: —

"Herewith you have my prospectus. You will see that I have given myself sufficient time for preparation. I have every hope of success. As yet I have done noth-

ing more than send a few prospectuses to the Philadelphia editors, as it is rather early to strike — six months in anticipation. My object at present is merely to call attention to the contemplated design. In the meantime be assured that I am not idle, and that if there is any impossibility about the matter, it is the impossibility of not succeeding. The world is fond of novelty, and, in being absolutely honest, I shall be utterly novel. If you would show the prospectus to Mr. Carey or any other editorial friend when you have done with it I would be obliged to you."

Snodgrass seems to have asked Poe in regard to the fortunes of his volume, "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," published during the previous winter. Says Poe in reply : —

"Touching my Tales you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I am ignorant of their fate and have never spoken to the publishers concerning them since the day of their issue. I have cause to think, however, that the edition was exhausted almost immediately. It was only six weeks since that I had the opportunity I wished of sending a copy to Professor Wilson, so as to be sure of its reaching him directly. Of course I must wait some time yet for a notice — if any there is to be.

"Yours most truly,

"E. A. Poe."

It will be instructive to compare what Poe says in the last sentence of this letter with what he said on the subject of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the postscript to the first letter of this series, quoted above.

The letter succeeding this one is dated January 17, 1841. Poe's first sentence is worth quoting on account of its revelation of character. "Your letters are always welcome," he writes to Snodgrass, "albeit 'few and far between.' (What an infamous tautology is that, by the bye, for visits that are few must be far between.) And your last letter was especially so."

"You write," continues Poe, "to know my prospects with the *Penn*." [This was the *Penn Monthly*, which Poe cherished the idea of for some time, and he was certainly a good "projector."] "They are glorious, notwithstanding the world of difficulty under which I labored and labor. My illness (from which I have now entirely recovered) has been, for various reasons, a benefit to my scheme rather than a disadvantage, and, upon the whole, if I do not eminently succeed in this enterprise the fault will be entirely my own. Still, I am using every exertion to insure success, and, among other manœuvres, I have cut down the bridges behind me. I must now do or die — I mean in a literary sense."

Dr. Snodgrass seems to have been liberal in his tenders of literary aid to Poe and to the *Penn Monthly*. Poe's way of "toning down" his contributors without giving them offence is not only diplomatic in the highest degree, but illustrates an amiable and genteel character. He writes to Snodgrass : —

"I shall be delighted to receive any prose article from your pen. As for poetry I am overstocked with it. I am particularly anxious for a paper on the 'International Copyright Laws,' or on the subject of the laws of libel in regard to literary publications. I believe these topics are altogether in your line," writes Poe, "Your friend, David Hoffman, Esq. [a neglected Baltimore author, by the way, who was author of the 'Memoirs of Kartaphiles, the Wandering Jew,' otherwise known to German writers as 'Ahasuerus'] has been so kind as to promise me his aid, and perhaps he would not be unwilling to send me something on one or other of the heads in question. Will you oblige me [this is underscored in the original] by speaking to him upon this subject? Above all things," he adds, "it is necessary that whatever be done, 'if done, be done quickly,' for I am about to put the first sheet to press immediately and the others will follow in rapid succession.

"In regard to my plans, &c., the prospectus will in-

form you in some measure. I am resolved upon a good outward appearance — clear type, fine paper, &c. — double columns, I think, and brevier, with the poetry running across the page in a single column ; no steel engravings, but now and then a superior woodcut in illustration of the text. Thick covers. In the literary way, I shall endeavor gradually, if I cannot effect the purpose at once, to give the magazine a reputation for the having no article but from the best pens — a somewhat negative merit, you will say. In criticism I will be bold, and sternly, absolutely just with friend and foe. From this purpose nothing shall turn me. I shall aim at originality in the body of the work more than at any other especial quality. I have one or two articles of my own *in statu pupillari* that would make you stare, at least, on account of the utter oddity of their conception. To carry out the conception is a difficulty which — may be overcome."

This sentence, almost the only one in which he speaks of his method of working, would seem to deserve to be treasured. Poe's brain teemed with projects and "conceptions." The difficulty of carrying them out was something which he never dreamed of asking any one to share with him. "Eureka" was possibly one of these "conceptions." Was not "Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether" another ?

"I have not seen the January *Southern Literary Messenger*," he says, "but 'Quotidiana' is a very good title. 'Quod Libetica' is also good and even more inclusive than the other. I am fond of such articles as these, and in good hands they may be made very interesting."

"Mr. Burton," says Poe, returning abruptly from these literary recreations to business, "that illustrious 'graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge,' is going to the devil with the worst grace in the world, but with a velocity truly astounding. The press here, in a body, have given him the cut direct. So be it. *Suum cuique*. We have said enough about this genius.

"Mr. Graham is a very gentlemanly personage. I will see him to-morrow and speak to him in regard to your essay, although, to prevent detection Burton may have destroyed it.

"And now, my dear Snodgrass, will you do me a favor? I have heard some mention of a new magazine to be established in Baltimore by a Virginian and a practical printer. I am *anxious* to know all the details of the project. Can you produce and send me (by return mail) a prospectus? If you cannot get one, will you write me all about it — the gentleman's name, &c., &c., &c. I have underscored the word 'anxious' because I really mean what I say, and because about a fortnight ago I made to the Hon. N. C. Brooks, A.M., a request just such as I now make to yourself. He did not reply, and I, expecting of course the treatment which one gentleman naturally expects from another, have been put to the greatest inconvenience by the daily but fruitless expectation.

"Very truly and respectfully yours,

"EDGAR A. POE.

"DR. J. E. SNODGRASS."

Rather singularly this letter of Poe, in which he shows so much anxiety to know about the contemplated magazine in Baltimore and so much needless umbrage at Professor Brooks' dilatoriness in giving him the facts about the enterprise, is not only full of details about his projected *Penn Monthly*, but is actually backed by a printed "prospectus" of that poet's dream. . . .

His next letter to Snodgrass was written on July 12, 1841, and says: —

"My Dear Snodgrass, — I have this moment received yours of the 10th, and am really glad to find that you have not quite given me up. A letter from you now is a novelty indeed."

After some business and technical explanations (Snodgrass had another article in Poe's hands), Poe says of the "strange liberties" occasionally taken by "our proof

reader" — all of us have been put in peril of our souls by this sort of fiendishness — that "in our forthcoming number he has substituted (I see) a small for a capital R in Rozinante." He adds : —

"You say that some of your 'monumental' writers 'feel small.' Is not that, for them, a natural feeling? I never had much opinion of Arthur. What little merit he has is negative. McJilton I like much better. He has written one or two very good things. As a man also I like him much better. Do you know, by the bye, that W. G. Clarke (Willis Gaylord Clarke, founder of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*), reproved [sic] in his *Gazette*, for speaking too favorably of McJilton?

"You flatter me about the 'Maelström.' It was finished in a morning [?] and therefore its conclusion is imperfect. Upon the whole, it is neither as good, nor has it been half so popular as 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue.' I have a paper in the August number which will please you. Among the reviews for August I have one which will at least surprise you. It is a long notice of a satire by a quondam Baltimorean, L. A. Wilmer. You must get this satire and read it. It is really good — good in the old fashioned Dryden style. It blazes away, too, to the right and left, sparing not. I have made it the text from which to preach a fire and fury sermon upon critical independence and the general literary humbuggery of the day. I have introduced in this sermon some portion of a review formerly written by me for the Pittsburg *Examiner*, a monthly journal, which died in the first throes of its existence. It was edited by E. Burke Fisher — than whom a greater scamp never walked. He wrote to me offering $4 per page for criticisms, promising to put them in as contributions, not editorially. The first thing I saw was one of my articles under the editorial head, so altered that I hardly recognized it, and interlarded with all manner of bad English and ridiculous opinions of his own. I believe, however, that the number in which it appeared, being the last kick of the nag, was never circulated."

The next letter, and the last of this collection, is headed "Philadelphia, September 19, 1841." In this letter Poe gives himself some trouble to explain to "My dear Snodgrass" that a misadventure of one of the latter's articles was fully understood by him. Then he goes on to say: — "you are mistaken about *The Dial*. I have no quarrel in the world with that illustrious journal, nor it with me. I am not aware that it ever mentioned my name or alluded to me either directly or indirectly. My slaps at it were only 'in a general way.'" The remainder of the letter is devoted to contemporary literary news, in the course of which Poe mentions that Mr. George R. Graham may possibly join him in the *Penn Monthly*. He also returns to his dream of a magazine in Baltimore, edited by himself and published by some capitalist. Here this interesting correspondence ends.

NOTE. — Dr. Wm. Hand Browne, of Baltimore, who furnished these copies of the Poe-Snodgrass correspondence to Mr. Spencer, assures the editor that they are accurate and that the omitted parts are unimportant or purely personal. — ED.

CHAPTER V.

March, 1841–May, 1842.

EDITOR OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Washington City, March 7, 1841.

My dear Poe, — Your humble servant hails for the present from this land of excitement and rascality. I am here scribbling about matters and things. I have been in Washington this week past. Dow, whom I see frequently, told me that you had given up the idea of the Penn and was engaged with Graham. I regret that you have been prevented from carrying out that glorious enterprise at present, but you 'll do it yet.

Poe, I want to make a bargain of this nature. I wish for *value* received to write for some periodical a novel in numbers, say two or three chapters per month, as Marryat and Boz write their novels. I have received a proposition of this nature from a certain periodical publisher, but I doubt if he is good pay. His proposition however stated the thought in my mind and I should like to write a novel in this way. What do you think of it, and what terms &c would your "Graham" give? Dow, to whom I mentioned the matter, suggested the magazine of which you are to be the editor. Let me hear from you on the subject. Write me, if you please, if Mr. Graham likes the proposition what he would give — all about it. Of course a continuous story is worth more per page than a mere sketch, as it would create a desire in the reader to see the conclu-

sion of it and consequently make him the purchaser of the subsequent numbers of the Magazine.

The novel will contain a greater variety than any of my others. I shall take my hero, through various adventures in the south east and west, and give a touch of matters and things about Washington, where I have seen much "character" after a sort, I assure you.

For the interest of your publisher I had better mention to you that Fowzer and Woodward, agents, of St. Louis have had a falling out. Of Woodward I know nothing. Fowzer called on me, hearing that I was on the eve of starting eastward, and requested that I would procure the agency for him of your publications referring me to gentlemen who would bear testimony to his character. I made the inquiries and find his character good. This I promised to say to you for him.

I hope, my dear Poe, that you are well and doing well; before long, that is in a month or so, I hope to take you by the hand. My respects to your mother and lady. Dow is well — and I hope in spite of his Locofocoism will retain his office. Write me, if you please, soon as convenient, as I must answer the proposition I have spoken of above.

Truly your friend,

F. W. THOMAS.

Please to direct to me to *Washington* and not St. Louis.

F. W. T.

TOMLIN TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

JACKSON, TENNESSEE,
March 13th, 1841.

MR. EDGAR A. POE.

DEAR SIR, — Have you indefinitely postponed the publication of the "Penn Magazine"? If so, your friends here are grievously disappointed. I know, that if you

have abandoned entirely the notion of ever commencing its publication — the abandonment was caused by no ordinary circumstances. Again I repeat that your friends here are disappointed. If you have come to the conclusion on mature deliberation, that this is not an auspicious period for the appearance of the Journal, perhaps your friends here may *possibly* forgive you.

At any moment, that you may deem any service of mine, necessary in the *aiding* or the carrying out to the fulfillment, of any scheme or plan you may project, believe that a call from you, on me, will receive the best attention of

Your friend,

JNO. TOMLIN.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 29, 1841.

R. W. GRISWOLD, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, — On the other leaf I send such poems as I think my best, from which you can select any which please your fancy. I should be proud to see one or two of them in your book. The one called "The Haunted Palace" is that of which I spoke in reference to Professor Longfellow's plagiarism. I first published the "H. P." in Brooks' "Museum," a monthly journal at Baltimore, now dead. Afterwards, I embodied it in a tale called "The House of Usher," in Burton's Magazine. Here it was, I suppose, that Professor Longfellow saw it; for, about six weeks afterwards, there appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger" a poem by him called "The Beleaguered City," which may now be found in his volume. The identity in title is striking; for by "The Haunted Palace" I mean to imply a mind haunted by phan-

toms — a disordered brain — and by the "Beleaguered City," Prof. L. means just the same. But the whole tournure of the poem is based upon mine, as you will see at once. Its allegorical conduct, the style of its versification and expression — all are mine. As I understood you to say that you meant to preface each set of poems by some biographical notice, I have ventured to send you the above memoranda — the particulars of which (in a case where an author is so little known as myself) might not be easily obtained elsewhere. "The Coliseum" was the prize poem alluded to.

With high respect, I am your obedient servant,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO SNODGRASS.

April 1, 1841.

See Volume I., Biography, pages 158–161.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1841.

MY DEAR POE, — More than a week ago I wrote you a long letter in which I stated that I had sent a communication to Graham and made the request of you, that as a fellow feloniously had taken my "monies" you would suggest to your friend to let me have a remittance as soon as possible.

As yet it has not come. I have been disappointed in receiving a remittance from St. Louis from an editor for whom I have been writing and I feel constrained to request, my dear friend, that you would jog Mr. Graham's memory. Don't fail me — for my pocket is at a low ebb.

What with the failure of the banks and the death of General Harrison, which leaves the future operations of the present cabinet in the dark, I fear that it will be some time before publishing resumes its former busy existence. Dam Locofocoism — there was some little money to be made by books before that — but nowadays ! Poe, go at the copy-right law — Nicklin (I think is the name) has written a book upon the subject and that will give you all the necessary information.

Dow I wrote you was turned out. Well, he is getting along well as an agent for post-masters — or rather for those who wish to make contracts with the post office department. He seems cheerful and has quit drinking even hard cider. The Locofocos here seem to think or wish to think that President Tyler will go with them — or at least be half and half. How would you like to be an office holder here at $1500 per year payable monthly by Uncle Sam who, however slack he may be to his general creditors, pays his officials with due punctuality. How would you like it? You stroll to your office a little after nine in the morning leisurely, and you stroll from it a little after two in the afternoon homeward to dinner, and return no more that day. If during office hours you have anything to do it is an agreeable relaxation from the monstrous laziness of the day. You have on your desk everything in the writing line in apple-pie order, and if you choose to lucubrate in a literary way, why you can lucubrate.

Come on and apply for a clerkship, you can follow literature here as well as where you are, and think of the money to be made by it. "Think of that, Master Brooke," as Sir John sayeth — write to me if you love me on the reception of this.

Jog Graham.

My tenderest regards to your mother and wife.

Your friend,

F. W. Thomas.

Edgar A. Poe Esqr.
Philadelphia.

POE TO JOHN NEAL.

[Ingram.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.

MY DEAR SIR, — As you gave me the first jog in my literary career, you are in a manner bound to protect me and keep me rolling. I therefore now ask you to aid me with your influence in whatever manner your experience shall suggest. It strikes me that I never write to you except to ask a favour, but my friend Thomas will assure you that I bear you always in mind, holding you in the highest respect and esteem. — Most truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

JOHN NEAL, Esq.

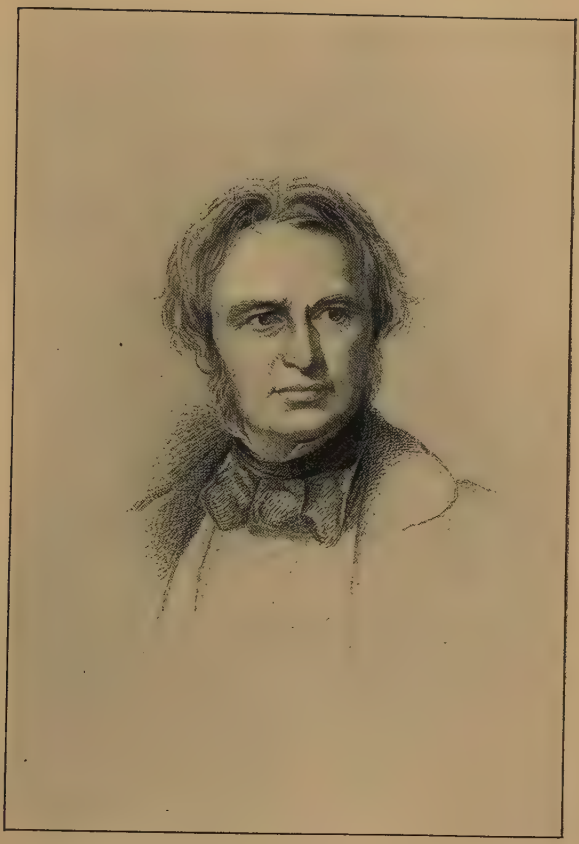
POE TO LONGFELLOW.

[Griswold Collection.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1841.

DEAR SIR, — Your letter of the 19th May was received. I regret to find my anticipations confirmed, and that you cannot make it convenient to accept Mr. Graham's proposition. Will you now pardon me for making another ?

I need not call your attention to the signs of the times in respect to magazine literature. You will admit that the tendency of the age lies in this way — so far at least as regards the lighter letters. The brief, the terse, the condensed, and the easily circulated will take place of the diffuse, the ponderous, and the inaccessible. Even our Reviews (lucus a non lucendo) are found too massive for the taste of the day : — I do not



mean for the taste of the tasteless, but for that of the few. In the meantime the finest minds of Europe are beginning to lend their spirit to magazines. In this country, unhappily, we have not any journal of the class, which either can afford to offer pecuniary inducement to the highest talent, or which would be, in all respects, a fitting vehicle for its thoughts. In the supply of this deficiency there would be a point gained; and in the hope of at least partially supplying it, Mr. Graham and myself propose to establish a monthly magazine.

The amplest funds will be embarked in the undertaking. The work will be an octavo of 96 pages. The paper will be of excellent quality — possibly finer than that upon which your "Hyperion" was printed. The type will be new (always new) clear and bold, with distinct face. The matter will be disposed in a single column. The printing will be done upon a hand-press in the best manner. There will be a broad margin. There will be no engravings, except occasional wood-cuts (by Adams) when demanded in obvious illustration of the text; and, when so required, they will be worked in with the type — not upon separate pages as in "Arcturus." The stitching will be done in the French style, permitting the book to lie fully open. Upon the cover, and throughout, the endeavour will be to preserve the greatest purity of taste consistent with decision and force. The price will be $5.

The chief feature in the literary department will be that of contributions from the most distinguished pens (of America) exclusively; or if this plan cannot be wholly carried out, we propose, at least, to make arrangements with yourself, Mr. Irving, Mr. Cooper,

Mr. Paulding, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, Mr. Willis, and one or two others. In fact, our ability to make these arrangements is a condition, without which the Magazine will not go into operation; and my object in writing you this letter is to ascertain how far I may look to yourself for aid.

In your former note you spoke of present engagements. The proposed journal will not be commenced until the 1st Jan. 1842.

It would be desirable that you should agree to furnish one paper each month — prose or poetry — absolute or serial — an of such length as you might deem proper. Should illustrations be desired by you, these will be engraved at our expense, from designs at your own, superintended by yourself. We leave the matter of terms, as before, to your own decision. The sums agreed upon would be paid as you might suggest. It would be necessary that our agreement should be made for one year — during which period you should be pledged not to write for any other (American) magazine.

With this letter I despatch one of the same tenor to each of the gentlemen before-named. If you cannot consent to an unconditional reply, will you be kind enough to say whether you will write for us upon condition that we succeed in our engagements with the others — specifying what others.

With high respect,

Yr. ob. st.

PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW. EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[From the Collection of Mr. F. R. Halsey.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 24, 1841.

DEAR SIR, — Mr. George Graham, of this city, and myself, design to establish a Monthly Magazine, upon certain conditions — one of which is the procuring your assistance in the enterprise. Will you pardon me for saying a few words upon the subject?

I need not call your attention to the signs of the times in respect to Magazine literature. You will admit the tendency of the age in this direction. The brief, the terse, and the easily circulated will take place of the diffuse, the ponderous, and the inaccessible. Even our Reviews are found too massive for the taste of the day — I do not mean for the taste of the merely uneducated, but also for that of the few. In the meantime the finest minds of Europe are beginning to lend their spirit to Magazines. In this country, unhappily, we have no journal of the class, which can either afford to compensate the highest talent, or which is, in all respects, a fitting vehicle for its thoughts. In the supply of this deficiency there would be a point gained; and the project of which I speak has originated in the hope of supplying it.

Mr. Graham is a lawyer, but for some time past, has been occupied in publishing. His experience of the periodical business is great. He is a gentleman of high social standing, and possessed of ample pecuniary means. Together, we would enter the field with a full understanding of the difficulties to be encountered, and, I trust, with ability to meet them.

The work will be an octavo of 90 pages. The paper will be excellent — superior to that of the N. A. Review. The type will be new (always new) clear and bold, with distinct face. The matter will be disposed in single column. The printing will be done upon a hand-press in the best manner. There will be a broad margin. We shall have no engravings, except occasional wood-cuts (by the best artists) when demanded in obvious illustration of the text; and, when so required, they will be worked in with the type — not upon separate pages as in "Arcturus." The stitching will be done in the French style, permitting the book to lie fully open. Upon the cover, and throughout, the endeavour will be to preserve the greatest purity of taste, consistent with decision and force. The price will be $5.

The chief feature of the literary department will be that of contributions from the more distinguished pens (of America) *exclusively*. Or, if this plan cannot be wholly carried out, we purpose, at least, to procure the constant aid of some five or six of the most distinguished, and to admit few articles from other sources — none which are not of a high order of excellence. We shall endeavor to procure the services of yourself, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Irving, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Paulding, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Willis, and perhaps one or two others. In fact, as before said, our success in making these engagements is a condition, without which the Magazine will not go into operation; and my immediate object in addressing you now is to ascertain how far I may depend upon yourself for assistance.

It would be desirable that you agree to furnish one paper each month — either a complete poem, or a

portion of one — and of such length as you deem proper. The terms will be left entirely to your own decision. The services specified will be paid as you may suggest — in advance if necessary. It would be advisable that an agreement be made for one year, during which you should be pledged to write for no other (American) Magazine. The journal will be commenced on the first of January, 1842, and (should we be so fortunate as to obtain your consent to our proposal) it would be proper that we should have in hand by the first of December next, at least two papers from each contributor.

With this letter I despatch one of similar tenor to each of the gentlemen above named. If you cannot make it convenient to give me an unconditional reply, will you be kind enough to say whether you will write for us upon condition that we are able to engage others — specifying *what* others ?

With high respect — yr ob. st

EDGAR A. POE.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, Esq^e^.

POE TO THOMAS.

[Stoddard.]

Would to God I could do as you have done! Do you seriously think that an application to Tyler would have a good result? My claims, to be sure, are few. I am a Virginian, at least I call myself one, for I have resided all my life, until within the last few years, in Richmond. My political principles have always been, as nearly as may be, with the existing administration, and I battled with right good will for Harrison when opportunity offered. With Mr. Tyler I have some

slight personal acquaintance — although this is a matter which he has possibly forgotten. For the rest, I am a literary man, and I see a disposition in Government to cherish letters. Have I any chance?

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WASHINGTON, July 1st, 1841.

MY DEAR POE, — Yours of 26 June I received yesterday. I trust, my dear friend, that you can obtain an appointment. President Tyler I have not seen except in passing in his carriage — never having called at the White House since the death of Harrison except to see the sons of the President, and then they were not in — could n't you slip on here and see the president yourself — or if you would prefer it I will see him for you — but perhaps your application had better be made through someone who has influence with the executive. I have heard you say that J. P. Kennedy has a regard for you — he is here a Congressman and would serve you — would he not? My employment is merely temporary. I had a letter of introduction to the Secretary of the Treasury, from my friend Governor Corwin of Ohio, merely introducing me as a "literary character" — I did not then expect to ask office, but finding that publishing was at a low ebb, I waited on Mr. Ewing and told him frankly how I was situated and that I should like to be making something; he with great kindness installed me here. There are thousands of applicants. My duty is to schedule their claims and present them to the Secretary. He reads the schedule and makes his decision, unless he has doubts about the matter, and then he sends on the papers. Let me hear from you in this matter of yours. The notice of the Intelligencer shall appear if I have influence enough with Mr. Gales to get it in.

The enclosed cryptograph is from a friend of mine (Dr. Frailey) who thinks he can puzzle you. If you decypher it then you are a magician — for he has used as I think much art in making it. Let me hear from you at your first leisure about the office.

Your friend,

F. W. THOMAS.

[Part of the cryptograph is interlined in pencil as follows.]

In one of those peripatetic circum [illegible] I obviated a rustic whom we subjected to catechetical interrogation respecting the [illegible] characteristics of the edifice to which he was approximate with a volubility uncongealed by the frigorific powers of villdt ; in bashfulness he ejaculated a voluminous replication from the universal tenor of whose contents I deduct the subsequent amalgamation of heterogeneous facts without dubiety [illegible] in ginal vulgarity as [illegible] mountains [illegible] abortions. Yet the institution the subject of my remarks was not without cause the theme of the ephemeral columns of quotidian journalism and of enthusiastic encomiations in conventional intercourse.

POE TO THOMAS.

[Ingram.]

I wish to God I could visit Washington — but the old story, you know — I have no money — not even enough to take me there, saying nothing of getting back. It is a hard thing to be poor — but as I am kept so by an honest motive, I dare not complain. Your suggestion about Mr. Kennedy is well timed; and here, Thomas, you can do me a true service. Call upon Kennedy — you know him I believe — if not, introduce yourself, he is a perfect gentleman, and

will give you a cordial welcome. Speak to him of my wishes, and urge him to see the Secretary of War in my behalf — or one of the other Secretaries, or President Tyler. I mention in particular the Secretary of War, because I have been to W. Point, and this may stand me in some stead. I would be glad to get almost any appointment — even a $500 one — so that I may have something independent of letters for a subsistence. To coin one's brain into silver, at the nod of a master, is to my thinking the hardest task in the world. Mr. Kennedy has been at all times a true friend to me — he was the first true friend I ever had — I am indebted to him *for life itself.* He will be willing to help me, I know — but *needs urging,* for he is always head and ears in business. Thomas, may I depend upon you?

[E. A. Poe.]

[Signature missing.]

THOMAS TO POE.

July 6, 1841.

See Appendix, p. 461.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Washington, July 7th 1841.

My dear Poe, — I did not see until this morning — you use generally such pale ink — the solitary line at the top of the third page of your letter where you say: — "State that I deciphered it by the return of mail — as I do." Please alter the communication I sent you, so as to express the fact.

To-day it rains hard. Congress was in session last night until twelve o'clock, and it may be a day or two before I see Kennedy. I wrote you that I had never seen the President. I shall see him on Friday, as his son has invited me to dine with him. If I had address now I might bring you up in a quiet way and pave the way — but as I have not, I must make the genius of Friendship my guide and trust to its [illegible] to make all right in your behalf. There are thousands of applicants, but I think the wants of a man like you, who asks only for a clerkship, should not be neglected. You will eventually succeed if you should not at first.

I know very few of the "bigbugs" here, having kept myself to myself, but I think I have skill enough to commit your merits to those, who, though not women, will be more skilful advocates of your claims.

I write in the greatest haste.

Your friend

F. W. THOMAS.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, 3 August, 1841.

"My family, by the father's side, were among the early settlers of New England. Isaiah Thomas, the founder of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester (Mass.), and the author of "The History of Printing," was my father's uncle. . . . My Father, E. S. Thomas, . . . emigrated to Charleston, S. C., where he, after establishing himself in the book-business, met my mother, who was then on a visit from Baltimore, of which city she was a native. Shortly after the marriage of my father he removed from Charleston to Providence, Rhode Island, where I was born in, I think, the fall of 1808. (Duyckinck says he was born in Baltimore, and Coggeshall that he was a native of Charleston.) I left Rhode-Island a child in the nurse's arms and have never been back — so

I hold myself to be a Southerner — as my parents returned to Charleston with me. (My family consists of myself, then Lewis, Frances, Susan, Mary, Martha, Belle and Calvin.) I was a delicate child, and, at the age of four, I fell from a furniture box on which I was playing, and injured my left leg. I went into the house crying, as a child would, and soon returned to play again. My limb, a few weeks afterwards, became very painful, my health gradually declined, and the physicians advised my parents to send me to a healthier climate. In charge of my aunt I was sent to Baltimore, and placed under the care of my aunt Foulke. There I grew robust and recovered from my lameness except an occasional weakness in my limb, when I over-exercised myself at play. When about eight or nine, in running to the window, over a wet floor, to look at the soldiers passing, I got a fall, which, after long confinement (a year or more), threw me, a skeleton, on crutches. I used them until five years since, when the contrivance I now use was suggested to me. I went to school very little in consequence of my lameness and frequent indisposition, and when I was seventeen I commenced the study of the law. I have never been to college. The first attempt I made at scribbling was at this time. I wrote a poetical satire on some fops about town, and they became exasperated with the printer of the paper, I forget its name — a scurrilous penny-sheet — and tore his office to pieces, making Pi of his type. I attended at this time a debating society, which had a great many visitors, and there I used to hold forth with the rest. I was invited one Fourth of July to make a speech before the society on a steamboat excursion, and, getting some little credit for it I was invited by my political friends to address their meetings which I did, being then rated with Jacksonism. . . . Your brother and I were then intimate — and rather rivals in a love affair. Scott, my fellow student studied hard, — I often stole out to the Baltimore Library and devoured the works upon Poetry, Oratory and Biography. Just after I was admitted to practice, my

father, who had lost a handsome fortune, emigrated with his family, leaving myself, to Cincinnati and established "The Commercial Advertiser." I practiced a few months, and then from ill health, retired to the country, where, after a year's sojourn, I emigrated to Cincinnati in 1832 and assisted my father in editing his paper. We soon differed upon political matters, and I commenced the practice of the law, but in bad health. I defended a great many criminals, I believe with some success, and lectured before the Lyceum. In descending the river I wrote several stanzas expressive of my feelings, which I published in my father's paper. They were noticed and complimented by the contemporary press, and I wrote out some farther impressions which the new scenes had made on me, and upon invitation delivered them before the Lyceum, in the shape of a rambling poem called "The Emigrant, or Reflections in descending the Ohio." This took, if I may so say, before the Lyceum and I was requested to publish it, which I did in 1833. . . .

After this, when Judge McLean was brought out for the Presidency, I was selected to publish his organ in Cincinnati, which I called the "Intelligencer." I had it for about six months, and was compelled to quit the editorial chair, in consequence of bad health. While confined to my house and bed, I remarked one day to my sister Frances that I felt like trying to write a novel. She insisted upon my doing it, and daily brought paper and pen to my bedside, where most of "Clinton Bradshaw" was written. I should have mentioned that my best friend in Cincinnati was Charles Hammond of the Cincinnati "Gazette," who is now dead, but who was esteemed the best editor and lawyer in Ohio. To him I dedicated my "Emigrant," and he defended me with true chivalry against all critical attacks. In his paper, too, I wrote many satires upon folks about town, which made me some enemies.

When I had finished "Clinton Bradshaw," with letters of introduction in my pocket to Mathew Carey, from Mr.

Hammond and General Harrison, I started for Philadelphia which I reached in the dusk of the evening. Unknown and unknowing, in bad health and worse spirits, I wandered out not knowing what to do with myself, and shall never forget stopping before a house in Chestnut street struck with a tune that some fair one was playing, as if with a familiar voice. The discovery that the song was mine, "'T is said that absence conquers love," changed the whole current of my feelings.

Mr. Carey, (this was in 1835), introduced me to Carey, Lea & Co. and they undertook the publication of my work. Let me say that Mr. Carey treated me with the greatest kindness. He was lame too, but a philosopher, and he felt and expressed a real sympathy for me. I was frequently his guest, and he often came to see me. In proof of his benevolent character let me say that he often annoyed me, or rather provoked my sensitiveness, by sending some lame man or other whom he had picked up in the street, to consult with me upon my superior powers of locomotion. Most of the characters in "Clinton Bradshaw" were drawn from persons living in Baltimore. "Glassman" was meant for Charles Mitchell, a very distinguished lawyer, who was dissipated. "Old Nancy" for old Nelly, who is still an apple woman in Baltimore. "Cavendish" was drawn from a young, eccentric friend of mine, named Kelley, who is since dead. "Shaffer" was a portraiture of Jennings, etc.

"East and West" was published in 1836. It was an attempt to pourtray the every day scenes of life occurring to a fallen family emigrating from the east to the west, most of the characters there were from life. "Howard Pinckney" was published in 1840. I have by me in MS. the poem which you have seen called — (I believe I will so call it) — "The Adventures of a Poet," which consists of 1800 lines; and two volumes of sketches of such persons as Wirt, John Randolph, Simon Kenton, (the Last of the Pioneers), with tales, etc. . . .

In the May number of "The Southern Literary Messenger," for 1838, you will find a sketch of your humble servant by Ingraham.

While writing my books I travelled through the west to Louisville, St. Louis, &c., and in the last canvass held forth in those places on the Harrison side. Sometimes upon invitation, in these cities and in Cincinnati, I delivered lectures upon literary subjects such as Oratory, Poetry, etc., Odd-Fellow addresses, and Fourth of July addresses. I was a delegate to the Baltimore May convention in '40, where I held forth, and after which I made your acquaintance in Philadelphia and got pelted by the people as you remember — or rather by the Locos.

I came on East last March to get my books out, but the death of General Harrison, and the uncertainties about the currency and the bank have prevented my publishing. Here I was invited to lecture before different societies, and in Alexandria, and did so to full houses, gratis — which were followed by empty puffs; but you know what Goldsmith says about the Muse —

> "Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe
> That found me poor at first and keeps me so."

(Don't say of me that I am in office, as it is only a temporary appointment.)

I am now engaged in writing a novel upon the events of the present day, many of the scenes of which are laid in Washington. My object is to describe life in the varieties in which I have seen it in Missouri, New Orleans and here among the holders and seekers. I have written occasionally for these three or four years past for the Knickerbocker, Graham's, the Ladies Companion and the Southern Literary Messenger. . . .

One of the first persons who noticed me in the West was General Harrison, who shortly after my arrival in Cincinnati invited me to the Bend, where I went and was his guest for some weeks, — I was engaged there in one of my first law cases against his eldest son (now dead), William Harrison.

It is singular that my great uncle, my father, my brother and myself have all played editor.

Yours,

F. W. T.

POE TO McJILTON.

[Griswold Collection.]

PHILADELPHIA, August 11,/41.

D^R^ SIR, — Your letter of yesterday is this moment received. A glance at the cipher which you suppose the more difficult of the two sent, assures me that its translation must run thus —

"This specimen of secret writing is sent you for explanation. If you succeed in divining its meaning I will believe that you are some kin to Old Nick."

As my solution in this case will fully convince you of my ability to decipher the longer but [torn] more simple cryptograph, you will perhaps ex[cuse] me from attempting it — as I am exceedingly occupied with business.

Very truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

TIMOTHEUS WHACKEMWELL Esqr.

This is certainly intended for some one else, I know nothing of the matter whatever, nor should I be able to tell how the thing happened, but having seen the piece headed secret writing pub^d^ in Graham's mag. noticed somewhere, I suppose some wag has addressed you anonymously whom you have mistaken for me.

I. N. M.[1]

[I. N. McJILTON.]

[1] McJilton was a well-known Baltimore *littérateur*. — ED.

POE TO LEA & BLANCHARD.

[Drexel Institute Collection.]

MESS. LEA & BLANCHARD.

GENTLEMEN, — I wish to publish a new collection of my prose Tales with some such title as this —

"*The Prose Tales of Edgar A. Poe, Including 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue.' The 'Descent into the Maelström,' and all his later pieces, with a second edition of the 'Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.'*"

The "later pieces" will be eight in number, making the entire collection thirty-three — which would occupy two *thick* novel volumes.

I am anxious that your firm should continue to be my publishers, and, if you would be willing to bring out the book, I should be glad to accept the terms which you allowed me before — that is — you receive all profits, and allow me twenty copies for distribution to friends.

Will you be kind enough to give me an early reply to this letter, and believe me

Yours very respt.

PHILADELPHIA, EDGAR A. POE.
Office Graham's Magazine,
August 13,/41.

LEA & BLANCHARD TO POE.

[Griswold Collection : MS.]

DEAR SIR, — We have yours of 13th inst in which you are kind enough to offer us a "new collection of prose tales."

In answer we very much regret to say that the state of affairs is such as to give little encouragement to new un-

dertakings. As yet we have not got through the edition of the other work & up to this time it has not returned to us the expense of its publication. We assure you that we regret this on your account as well as our own, as it would give us great pleasure to promote your views in relation to publication.

We are
Very Resp
your obt St
LEA & BLANCHARD.

EDGAR A POE Esq
Office of Graham's Magazine.

PHILAD. Aug. 11, [sic] 1841.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WASHINGTON, August 30th, 1841.

MY DEAR POE, — I have been indisposed for some time, which prevented my writing to you, as I had nothing to communicate, and the exercise of my pen was painful.

I wrote you that I saw Kennedy and that he expressed his willingness to aid you in any way in his power.

Sure I have conversed with the President's sons about you — they think the president will be able and willing to give you a situation, but they say, and I felt the truth of the remark before it was made, that at the present crisis when everything is "hurlyburly" it would be of no avail to apply to him. He is much perplexed, as you may suppose amidst the conflicting parties, the anticipated cabinet break up, etc.

As soon as times get a little more quiet I will wait on the President myself and write you of the interview. Your cryptography makes quite a talk here. Hampton tells me he had quite a demand for your August number containing it. I send you enclosed a letter from my friend Frailey on the matter of his communication. The

enclosed secret writing in figures is from Chief Clerk of the Treasury, a gentlemanly, clever fellow. It is totally unlike the cryptography you speak of, but he handed it to me, with the remark that you could not make the remotest guess of what it meant. Of that I am satisfied myself — for the idea is as foreign to the plan you discuss as can be. He requested me to send it to you, saying that it was impossible for you to surmise anything about it — and I send it to you satisfied of the truth of his remark. I fear I bore you on the subject — but really you have no idea of the talk it makes here.

I wish that you would send me by return mail the August and July numbers of your magazine. I am particularly anxious to have them forthwith. Don't fail me in this point.

Poe, let me hear from you as soon as you get this, write me a long letter and tell me how literature flourishes in the brotherly city. My respects to your wife and mother.

Your friend,

F. W. THOMAS.

[Cryptograph]

This is Mr. Young's — the chief clerk's secret writing — of course as it has not the remotest analogy with your proposed cryptography — we do not expect you to decypher it — but can you surmise anything about it — that 's the point. F. W. T.

Write me as soon as you get this and send me the Magazine — don't fail me.

Poe, I have a song that has been set to a very pretty tune, by a gentleman here. I would like to have it published, and will give it to any music publisher who would undertake it. Can you manage it for me? My song of "absence" sold remarkably well — and I think this would sell as well. Will you make some inquiry with regard to the publishing it for me and oblige your friend F. W. THOMAS.

WILLIS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

GLENMARY, Nov. 30, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR, — You cannot have received my letter written in answer to yours some time since (say a month ago) in which I stated that I was under contract to Mr. Godey to write for no other periodical in Philadelphia than the Lady's Book, for one year — 1842. I said also that if he were willing, I should be very happy to send you *poetry*, (he bargaining for *prose*,) but that without his consent I could do nothing. From a very handsome notice of Graham's Maga which I saw in the Lady's Book, I presumed Godey & Graham were the best of friends & would manage it between them. Still I do not understand your request — for the Lady Jane will be finished (all they agreed for — 100 stanzas) in *their own* paper before Jan. 1. & of course any extract would not be original. Any periodical is at liberty to *copy*, for tho' Wilson has taken out a copyright, I should always consider copying it too much of a compliment to be resented.

Mr. Godey has been very liberal with me & pays me quite enough for the exclusive use of my name in Philadelphia, and I can do nothing unless you procure his written agreement to it of course. I am very sorry to refuse anything to a writer whom I so much admire as yourself, & to a Magazine as good as Graham's. But you will acknowledge I am "in a tight place."

Begging my compliments to Mr. Graham I remain

Yours very truly

EDGAR A. POE, Esq. N. P. WILLIS.

Did you ever send me the Maga. containing my autographs? I have never seen it.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WASHINGTON, February 6, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Yours of the 4 inst I duly received. It was not from forgetfulness, I assure you, that I have delayed writing so long. I was in hopes that I could make some suggestions to you with regard to a Magazine on your "own hook." Mr. Robert Tyler would assist you with his pen all he could, but I suppose he could not assist you in any other way, unless government patronage in the way of printing blanks &c could be given to you. Anything that I could do for you you know will be done. Robert Tyler expressed himself highly gratified with your favorable opinion of his poem which I mentioned to him. He observed that he valued your opinion more than any other critic's in the country — to which I subscribed. I am satisfied that any aid he could extend to you would be extended with pleasure. Write me frankly upon the subject.

Poe, if an enterprising printer was engaged with you, a magazine could be put forth under your control which would soon surpass any in the United States. Do you not know of such a man? Certainly with your reputation there are many printers who would gladly embrace such an opportunity of fortune.

In whatever magazine you are engaged editorially you should have an interest. Working at a salary, an editor feels not half the motive that he would if his emolument increased with the popularity of the work; the permanent success of which would be to him a source of pecuniary capital and support.

Speaking of the autographs: I must confess that I was more than surprised at the eulogistic notices which you took of certain writers — but I attributed it to a monomania partiality. I am glad to see that you still retain the unbiassed possession of your mental faculties.

But, Poe, for the sake of that high independence of character which you possess you should not have let Graham influence you into such notices. There, that in complete imitation of your frankness. Truly I thought your notice of me a handsome one.

Ingraham is here. He is trying hard to get a situation abroad — and I trust he may succeed. I have not read Barnaby Rudge — and therefore I determined not to read your criticism on it until I had. Nor have I read the "Curiosity Shop." To speak the truth I glanced at several chapters of those works and did not get interested in them. Nickleby, The Pickwick Papers, and the Sketches I think Boz's best works.

It gave me sincere sorrow to hear of the illness of your "dear little wife." I trust long ere this she has entirely recovered. Though I have no wife, yet I have sisters, and have experienced the tenderness of woman's nature. I can therefore, in part, sympathise with you. Express my regard to your lady and mother. Poe, I long to see you. I assure you I never canvass a literary opinion in my mind without saying to myself: "I wonder what Poe will say of the book."

Dow is well — I saw him at the theatre last night. What are the prospects of the book trade for the spring? Have you heard, or have you formed an opinion? Judge Breckenridge's biography of his father was, as I suppose you have seen, published in the Messenger. It took amazingly.

White of the Messenger is here. He called to see me yesterday. He has been very ill. What kind of a chap is he? as Sam Weller would ask.

Write a long letter, Poe, on the reception of this. If you have any prospect of starting a magazine on your "own hook" let me know so that I may help you on in this quarter.

Your friend

F. W. Thomas.

Edgar A. Poe Esq.

DICKENS TO POE.

[Century Magazine.]

United States Hotel, March 6, 1842.

My dear Sir, — I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the favor to call. I think I am more likely to be in the way between half-past eleven and twelve, than at any other time. I have glanced over the books you have been so kind as to send me, and more particularly at the papers to which you called my attention. I have the greater pleasure in expressing my desire to see you on this account. Apropos of the "construction" of "Caleb Williams," do you know that Godwin wrote it *backwards*, — the last volume first, — and that when he had produced the hunting down of Caleb, and the catastrophe, he waited for months, casting about for a means of accounting for what he had done?

Faithfully yours always,

Charles Dickens.

CHAPTER VI.

May, 1842–April, 1844.

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK: CONTRIBUTOR TO "GRAHAM'S;" SNOWDEN'S "LADY'S COMPANION;" LOWELL'S "PIONEER;" MISS LESLIE'S "GIFT;" "THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER."—"THE STYLUS."—"THE SATURDAY MUSEUM;" EDITORIAL ASSISTANT TO GRAHAM.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WASHINGTON, May 21, 1842.

MY DEAR POE,—I fear you have been reproaching me with neglect in not answering yours of March 13th before. If you have you have done me an injustice.

I knew it would be of no avail to submit your proposition to Robert Tyler, with regard to any pecuniary aid which he might extend to your undertaking, as he has nothing but his salary of $1500 and his situation requires more than its expenditure. In a literary point of view he would gladly aid you, but his time is so taken up with political and other matters that his contributions would be few and far between.

I therefore thought I could aid you better by interesting him in you personally without your appearing, as it were, personally in the matter. In consequence I took occasion to speak of you to him frequently in a way that

friendship and a profound respect for your genius and acquirements dictated. He thinks of you as highly as I do.

Last night I was speaking of you, and took occasion to suggest that a situation in the Custom House, Philadelphia, might be acceptable to you, as Lamb (Charles) had held a somewhat similar appointment, etc., and as it would leave you leisure to pursue your literary pursuits. Robert replied that he felt confident that such a situation could be obtained for you in the course of two or three months at farthest, as certain vacancies would then occur.

What say you to such a place? Official life is not laborious, and a situation that would suit you and place you beyond the necessity of employing your pen, he says, he can obtain for you there. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient upon this subject. — I assure you, Poe, that not an occasion has offered when in the remotest way I thought I could serve you that I did not avail myself of it — but I would not write upon mere conjectures that something available was about to occur. So my motives must be my apology, my friend, for my long silence.

Besides I could not obtain for you, and I have tried repeatedly, Clay's report on the copyright question. I may be yet successful. If I had obtained it I might have written sooner — having that to write about. Yes, I saw Dickens, but only at the dinner which a few of us gave him here — I liked him very much though.

You certainly exhibited great sagacity in your criticism on "Barnaby Rudge." I have not yet read it but I mean to do so, and then read your criticism, which I have put by for that purpose.

Somebody told me, for I have not seen it in print, that you and Graham had parted company. Is it so? —

Poe, though I am as steady as clock work somehow or other my hand is so nervous this morning that I can scarcely hold the pen. How is the health of your lady?

I have often, often thought of her and sympathised with you. Make my warmest respects to her and your mother, and write me the moment you receive this.

Your friend,

F. W. THOMAS.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1842.

MY DEAR THOMAS, — Through an accident I have only just now received yours of the 21st. Believe me, I never dreamed of doubting your friendship, or of reproaching you for your silence. I knew you had good reasons for it; and, in this matter, I feel that you have acted for me more judiciously, by far, than I should have done for myself. You have shown yourself, from the first hour of our acquaintance, that *rara avis in terris* — "a true friend." Nor am I the man to be unmindful of your kindness.

What you say respecting a situation in the Custom House here gives me new life. Nothing could more precisely meet my views. Could I obtain such an appointment, I would be enabled thoroughly to carry out all my ambitious projects. It would relieve me of all care as regards a mere subsistence, and thus allow me time for thought, which, in fact, is action. I repeat that I would ask for nothing farther or better than a situation such as you mention. If the salary will barely enable me to live I shall be content. Will you say as much for me to Mr. Tyler, and express to him my sincere gratitude for the interest he takes in my welfare?

The report of my having parted company with

Graham is correct; although in the forthcoming June number there is no announcement to that effect; nor had the papers any authority for the statement made. My duties ceased with the May number. I shall continue to contribute occasionally. Griswold succeeds me. My reason for resigning was disgust with the namby-pamby character of the Magazine — a character which it was impossible to eradicate. I allude to the contemptible pictures, fashion-plates, music, and love-tales. The salary, moreover, did not pay me for the labour which I was forced to bestow. With Graham, who is really a very gentlemanly, although an exceedingly weak, man, I had no misunderstanding. I am rejoiced to say that my dear little wife is much better, and I have strong hope of her ultimate recovery. She desires her kindest regards — as also Mrs. Clemm.

I have moved from the old place — but should you pay an unexpected visit to Philadelphia, you will find my address at Graham's. I would give the world to shake you by the hand; and have a thousand things to talk about which would not come within the compass of a letter. Write immediately upon receipt of this, if possible, and do let me know something of yourself, your own doings and prospects: see how excellent an example of egotism I set you. Here is a letter nearly every word of which is about myself or my individual affairs. You saw White — little Tom. I am anxious to know what he said about things in general. He is a *character* if ever one was. God bless you —

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO ROBERTS.

[From the Collection of Mr. F. R. Halsey.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 4, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is just possible that you may have seen a tale of mine entitled "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and published originally, in "Graham's Magazine" for April, 1841. Its *theme* was the exercise of ingenuity in the detection of a murderer. I have just completed a similar article, which I shall entitle "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt — a Sequel to the Murders in the Rue Morgue." The story is based upon the assassination of Mary Cecilia Rogers, which created so vast an excitement, some months ago, in New York. I have, however, handled my design in a manner altogether *novel* in literature. I have imagined a series of nearly exact *coincidences* occurring in Paris. A young grisette, one Marie Rogêt, has been murdered under precisely similar circumstances with Mary Rogers. Thus, under pretence of showing how Dupin (the hero of "The Rue Morgue") unravelled the mystery of Marie's assassination, I, in reality, enter into a very long and rigorous analysis of the New York tragedy. No point is omitted. I examine, each by each, the opinions and arguments of the press upon the subject, and show that this subject has been, hitherto, *unapproached*. In fact I believe not only that I have demonstrated the fallacy of the general idea — that the girl was the victim of a gang of ruffians — but have *indicated the assassin* in a manner which will give renewed impetus to investigation. My main object, nevertheless, as you will readily understand, is an analysis of the true

principles which should direct inquiry in similar cases. From the nature of the subject, I feel convinced that the article will excite attention, and it has occurred to me that you would be willing to purchase it for the forthcoming Mammoth Notion. It will make 25 pages of Graham's Magazine, and, at the usual price, would be worth to me $100. For reasons, however, which I need not specify, I am desirous of having this tale printed in Boston, and, if you like it, I will say $50. Will you please write me upon this point? — by return mail, if possible.

Yours very truly,

EDGAR A. POE.

GEORGE ROBERTS, Esqr.

POE TO CHIVERS.

[New York Independent.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — I fear you will have accused me of disrespect in not replying to either of your three last letters; but, if so, you will have wronged me. Among all my correspondents there is *not one* whose good opinion I am more anxious to retain than your own. A world of perplexing business has led me to postpone from day to day a duty which it is always a pleasure to perform.

Your two last letters I have now before me. In the first you spoke of my notice of yourself in the autograph article. The paper had scarcely gone to press before I saw and acknowledged to myself the injustice I had done you — an injustice which it is my full purpose to repair at the first opportunity. What

I said of your grammatical errors[1] arose from some imperfect recollections of one or two poems sent to the first volume of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. But in more important respects I now deeply feel that I have wronged you by a hasty opinion. You will not suppose me insincere in saying that I look upon some of your late pieces as the finest I have *ever read*. I allude especially to your poem about Shelley, and the one of which the *refrain* is, "She came from Heaven to tell me she was blest." Upon reading these compositions I felt the necessity of our being friends. Will you accept my proffer of friendship?

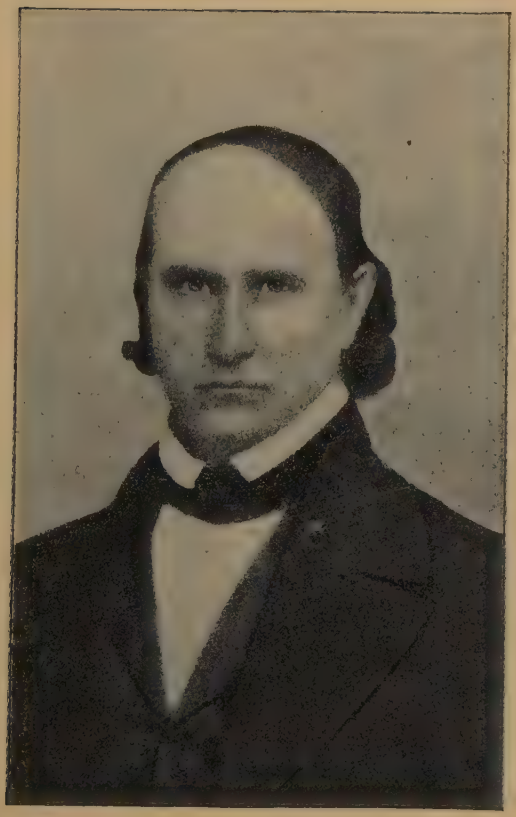
Your last favor is dated June 11, and, in writing it, you were doubtless unaware of my having resigned the editorial charge of *Graham's Magazine*. What disposition shall I make of the "Invocation to Spring?" The other pieces are in the hands of my successor, Mr. Griswold.[2]

1 On the above letter, addressed to Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, Middletown, Conn., with the initials E. A. P., Dr. Chivers makes the accompanying comments: "The 'grammatical errors' to which Poe alludes here is the want of s in a verse in the poem entitled 'Song to Isa Singing,' as follows: 'The song which none can know,' etc. Song ought to have been written songs, evidently a mistake in the copying.' The poem was published in the *Broadway Journal*. In the original it 's 'Sweet songs.'"

The following is the stanza in which the word appears:

Over thy lips now flow
Out of thy heart for me
Sweet songs, which none can know
But him who hopes to be
Forever more with thee.

2 In regard to this Mr. Chivers says: "In the letter enclosing these poems I made some critical remarks on the 'wishy-washy' verses published by Mr. Griswold in *Graham's Magazine*, which greatly offended him, and for which, I have reason to believe, he



It is my intention now to resume the project of the *Penn Magazine*. I had made every preparation for the issue of the first number in January, 1841, but relinquished the design at Mr. Graham's representation of joining me in July, provided I would edit his magazine in the meantime. In July he put me off until January, and in January until July again. He now finally declines, and I am resolved to push forward for myself. I believe I have many warm friends, especially in the South and West, and were the journal fairly before the public I have no doubt of ultimate success. Is it possible that you could afford me any aid, in the way of subscribers, among your friends in Middletown?

As I have no money myself, it will be absolutely necessary that I procure a partner who has some pecuniary means. I mention this to you, for it is not impossible that you yourself may have both the will and the ability to join me. The first number will not appear until January, so that I shall have time to look about me. With sincere respect and esteem, yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO DANIEL BRYAN.

July 6, 1842.

See Appendix, p. 462.

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

NEW YORK, July 12th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — It gives me infinite pleasure, at any time, to receive a letter from you. I am now on my

never forgave me, altho what was therein written was intended for the eyes only of Mr. Poe."

way to the South, and had not time to answer your letter from Middletown, as I received it only a few moments before I started. My brother has written me a letter informing me that the division of my father's estate will take place on the first of August, and I must hasten to my plantation to receive my portion. I should have answered yours sooner than this, but I have been so much engaged I could not.

I receive, with grateful pleasure, your polite remarks in regard to the autograph article. I had always spoken so highly of your talents as a poet, and the best critic in this Country, that, when my friends saw it, believing you were what I represented you to be, they came almost to the conclusion that they were not only mistaken, but that I was a bad writer, and a fit subject for the Insane Hospital.

I am very much pleased to find that you are pleased with the pieces which I sent you — although I can assure you I have pieces ten times as good as the best of them. I have had mighty dreams in my life. The embers of enthusiasm are still glowing with a quenchless heat in the centre of my heart. Music and poetry are my chief delights. Poetry, I consider the perfection of literature. Without it, the lips of the soul are dumb. It is the beautiful expression of that which is most true. It is the melodious expression of the unsatisfied desires of the heart panting after perfection. I will tell you more about what I think of it some of these days, as I have a prose article on the genius of Shelley, in which I attempt to describe it. If the Editor of "Graham's Magazine" likes the "Invocation to Spring" you may hand it to him, if you think proper. In regard to the "Penn Magazine," all I can say at present is, that I will do all I can to aid you in the procurement of subscribers for it. I would take great delight in becoming the associate of a man whom I am proud to recognize as my friend, and whose superior talents I can never cease to admire.

I do not know how long I shall remain at the South; but, long or short, I will do all I can to benefit you. When I return, I will write a more perspicuous letter to you, as my head is now in such great pain from fatigue that I cannot think.

I have a poem entitled "The Mighty Dead," with one or two Dramas, which I will submit to you for perusal before long. I hope you will excuse the manner in which this letter is written, as the pen is a very bad one. I shall ever take great pride in acknowledging you the noblest of all my friends. May all your days be forever brightened by the sunshine of prosperity; and if there should ever come over you a cloud, may it overshadow you like the wing of an Angel, which, when it has departed, lets down from heaven a tenfold radiance to light you round about.

Yours, very truly,

THOS. H. CHIVERS.

E. A. POE, Esqr.

POE TO THOMAS.

[Griswold Correspondence.]

On Sept. 12th, 1842, Poe wrote to Thomas that Graham had made him an advantageous offer to go back, since he was not delighted with Griswold — nor was any one except the author of "Poets and Poetry" himself. As for Thomas he had so incensed Griswold by apparent inattention to some question of his about some author that he had left him wholly out of the book, although he (Griswold) had at first written a long sketch and chosen his quotations. Continuing Poe said: —

He [Griswold] is a pretty fellow to set himself up for an honest judge or even as a capable one. About two months since (say July) we were talking of the

book, when I said I thought of reviewing it in full for the Democratic Review, but found my design anticipated by an article from that ass O'Sullivan, and that *I knew no other work in which a notice would be readily admissible.* Griswold said in reply: "You need not trouble yourself about the *publication* of the review, should you decide upon writing it, for I will attend to all that. I will get it into some reputable work, and look to it for the usual pay, in the meantime handing you whatever your charge would be." This, you see, was an ingenious insinuation of a bribe to puff his book. I accepted his offer forthwith, and wrote the review, handed it to him, and received from him the compensation, — he never daring to look over the MS. in my presence, and taking it for granted that all was right. But *that review has not yet appeared*, and I am doubtful if it ever will. I wrote it precisely as I would have written under ordinary circumstances, and be sure there was no predominance of praise.

POE TO THOMAS.

[Griswold Collection.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sep (21) 1842.

MY DEAR THOMAS, — I am afraid you will think that I keep my promises but indifferently well, since I failed to make my appearance at Congress Hall on Sunday, and I now, therefore, write to apologize. The will to be with you was not wanting — but, upon reaching home on Saturday night, I was taken with a severe chill and fever — the latter keeping me company all next day. I found myself too ill to venture out, but, nevertheless, would have done so had I been able

to obtain the consent of all parties. As it was I was quite in a quandary, for we keep no servant and no messenger could be procured in the neighbourhood. I contented myself with the reflection that you would not think it necessary to wait for me very long after 9 o'clock, and that you were not quite so implacable in your resentments as myself. I was much in hope that you would have made your way out in the afternoon. Virginia & Mrs. C. were much grieved at not being able to bid you farewell.

I perceive by Du Solle's paper that you saw him. He announced your presence in the city on Sunday, in very handsome terms.

I am about going on a pilgrimage, this morning, to hunt up a copy of "Clinton Bradshaw" & will send it to you as soon as procured.

Excuse the brevity of this letter, for I am still very unwell, & believe me most gratefully & sincerely your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

F. W. THOMAS, Esq.

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 26th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — Just before I started to the South, I gave Mr. Hunt a poem entitled "The Mighty Dead," which I directed him to give to Israel Post, to be directed to you. I have just seen Post, and he informs me that the Package was never handed to him. I am very uneasy to know what disposition he made of the poem, as I am fearful that he has caused you to pay the postage on it, when I directed him to send it by Post. I do wish that if

you received the poem that you will let me know immediately whether or not you were so imposed upon, as I positively assure you it was without my knowledge. Mr. Hunt is since dead, and I am unable to find out what has become of it. Will you have the goodness to return, by private conveyance, the poem to which I have alluded?

Yours most respectfully,

THOS. H. CHIVERS.

E. A. POE, Esqr.

POE TO LOWELL.

Nov. 16, 1842.

Under date of November 16th, 1842, Poe wrote from Philadelphia to Lowell saying that he had learned of Lowell's purpose to begin the publication of a magazine in Boston in the following January and he took the liberty of asking whether by some agreement he might not be a regular writer for the periodical. — He would be glad to send short articles regularly of such matter and upon such terms as Lowell might indicate. — He would have no doubts of the permanence of the undertaking, and wished Lowell success, for for no one in the country had he so great an admiration and esteem.

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

BOSTON, Nov. 19, 1842.
No. 4 Court St.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your letter has given me great pleasure in two ways; — first, as it assures me of the friendship and approbation of almost the only *fearless* American critic, and second (to be Irish) since it contains your acquiescence to a request which I had already many

times mentally preferred to you. Had you not written you would soon have heard from me. I give you *carte blanche* for prose or verse as may best please you — with one exception — namely I do not wish an article like that of yours on [Rufus] Dawes, who, although I think with you that he is a bad poet, has yet I doubt not tender feelings as a man which I should be chary of wounding. I think that I shall be hardest pushed for good stories (imaginative ones) & if you are inspired to anything of the kind I should be glad to get it.

I thank you for your kind consideration as to terms of payment, seeing that herein my ability does not come near my exuberant will. But I can offer you $10 for every article at first with the understanding that, as soon as I am able I shall pay you more according to my opinion of your deserts. If the magazine fail, I shall consider myself personally responsible to all my contributors. Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience & believe me always your friend

J. R. Lowell.

E. A. Poe, Esq.

I am already (I mean my magazine) in the press — but anything sent "*right away*" will be in season for the first number, in which I should like to have you appear.

POE TO THOMAS.

[Griswold Collection.]

Philadelphia, Nov. 19. 42.

My Dear Friend, — Your letter of the 14th gave me new hope — only to be dashed to the ground. On the day of its receipt some of the papers announced four removals and appointments. Among the latter I observed the name — Pogue. Upon inquiry among those behind the curtain, I soon found that no such person

as — Pogue had any expectation of an appt and that the name was a misprint or rather a misunderstanding of the reporters, who had heard *my own* name spoken of at the Custom-House. I waited 2 days, without calling on Mr. Smith, as he had twice told me that "he would send for me, when he wished to swear me in." To-day, however, hearing nothing from him, I called. I asked him if he had no good news for me yet. He replied — "No, I am instructed to make no more removals." At this, being much astonished, I mentioned that I had heard, through a friend, from Mr. Rob. Tyler, that he was requested to appoint me. At these words he said roughly, — "From *whom* did you say?" I replied from Mr. Robert Tyler. I wish you could have seen the scoundrel — for scoundrel, my dear Thomas in your private ear, *he is* — "From *Robert* Tyler!" says he — "hem! I have received orders from *President* Tyler to make no more appts and shall make none." Immediately afterwards, he acknowledged that he *had* made one appt *since* these instructions.

Mr. Smith has excited the thorough disgust of every Tyler man here. He is a Whig of the worst stamp and will appoint none but Whigs if he can possibly avoid it. People here laugh at the idea of his being a Tyler man. He is notoriously not such.

As for me, he has treated me most shamefully. In my case, there was no need of any political shuffling or lying. I proffered my willingness to postpone my claims to those of political claimants, but he told me, upon my first interview after the election, that if I would call on the fourth day he would swear me in. I called & he was not at home. On the next day I called again & saw him, when he told me that he

would send a Messenger for me when ready : — this without even inquiring my place of residence — showing that he had, from the first, no design of appointing me. Well, I waited nearly a month, when, finding nearly all the appts. made, I again called. He did not even ask me to be seated — scarcely spoke — muttered the words "I will *send* for you Mr. Poe" — and that was all. My next and last interview was to-day — as I have just described.

The whole *manner* of the man, from the first, convinced me that he would not appoint me if he could help it. Hence the uneasiness I expressed to you when here.

Now, my dear Thomas, this insult is not *to me*, so much as to your friend Mr. Robert Tyler, who was so kind as to promise, and who requested my appointment.

It seems to me that the only way to serve me *now*, is to lay the matter once again before Mr. T. and, if possible through him, to procure a few lines *from the President*, directing Mr. Smith to give me the place. With these credentials he would scarcely again refuse. But I leave all to your better judgment.

You can have no idea of the low ruffians and boobies — men, too, without a shadow of political influence or caste — who have received office over my head. If Smith had the feelings of a gentleman, he would have perceived that from the very character of my claim — by which I mean my *want* of claim — he should have made my appt. an early one. It was a gratuitous favor intended me by Mr. Rob Tyler — and he (Smith) has done *his* best to deprive this favor of all its grace, by delay. I could have forgiven all but the innumerable and altogether *unnecessary* falsehoods

with which he insulted my common sense day after day.

I would write more, my dear Thomas, but my heart is too heavy. You have felt the misery of hope deferred & will feel for me.

Believe me ever your true friend

EDGAR A. POE

Write soon & if possible relieve my suspense. You cannot imagine the trouble I am in, & have been in for the past 2 months — unable to enter into any literary arrangements — or in fact to do anything — being in hourly expectation of getting the place.

[The above copied from the original in the possession of "Fred" for Geo. H. Moore, Esq., Lenox Library. May 30, '78. W. C. F.]

DICKENS TO POE.

[Century Magazine, September, 1894.]

LONDON, 1 Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Regent's Park,
November 27, 1842.

DEAR SIR, — By some strange accident (I presume it must have been through some mistake on the part of Mr. Putnam in the great quantity of business he had to arrange for me), I have never been able to find among my papers, since I came to England, the letter you wrote to me at New York. But I read it there, and think I am correct in believing that it charged me with no other mission than that which you had already entrusted to me by word of mouth. Believe me that it never, for a moment, escaped my recollection; and that I have done all in my power to bring it to a successful issue — I regret to say, in vain.

I should have forwarded you the accompanying letter

from Mr. Moxon before now, but that I have delayed doing so in the hope that some other channel for the publication of our book on this side of the water would present itself to me. I am, however, unable to report any success. I have mentioned it to publishers with whom I have influence, but they have, one and all, declined the venture. And the only consolation I can give you is that I do not believe any collection of detached pieces by an unknown writer, even though he were an Englishman, would be at all likely to find a publisher in this metropolis just now.

Do not for a moment suppose that I have ever thought of you but with a pleasant recollection; and that I am not at all times prepared to forward your views in this country, if I can.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

BOSTON, Decr 17, 1842.
No. 4 Court St.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I ought to have written to you before, but I have had so much to distract me, & so much to make me sick of pen & ink I *could not*. Your story of "The Tell-Tale Heart" will appear in my first number. Mr. Tuckerman (perhaps your chapter on Autographs is to blame) would not print it in the Miscellany,[1] & I was very glad to get it for myself. It may argue presumptuousness in me to dissent from his verdict. I should be glad to hear from you soon. You must send me another article, as my second number will soon go to press.

Wishing you all happiness I remain your true friend — torn to pieces with little businesses — "

[Signature cut out.]

[1] Mr. Henry Theodore Tuckerman of the Boston Miscellany. — ED.

POE TO LOWELL.

DEC. 25, 1842.

In a letter posted December 25, 1842, Poe wrote to Lowell that he sent his second contribution, and thanked the editor of the new periodical for reversing the judgment of Mr. Tuckerman. — If he had known the author of the misnamed "Spirit of Poesy" had come to be editor of the Miscellany he should not have sent the article, and if Mr. T. should accept any writing of his he would at once query what fustian he had been guilty of that it should gain that editor's endorsement; in fact Mr. Tuckerman had written through his publishers saying that if Mr. Poe would send "more quiet" contributions, his work would be esteemed, etc., and that doubtless Mr. Tuckerman would put a "quietus" upon the periodical the publishers had so unadvisedly put in his hands.

AGREEMENT

BETWEEN

Felix O. C. Darley and Thomas C. Clarke with Edgar A. Poe.

This Agreement, entered into on this Thirty-first day of January, A.D. One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Forty-Three (1843) between Felix O. C. Darley, on the one hand and Thomas C. Clarke with Edgar A. Poe on the other, shows: *first:*

That the said F. O. C. Darley agrees to furnish original designs, or drawings (on wood or paper as required) of his own composition, in his best manner, and from subjects supplied him by Mess: Clarke and

Poe; the said designs to be employed in illustration of the Magazine entitled "The Stylus," or for other purposes. And the said F. O. C. Darley agrees to furnish not less than three of the said designs per month, when required to furnish so many.

Secondly: That Mess: Clarke and Poe agree to demand of Mr. Darley not more than five of these designs in any one month, nor these of greater elaboration than the wood-engraving on the first page of the cover of the French edition of "Gil-Blas," as illustrated by Gigoux. And, for each design so furnished, Mess: Clarke and Poe agree to pay the said Darley the sum of Seven Dollars ($7); the amounts to be paid quarterly, beginning from the date of this Agreement.

Thirdly: That this Agreement is to be valid until the First day of July 1844; and that the said Felix O. C. Darley is hereby required not to furnish, to any Magazine-publisher, any designs of the character described in this Agreement, to be used in any Magazine, within the period during which this Agreement is valid.

In witness whereof, we, the Undersigned hereunto affix our signatures, this Thirty-First day of January, A. D. One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Forty Three (1843)

F. O. C. Darley
Thos. C. Clarke
Edgar A. Poe

Witness, Present.
Henry B. Hirst
W. D. Riebsam

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WASHINGTON, February 1, 1843.

MY DEAR POE, — You judged rightly I did not write to you waiting "for some definite action of Congress on Smith's case." I feel most anxious in the matter for you, my friend.

About the biography. I duly received your notes, and determined at the earliest hour to take it in hand. Congress is now, you know, in session, and my labors at the department are treble while it continues. Thrice I have set myself about writing out the notes and thrice I have been taken off. It would be a labor of love with me, Poe, as you know, and let who will do it now some of these days I will do it better unless they do it damned well. I could not do it until Congress adjourns, and not speedily then — I am so much occupied. Therefore think it best to send you the MS. as you request, but I do it with regret. I should be most glad to greet you in the Capital. Come on if possible.

Yes, I saw the "Saturday's Museum" in Mr. Robert Tyler's room, and happened to light upon the article in which we are mentioned. I read that portion of it to him and shall take care that he is not misinformed on the subject. I remember Mr. Hirst.

Why the devil did you not give me an inkling of what your good luck is. I was at a party last night, and came to the department rather dull, but when I opened your letter and read,

"In high spirits,
Yours truly,
E. A. Poe,"

I rose to "high spirits" myself. I assure you, Poe, that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to know that you are well and doing well. Remember me most affec-

tionately to your mother and Lady and believe me truly your friend,

F. W. Thomas.

When you come to Washington stop at "Fuller's Hotel" where you will find your friend

F. W. Thomas.

After all, perhaps, at the present writing, the notes for your biography will be better in the hands of some other person, for if I should take them in hand, and speak but a just appreciation of you, it would pass not for justice but the partiality of friendship. Write me on the reception of this.

In haste,

F. W. T.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

[Without date, 1843 ?]

My Dear Sir, — I made use of your name with Carey & Hart, for a copy of your book, and am writing a review of it, which I shall send to Lowell for "The Pioneer." I like it decidedly. It is of immense importance, as a guide to what we have done; but you have permitted your good nature to influence you to a degree. I would have omitted at least a dozen whom you have quoted, and I can think of five or six that should have been in. But with all its faults — you see I am perfectly frank with you — it is a better book than any other man in the United States could have made of the materials. This I will say.

With high respect, I am your obedient servant,

Edgar A. Poe.

POE TO LOWELL.

Feb. 4, 1843.

Poe wrote to Lowell under date of February 4, 1843, congratulating him upon the initial number of the "Pioneer," saying that so far as it was possible for a three dollar magazine to please him this had done so. He had noticed with some gratification a certain likeness of taste and judgment between himself and Lowell in the greater as well as in the lesser matters of the magazine; and some little time before, when he had thought or dreamed of upbuilding a periodical of his own, he had first told himself that if he could come to agreement with Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Neal, Mr. Lowell, and a couple of others, he could then get out the best magazine in the country — looking to these men for his strength, although thinking highly of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Bryant. — Poe assured Lowell that the reforms the periodical represented would after a time win the conservative estimate of the Philadelphian. — He had already expressed to Lowell "Notes on English Verse," and if that article should seem too spiritless or too long for the "Pioneer" Lowell should not hesitate to send it back at once. — He had received ten dollars from Mr. Graham on Lowell's account; that he had lately seen a poem whose title he had forgotten, a beautiful poem veiling an allegory, voyagers seeking a far-off and difficult island — Religion. Possibly it was Lowell's.

POE TO THOMAS.

[Griswold Collection].

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25, 1843.

MY DEAR THOMAS, — Herewith I forward a "Saturday Museum" containing a Biography and caricature, both of myself. I am ugly enough, God knows, but not *quite* so bad as that. The biographer is H. B. Hirst, of this city. I put into his hands your package, as returned, and he has taken the liberty of stating his indebtedness for memoranda to yourself — a slight extension of the truth for which I pray you to excuse him. He is a warm friend of yours by the bye — and a warm friend is a matter of moment at all times, but especially in this age of lukewarmness. *I* have also been guilty of an indiscretion in quoting from a private letter of yours to myself — I could not forego the temptation of letting the world know how well you thought of me.

On the outside of the paper you will see a Prospectus of "The Stylus" — my old "Penn" revived & remodelled under better auspices. I am anxious to hear your opinion of it. I have managed, *at last*, to secure, I think, the great object — a partner possessing ample capital, and, at the same time, so little self-esteem, as to allow me entire control of the editorial conduct. He gives me, also, a half interest, and is to furnish funds for all the business operations — I agreeing to supply, for the first year, the literary matter. This will puzzle me no little, but I must do my best — write as much as possible myself, under my own name and pseudonyms, and hope for the casual aid of my friends, until the first stage of infancy is surpassed.

The articles of copartnership have been signed & sealed for some weeks, and I should have written you before, informing you of my good luck, but that I was in hope of sending you, at the same time, a specimen-sheet. Some little delay has occurred in getting it out, on account of paper. In the meantime all arrangements are progressing with spirit. We shall make the most magnificent Magazine as regards externals, ever seen. The finest paper, bold type, in single column, and superb wood-engravings (in the manner of the French illustrated edition of "Gil Blas" by Gigoux, or "Robinson Crusoe" by Grandville).

There are 3 objects I would give a great deal to accomplish. Of the first I have some hope — but of the 2 last exceedingly little, unless you aid me. In the first place, I wish an article from yourself for my opening number — in the second, one from Mr. Rob. Tyler — in the 3d one from Judge Upshur. If I could get all this, I should be made — but I despair. Judge Upshur wrote some things for "The Messenger" during my editorship, and if I could get him interested in the scheme he *might*, by good management, be induced to give me an article, I care not how brief, or on what subject, *with his name*. It would be worth to me at least $500, and give me *caste* at once. I think him as a reasoner, as a speaker, and as a writer, absolutely unsurpassed. I have the *very highest* opinion of his abilities. There is no man in America from whom I so strongly covet an article. *Is* it procurable?

In a few weeks, at farthest, I hope to take you by the hand. In the meantime write & let me know how you come on.

About a week since I enclosed an introductory letter to yourself in one to a friend of mine (Professor Wyatt) now in Washington. I presume you have seen him. He is much of a gentleman & I think you will be pleased with him. Virginia and Mrs. Clemm beg to be remembered.

Truly your friend

EDGAR A. POE.

P. S. Smith not rejected yet! — Ah, if I could only get the Inspectorship, or something similar, *now* — how completely it would put me out of all difficulty.

TOMLIN TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

JACKSON, TENNESSEE,
March 1, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — Since the death of Mr. White of the "Literary Messenger," I have often thought if you would take charge of it, what a great Journal it would become, under your conduct and supervision. With you at the head of the "Messenger," and Simms of the "Magnolia" (my two most valued friends), we of the South would then have a pride in talking about our Periodical Literature. Does this suggestion accord with any notion that you have had on the subject? I would really like to see you, untrammeled, at the head of some popular Journal of the South.

Pray, excuse these hasty suggestions, and believe me ever,

Yours sincerely

JNO TOMLIN.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

POE TO CLARKE.

[Gill's Life.]

WASHINGTON, March 11, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — I write merely to inform you of my well-doing, for, so far, I have done nothing.

My friend Thomas, upon whom I depended, is sick. I suppose he will be well in a few days. In the mean time I shall have to do the best I can.

I have not seen the President yet.

My expenses were more than I thought they would be, although I have economized in every respect, and this delay (Thomas being sick) puts me out sadly. *However*, all is going right. I have got the subscriptions of *all* the departments, President, &c. I believe that I am making *a sensation* which will tend to the benefit of the magazine.

Day after to-morrow I am to lecture. Rob. Tyler is to give me an article, also Upshur. Send me $10 by mail as soon as you get this. I am grieved to ask you for money in this way, but you will find your account in it twice over.

Very truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

THOS. C. CLARKE, Esq.

POE TO THOMAS & DOW.

[Griswold Collection.]

PHILADELPHIA,
March 16, 1843.

MY DEAR THOMAS, & DOW, — I arrived here, in perfect safety, and *sober*, about half past four last

Washington — March 11. 1843.

My Dear Sir,

I write merely to inform you of my well-doing for, as yet, I have done nothing. My friend Thomas, upon whom I depended, is sick. I suppose he will be well in a few days. In the meantime, I shall have to do the best I can. I have not seen the President yet.

My expenses were more than I thought they would be, although I have economised in every respect, and this delay (Thomas' being sick) puts me out sadly. However all is going right. I have got the subscriptions & all

Magazine.

Day after to-morrow I am to lecture.

Rob. Tyler is to give me an article also. Upshur sends me $10 by mail, as soon as you get this. I am grieved to ask you [redacted] for money, in this way — but you will find your account in it — turn over.

Very truly yours

Edgar A. Poe.

Thos. C. Clarke Esqr

Facsimile of letter from Poe to Thomas C Clarke.

evening — nothing occurring on the road of any consequence. I shaved and breakfasted in Baltimore and lunched on The Susquehannah, and by the time I got to Phil[a] felt quite decent. Mrs. Clemm was expecting me at the car-office. I went immediately home, took a warm bath & supper & then went to Clarke's. I never saw a man in my life more surprised to see another. He thought by Dow's epistle that I must not only be dead but buried, & would as soon have thought of seeing his Great-great-great grandmother. He received me, therefore, very cordially & made light of the matter. I told him what had been agreed upon — that I was a little sick & that Dow, knowing I had been, in times past given to spreeing upon an extensive scale, had become unduly alarmed &c &c. — that when I found he had written I thought it best to come home. He said my trip had improved me & that he had never *seen me looking so well!!!* — and I don't believe I ever did.

This morning I took medicine, and, as it is a snowy day, will avail myself of the excuse to stay at home — so that by to-morrow I shall be *really* as well as ever.

Virginia's health is about the same — but her distress of mind has been even more than I had anticipated. She desires her *kindest* remembrances to both of you — as also does Mrs. C.

Clarke, it appears, wrote to Dow, who must have received the letter this morning. Please re-inclose the letter to me, here — so that I may know how to guide myself. — and, Thomas, do write immediately as proposed. If *possible*, enclose a line from Rob. Tyler — but I fear, under the circumstances, it is not so. I blame no one but myself.

The letter which I looked for & which I wished

returned, is not on its way — reason, no money forthcoming — Lowell had not yet sent it — he is ill in N. York of ophthalmia. Immediately upon receipt of it, or before, I will forward the money you were both so kind as to lend — which is 8 to Dow — and 3½ to Thomas — What a confounded business I have got myself into, attempting to write a letter to two people at once!

However — this is for Dow. My dear fellow — Thank you a thousand times for your kindness & great forbearance, and don't say a word about the cloak turned inside out, or other peccadilloes of that nature. Also, express to your wife my deep regret for the vexation I must have occasioned her. Send me, also, if you can the letter to Blythe. Call, also, at the barber's shop just above Fuller's and pay for me a levy which I believe I owe. And now God bless you — for a nobler fellow never lived.

And this is for Thomas. My dear friend: Forgive me my petulance & don't believe I think all I said. Believe me I am very grateful to you for your many attentions & forbearances, and the time will never come when I shall forget either them or you. Remember me most kindly to Dr Lacey — also to the Don, whose mustachios I *do* admire after all, and who has about the finest figure I ever beheld — also to Dr Frailey. Please express my regret to Mr. Fuller for making such a fool of myself in his house, and say to him (if you think it necessary) that I should not have got half so drunk on his excellent Port wine but for the rummy coffee with which I was forced to wash it down. I would be glad, too, if you would take an opportunity of saying to Mr Rob. Tyler that if he *can* look over matters & get me the Inspectorship, I will

join the Washingtonians forthwith. I am as serious as a judge — & much more so than many. I think it would be a feather in Mr. Tyler's cap to save from the perils of mint julap — & "Port wines" — a young man of whom all the world thinks so well & who thinks so remarkably well of himself.

And now, my dear friends, good bye & believe me

Most truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

Mess. Dow & THOMAS.

Upon getting here I found numerous letters of subscribers to my Magazine — for which no canvas has yet been made. This was unexpected & cheering. Did you say, Dow, that Commodore Elliot had desired me to put down his name? Is it so or did I dream it? At all events, when you see him, present my respects & thanks. Thomas, you will remember that D^r^ Lacey wished me to put him down — but I don't know his first name — please let me have it.

NOTE BY THOMAS. — This letter explains itself. While his friends were trying to get Poe a place he came on to Washington in the way he mentions. He was soon quite sick and while he was so Dow wrote to one of his friends in Philadelphia about him. Poor fellow, a place had been promised his friends for him, and in that state of suspense which is so trying to all men and particularly to men of imagination, he presented himself in Washington certainly not in a way to advance his interests. I have seen a great deal of Poe, and it was his excessive, and at times morbid sensibility which forced him into his "frolics," rather than any mere morbid appetite for drink, but if he took but one glass of weak wine or beer or cider the Rubicon of the cup was passed with him, and it almost always ended in excess and sickness.

But he fought against the propensity as hard as ever Coleridge fought against it, and I am inclined to believe, after his sad experience and suffering, if he could have gotten office with a fixed salary, beyond the need of literary labour, that he would have redeemed himself — at least at this time. The accounts of his derelictions in this respect when I knew him were very much exaggerated. I have seen men who drank bottles of wine to Poe's wine glasses who yet escaped all imputation of intemperance. His was one of those temperaments whose only safety is in total abstinence. He suffered terribly after any indiscretion. And after all what Byron said of Sheridan was true of Poe —

"Ah little do they know
That what to them seemed vice might be but woe."

And moreover there is a great deal of heartache in the jestings of this letter. T.

POE TO BERNARD.

March 24, 1843.

See p. 178 of Biography (Vol. I.).

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

Boston, March 24, 1843.

My Dear Friend, — I have neglected writing to you too long already, in the hope of being able to remit the money I owe you. When I shall have stated the facts, I think that you will excuse my want of punctuality. The magazine was started on my own responsibility, & I relied on the payments I should receive from my publishers to keep me even with my creditors until the Magazine should be firmly established. You may conceive my distress when the very first note given me by my pub-

lishers has been protested for nonpayment, & the magazine ruined. For I was unable to go on any farther, having already incurred a debt of $1,800 or more.

I hope soon to make such arrangements as will enable me to borrow this sum — pay all my debts & leave [me] free to go [to] work & apply my earnings to getting the load off my shoulders. The loss of my eyes at this juncture (for I am as yet unable to use them to any extent) adds to my distress. I shall remit to you before long — meanwhile do write me on receipt of this & tell me that you forgive me for what truly is more my misfortune than my fault — & that you still regard me as ever

Your friend in all ways

J. R. Lowell.

P. S. I hear you have become an Editor.[1] Is it true? I hope so; if it were only to keep our criticism in a little better trim.

POE TO LOWELL.

The first two paragraphs of Poe's generous answer to the foregoing letter of Lowell's are on page 176 of the Biography. Poe goes on to say that he was sending Lowell a copy of the Philadelphia Saturday Museum in which he spoke of the "Pioneer" — not as editor of the Museum but because he had certain rights in the editorial column. He hoped on the first of the following July to issue the initial number of his new monthly magazine "The Stylus;" that he was solicitous to get for that issue a poem from Lowell, but since Lowell was ill — suffering from ophthalmia — he would be wrong to ask it. He sympathized earnestly with Lowell in his trouble; when however Lowell found himself in health to write, Poe would be obliged if he would generously

[1] Of the never realized "Stylus."

put him in the way of obtaining an article from Hawthorne for the first number of "The Stylus" — since Lowell knew Hawthorne personally; they would pay whatever Lowell paid Hawthorne; an imaginative tale by Mr. Hawthorne would be illustrated. They purposed in "The Stylus" to give critical notices of American men and women of letters, and that he would be obliged for any likeness of Lowell himself, or of Hawthorne, for the medallion portraits which "The Stylus" purposed to print with the notice. The sketch of Lowell Poe would like to arrange for the first of the series, and since he was not wholly familiar with Lowell's writings would Lowell not furnish some matter for the biography and criticism.

THOMAS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Yours of the 16th I duly received. I would have answered it immediately, but my desk got so behindhand, during my illness when you were here, that every moment of my time has been engaged in bringing it up.

Dow's epistle, I suppose, astonished your folks. He tells me too that he mentions a consultation with me in it. Our friend Dow, you know, is an imaginative man, and he thought that you, as we say in the West, had "broken for high timber" — I have had a hearty laugh at him for his fears. I am glad to learn that you are well.

I rejoice to know that your wife is better. I cannot leave the office at present to see Robert Tyler, as you suggest, to get a line from him. But this I can tell you that the President, yesterday, asked me many questions about you, and spoke of you kindly. John Tyler, who was

by, told the President that he wished he would give you an office in Philadelphia, and before he could reply a servant entered and called him out. John had heard of your frolic from a man who saw you in it, but I made light of the matter when he mentioned it to me; and he seemed to think nothing of it himself. He seems to feel a deep interest in you. Robert was not by. I feel satisfied that I can get you something from his pen for your Magazine. He lately made a speech here on the Patriarch's [sic] day, which has won for him great applause. You will find it in the Intelligencer of this morning. Read it and tell me what you think of it.

I write in the greatest haste, and I have not your letter by me, so reply to it from memory. Write as soon as you get this. Be of good cheer. I trust to see you an official yet.

In the greatest haste,

Yours truly,

F. W. THOMAS.

TYLER TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WHITE HOUSE, March 31st, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have received your letter in which you express your belief that Judge Blythe would appoint you to a situation in the Custom House provided you have a reiteration of my former recommendation of you. It gives me pleasure to say to you that it would gratify me very sensibly, to see you appointed by Judge Blythe. I am satisfied that no one is more competent, or would be more satisfactory in the discharge of any duty connected with the office.

Believe me, my dear sir,

[Signature missing.] Truly yours

[ROBERT TYLER.]

EDGAR A. POE Esq.

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

Boston April 17, 1843.

My dear Friend, — Hawthorne writes me that he shall be able to send an article [1] in the course of a week or two. His terms are $5 a page, but probably, as your pages will "eat up" Copy with a less anaconda-like appetite than the fine print magazines, your best plan would be to pay him so much by the article. His wife will make a drawing of his head or he will have a Daguerreotype taken, so that you can have a likeness of him.

As to my own effigies.[2] Page has painted a head of me which is called very fine, & which is now Exhibiting (I believe) at the National Academy in New York. This might be Daguerreotyped — or I might have one taken from my head as it is now — namely in a more civilized condition — the portrait by Page having *very* long hair, not to mention a beard and some symptoms of moustache, & looking altogether, perhaps, too antique to be palatable to the gentle public. But you shall use your own judgment about that.

I write now in considerable confusion, being just on the eve of quitting the office which I occupy as "Attorney & Counsellor at Law." I have given up that interesting profession, & mean to devote myself wholly to letters. I shall live with my father at Cambridge in the house where I was born. I shall write again soon & send you a poem and some data for a biographical sketch. Take my best love in exchange for your ready sympathy & use me always as you may have occasion as your affectionate friend. J. R. L.

[1] For "The Stylus."

[2] Published with a sketch of his life in "Graham's."

My address will be "Cambridge, Mass." in future. I do hope and trust that *your* magazine will succeed. Be very watchful of your publishers & agents. They must be driven as men drive swine, take your eyes off them for an instant & they bolt between your legs & leave you in the mire. J. R. L.

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

CAMBRIDGE, May 8, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have been delaying to write to you from day to day in the expectation that I should have received an article from Hawthorne to send with my letter. I am now domiciled in the country & have been doing nothing but ramble about, gardening, farming, tending an increasing flock of poultry & in short, being out of doors & in active exercise as much as possible in order to restore my eyes effectually.

I have got the idea of Hawthorne's article so fixed in my mind that I forgot that I did not send you a poem in my last. I have such a reluctance to go into the city that though I have been here nearly three weeks I have not even brought out my MSS. yet. But I mean to do it in a day or two & shall then send you something which I hope will be to your liking. You must forgive my dilatoriness, my dear friend, the natural strength of which is increased by the pressure of my debts — a source of constantly annoying thought which prevents my doing almost anything as yet.

With regard to a sketch of my own life my friend [Robert] Carter thinks that he can give it better than I — and perhaps he will send you one. Meanwhile I give a few dates. I was born Feby 22 1819 in this house at Cambridge — entered Harvard College in 1834 & took my degree as Bachelor of Arts in regular course in 1838 — my master's degree in 1841. While in college I

was one of the editors elected to edit the periodical [1] then published by the undergraduates, & also to deliver the Class poem — a yearly performance which requires a poet every year who is created as easily by the class vote as a baronet or peer of the realm is in England. I was in the Law School under Judge Story for two years & upwards took a degree of Bachelor of Laws by force of having my name on the books as a student — & published a volume of rather crude productions (in which there is more of everybody else than of myself) in Jany., 1841. On the Mother's side I am of Scotch descent.

I forgot to thank you for the biographical sketch of your own eventful life which you sent me. Your early poems display a maturity which astonished me & I recollect no individual (& I believe I have all the poetry that was ever written) whose early poems were anything like as good. Shelley is nearest, perhaps.

I have greater hopes of your "Stylus" than I had of my own magazine, for I think you understand editing vastly better than I shall for many years yet — & you have more of that quality — which is the Siamese twin brother of genius — industry — than I.

I shall write again shortly meanwhile,

I am your affectionate & obliged

friend J. R. L.

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

[No date. Postmark, Boston, May 16.]

My dear Friend, — I send you this little poem with some fears that you will be disappointed therein. But it is on the whole the most likely to please of any that I could lay my hands on — my MSS. being trusted to fortune like the Sybils leaves, & perhaps, like her's,

[1] "Harvardiana."

rising in value to my mind as they decrease in number. You must tell me frankly how you like what I sent & what you should like better. Will you give me your address more particularly so that in case I have a package to send you I can forward it by express ?

With all truth & love

I remain your friend

J. R. L.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1843.

DEAR GRISWOLD, — Can you not send me $5 ? I am sick, and Virginia is almost gone. Come and see me. Peterson says you suspect me of a curious anonymous letter. I did not write it, but bring it along with you when you make the visit you promised to Mrs. Clemm. I will try to fix that matter soon. Could you do any thing with my *note ?*

Yours truly,

E. A. P.

WILLIAM POE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

BALTIMORE, 15th June 1843.

DEAR EDGAR, — I wrote you on the 15th ulto since which time I have rec'd nothing from you, mine was in answer to a letter rec'd giving an a/c of yr many recent reverses, & I fear it was in a style not relished by you, but in great sincerity of feeling for you & yours I wrote it, and the reason why I presumed to be so free in my expressions was, in consequence of the great friendship, I feel for you & interest I take in yr welfare, & therefore hoped to hear again from you, & of yr wife's being bet-

ter, & yr recovery from the sickness & despondency you were suffering when you last wrote. I still write from the same motives — I observed in the Baltimore Sun newspaper in an editorial, that you have again, lately been successful in having awarded to you a prize of $100, by the Dollar Newspaper for a tale called the "Gold Bug" which gave me much pleasure, & hope it came in time to relieve you from some of yr pecuniary wants — Ought you ever to give up in despair when you have such resources as yr well stored mind to apply to? let me intreat you then to persevere, for I hope the time is not far distant, when a change will take place in yr affairs & place you beyond want in this world. Will you write to me freely & let me know what are your prospects in getting out the "Stylus" & how yr wife is & Mrs Clemm how is she, it would give me pleasure to hear from her. There is one thing I am anxious to caution you against, & which has been a great enemy to our family, I hope, however, in yr case, it may prove unnecessary, "A too free use of the Bottle." Too many & especially Literary Characters, have sought to drown their sorrows & disappointments by this means, but in vain, and only, when it has been too late, discovered it to be a deeper source of misery — But enough of this say you, & so say I, therefore hoping this may find you in better spirits & better prospects of future happiness, I subscribe myself

Yrs affectionately

WILLIAM POE.[1]

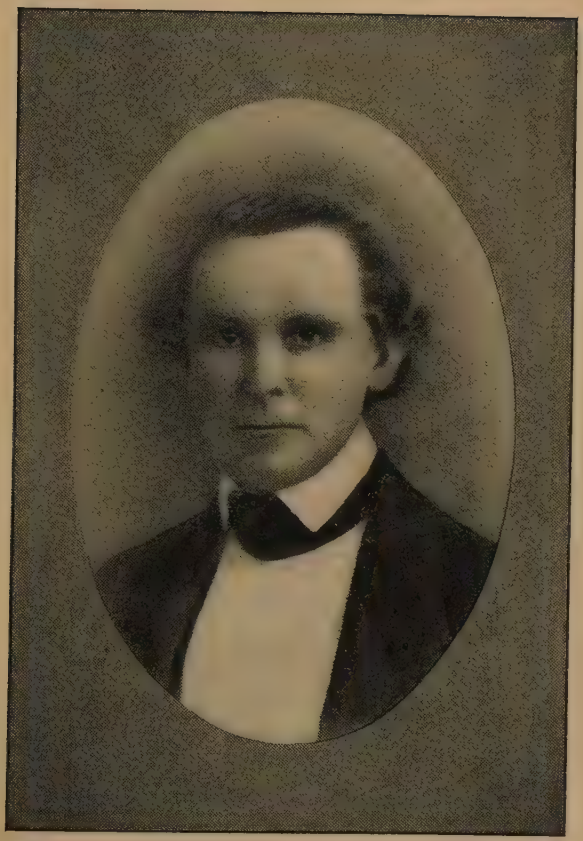
CARTER TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
June 19, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — I send you with this letter a copy of the Boston Notion, April 29, containing an abridg-

[1] William Poe was the poet's second cousin. — ED.



ment which I made of the sketch of your life and writings which appeared in the Phila. Sat. Museum. I was absent from the city when it was printed and did not see the proof; consequently it is full of atrocious errors. What has become of the Stylus? I trust that it has not been found prudent to relinquish the enterprise though I fear that such is the case. It would give the friends of pure and elevated literature in this region great pleasure to learn that it is only temporarily delayed.

Mr. Lowell is in excellent health and his eyes have nearly recovered their usual strength. He has entirely abandoned his profession and is living at his father's house in the vicinity of this village. About a fortnight since he began to scribble vigorously and has within that period written about a thousand lines. You will see in the next Democratic Review, or at least in the August no., his longest and[1] . . . blank verse and is entitled Prometheus. It contains nearly four hundred lines I think, and was written in seven or eight hours. At least, I left him one day at 11 A. M. and he had concluded to begin it immediately and when I saw him again at about 8½ P. M. the same day he read to me upwards of two hundred and fifty lines and he had written besides before he began some stanzas of a long poem in ottava rima which has occupied him chiefly for the last two weeks. Graham has also a poem from him and there will be one in the next New Mirror.

Within a week I have read for the first time, Pym's Narrative. I lent it to a friend who lives in the house with me, and who is a lawyer, a graduate of Harvard, and a brother of Dr. O. W. Holmes, yet he is so completely deceived by the minute accuracy of some of the details, the remarks about the statements of the press, the names of people at New Bedford, &c. that, though an intelligent and shrewd man he will not be persuaded that it is a fictitious work, by any arguments drawn from the book itself,

[1] Margin of paper cut off.

though[1] . . . the latter part of the narrative. I dislike to tell him that I *know* it to be fictitious, for to test its truthfulness I gave it to him without remark and he has so committed himself by grave criticisms on its details that I dread to undeceive him. He has crossed the Atlantic twice and commented on an inaccuracy in the description of Pym's midnight voyage with his drunken friend. I have not the book in the house and knowing nothing of the sea, did not clearly comprehend the objection, but I think it was upon setting a "jib" or some such thing upon a dismasted *sloop* — I know that the words "jib," "sloop" & "only one mast" occurred in his remarks.

To return to a safer subject — I am extremely desirous of knowing the name of your novel in two volumes alluded to in the "Museum"[2] . . . and if it be not a secret, or one that can be confided to a stranger would be obliged by its communication. And while I am in an inquisitive mood, let me beg of you to tell me whether the name of the author of Stanley is *Walter* or *Wm* Landor and whether he has recently or will soon publish anything. Also who is the author of "Zoe" and the "Aristocrat?"

My address is still "Boston, care of Rev. Dr. Lowell."

Truly & respectfully
Your friend
[ROBERT CARTER.[3]]

[1] Margin of paper cut off.

[2] This alleged novel was never named by Poe.

[3] Carter was Lowell's friend and with him published "The Pioneer," in which "Lenore," "Notes on English Verse," etc., appeared. — ED.

POE TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

[From the Collection of Mrs. Fields.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 20, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I owe you fifty apologies for not having written you before — but sickness and domestic affliction will suffice for all.

I received your poem, which you undervalue, and which I think truly beautiful — as, indeed, I do all you have ever written — but, alas! my Magazine scheme has exploded — or, at least, I have been deprived, through the imbecility, or rather through the idiocy of my partner, of all means of prosecuting it for the present. Under better auspices I may resume it next year.

What am I to do with the poem? I have handed it to Griswold, subject to your disposition.

My address is 234 North Seventh St. above Spring Garden, West Side. Should you ever pay a visit to Philadelphia, you will remember that there is no one in America whom I would rather hold by the hand than yourself.

With the sincerest friendship
I am yours
EDGAR A. POE.

TOMLIN TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

JACKSON, TENNESSEE,
July 2, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — I had seen, before I received your letter of the 20 ult, Mr. Clark's announcement in the

"Museum," of his withdrawal from the Stylus *projet*; — and even before then, from your long and protracted silence, and in the absence of all evidence, save this, had the belief that the devilish machinations of a *certain* clique in Philadelphia, had completely baulked your laudable designs. But I had not supposed that Morton C. Michael had joined in, with this *minnow* tribe of littérateurs, in their persecutions against you. I had supposed that between you, there existed an association, that was with him, as unselfish, as it was generous on your part. Your final triumph over this clique, will give me more pleasure than anything I wot of now.

I had solicited Mr. Simms to make in the Magnolia, a notice of your project, which he has done, I see, in the June number. In his private letters to me, he speaks in high praise of your Endowments as an artist.

I had collected the materials, for several Biographical notices of our Southern Writers, and was getting them up in good style, when I learned the fate of your project. I will keep them on hand for you, — and in the event of your ever needing them, I will have a pleasure in furnishing you with them. In a notice of Mrs. Hintz [sic] in the June number of the Magnolia, by my friend, the Honorable Alexander B. Meek, of Tuscaloosa, you will find that he has paid you a fine compliment. The idea of your getting up a Magazine was such a good one, and took so well, that I was greatly hurt on learning its abandonment.

I had caused to be noticed in various newspapers of the South and West, your project; and did see thro' these sources, the high admiration in which my friends in those places, held your Endowments. Could you have once started, your success would have been complete.

Have you not in your City, some, that thro' a friendship which they feel not, are doing you much evil? I have had a letter quite lately, from one professing all friendship for you, in which some allusions are made to you in a manner greatly astonishing me.

W. Gilmore Simms writes me, that he will be in your city this summer. While there any attentions shewn him, will be reciprocated by me. Should you at any future time, get up your work, I will be as willing then, as I have always been, to extend to you, in its behalf, the entire weight of my influence.

Affectionately Yours,

JNO TOMLIN.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

POE TO TOMLIN.

Aug. 28, 1843.

Poe wrote to Tomlin on August 28th, 1843, that he had received Tomlin's letter enclosing the cryptographic writing of Mr. Meek, and he answered at once, for Tomlin's sake, although he had determined to solve no more such devices. He had been led to that determination for the reason that he had been deluged by the curious with various cyphers upon the publication of his first solutions. He was forced to give his time to such riddles, or to refuse absolutely every one — else the public would call him braggart. He had given his time and lost in time more than a thousand dollars, but he then declared his purpose to solve no more. The one Mr. Tomlin enclosed was very easily read. . . . — Poe did not take pride in such solutions — nor in little else in fact. — There was ease in reading cryptographs if the same forms were always used for the same letters. But in those sent him this for the most part was not true — for instance, in Dr. Frailey's like forms were not used, neither was there division into words. — And yet observing both these rules Poe would include a cypher which Mr. Meek

could not probably read if his life were at stake. . . . — Of Tomlin Poe now asked a favor of importance to himself. Some malignant tongue had made him a subject of abuse. Poe had reason to think it was a certain profligate whom every one in Philadelphia thought the vilest. For this man Poe had felt a pity and had tried to befriend him by writing an article upon his "Quacks of Helicon." For this friendliness the man had reviled him at his back — just as he had reviled nearly every gentleman in Philadelphia. The favor Poe asked was that Tomlin would send to him the letter the man had written. This in fact it was the right thing for him to do, and Poe would wait for his answer with impatience.

TOMLIN TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

JACKSON, TENNESSEE,
Sept 10, 1843.

DEAR SIR, — My friendship for you, and nothing else, has prevailed on me, to enclose you the letter of A. L. Wilmer, Esquire. — But I much fear, that in doing it, I have violated somewhat the rules that govern correspondents in such matters. Believing, however, that your great good sense, will but protect my honor in this transaction, I remain with affectionate regard,

Yours Ever,

JNO. TOMLIN.

EDGAR A. POE, Esquire.

P. S. Return Wilmer's letter.

IDE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

South Attleboro' Mass., Oct. 1, 1843.

My dear Sir, — You must give me credit for a proper degree of moral courage, in thus presuming to write to the Peter McPrawler [sic] of Graham's Magazine.

I am no author; that is, in the eyes of the world. Yet I claim a place in the great family of Poets; having "done something in the dark" which will bear comparison with *the* production of the celebrated Bobby Button. It is rather a bashful piece of business, to introduce one's self to a stranger, and by letter; but I will write frankly and freely, and you must pardon the personal pronoun.

> I am eighteen; and
> This have I learned, that to my hand,
> Is given the labor of the land:
> My foot must tread the furrowed ground,
> And stand when harvest-time comes round:
> To me is given the laborer's care —
> In autumn, mine the laborer's share.

I borrow these lines from a Poem, which I have written this summer, for the double purpose of showing you the life I lead, and the verse I write. I have not *studied* the art of Poetry, and all the education that others have given me, I have received from the "Schoolmasters and Schoolma'ams" of our District School. I write because I cannot help it. I am poor, but am not foolish enough to expect wealth for my words, or vain enough to be in a hurry to get into print, and get for myself the name and fame of the Poet. *I can wait.*

I want but one thing: — an acquaintance and fellowship with other Poets. Men are brothers, and man must, if he be a Poet, have some to cherish and love. Now there are not in the regions around about Old Attleboro'

ten men who know Poetry from prose. — Not one who has any sympathy with the hopes and dreams of the poet's heart. This utter loneliness and complete want of some in whom to confide such secrets as a Poet has, has driven me to seek friends among strangers.

You now understand my position, and why I have written to you; and if you will give me your hand in friendship, you will make one heart glad. Upon the next page I copy a few lines from some poems, that I have lately written and, I shall value your opinion of their merit, higher than that of others.

The following lines are from a poem, entitled "One Year" which is unfinished.

As cometh gladness to the heart, when grief
Hath dwelt a season, came the Spring to earth,
To the imprisoned waters with relief,
And to the forests with the songs of mirth:
The south winds breathed upon the drifted snow —
It vanished from the valley & the hill:
The soft rains fell. — Swift was the river's flow
And loud and glad the murmur of the rills
Upon the bosom of the silent gale
Came back the robin to his nature true;
And merry songsters sang in every vale
Unwritten music of the pure and free.

The succeeding twelve lines are the conclusion of "Life, a Poem."

As the life which hath been given
For a season to us here; —
The breath we draw at morn and even —
What have men, they hold so dear?
They will part with earthly treasure,
Wealth and station, honor, fame,
Every source of pride and pleasure
That the tongue of man can name.
What men cherish, they will offer,
What man loveth he will give:
Labor, strive, endure and suffer,
For the liberty to live!

This last Poem contains eighty-four lines. But after all, this cutting a stanza out of the middle of a poem, is like sending a brick as a specimen of a house, and "I will no more of it."

Write to me I pray, as you would to a brother, and if you will give me liberty, at some future time I will send you copies of some of my pieces. Meanwhile, I have work to do, that makes the hand hard and the face brown.

Yours very truly

A. M. IDE JR.[1]

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO LOWELL.

Oct. 19, 1843.

Poe opens his letter to Lowell of the date October 19, 1843, by acknowledging five dollars he had received from Mr. Carter and five more enclosed in Lowell's letter of the 13th. — He rejoiced at Lowell's restoration to health, asked if the latter purposed to include in his projected volume "A Year's Life," poems already published. He hoped to review the book when it appeared, since no American poet had accomplished so much. Longfellow had an inferior quality of genius, his imitations at times seem almost plagiarisms. His then lately published "Spanish Student" Poe had reviewed for the December "Graham's;" it seemed a poor thing, with now and then fine passages. Longfellow's "Hymn to the Night" he pronounced "glorious." — Commenting

1 "A. M. Ide" was at one time thought to be a pseudonym of "Poe;" but this letter and the following from the same hand disprove the conjecture. — ED.

on Lowell's decision that he himself was "unfit for narrative — unless in dramatic form," Poe asserted that true poetry must keep itself clear of narrative, must avoid it, that the passages which cement the different parts of a tale are from their very nature unpoetic, and that a master's hand was needed to infuse any poetic feeling in such connecting verse. The Iliad, Poe concluded, was not the highest poetry. Byron, who lacked artistic instinct, was forced to a sort of fragmentary composition in his narrative, and to the use of asterisks in lieu of connecting passages; Moore in his "Alciphron," succeeded in narrative. — Poe sent his life and portrait in a paper — the latter being so false that none of his family recognized it. The review of "Graham's" was by H. B. Hirst, a young Philadelphia poet. Who was to write Lowell's life for "Graham's?" It was unfortunate that so many such sketches were put in Mr. Griswold's hands because of his defects of judgment and reliance on others' opinions. Poe having vainly tried to get a copy of "A Year's Life," would be obliged if Lowell would send him one.

IDE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

South Attleborough Mass.,
November 2nd 1843.

My dear Sir, — I was glad, I assure you, to receive your letter of Octo. 19. I need not tell you that I am grateful for your willing friendship, approval and encouragement. You have given me some confidence in myself which I think may be a very good matter for a Poet.

I do not wish to pass judgment upon others, but no

one has a more ardent wish than myself to see somewhat of a Revolution in American Literature. Our country supports too many of these *Dish-water Magazines: — & reads too much blank paper!* The pen and the press have begun almost every reformation: they must begin another. Ours has become a mighty nation; but if its institutions are to be perpetuated, if it is to live long and peacefully — the minds of the many must be somewhat enlightened; men are to be led to think while they act: and act wisely. The head and the heart of man are wonderful things.

I am glad to learn that *you* intend to attempt the overthrow of Humbug! If my hand can aid in the deed, it shall labor willingly. And God bless you in the work, when the time come. I wish to learn something more of your plans whenever it pleases you to communicate them.

Since I wrote to you before I have met rather unpleasant fortune: & circumstances are such as a Poet does not love to write, — or a Poet to read. — I will say nothing of them: but I expect that I shall soon have to seek a home for myself, or give up study altogether: I forget whether I told you or not, that I am honestly poor; if I labor therefore for a man "not my kindred," I shall have no leisure for a book or a Poem: — It is so dark that I cannot see far before me, now; & this is the first time in my life that I have been thrown entirely upon my own powers, and I thank God, that some obstacles are before me to overcome: —

Your confidence and good will are doubly precious for these things: and an occasional sign of regard will be thrice welcome. Direct as before, until I say otherwise, and believe me

Yours sincerely and respectfully,

EDGAR A. POE. [A. M. IDE.]

[Signature missing.]

TOMLIN TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

JACKSON, TENNESSEE,
February 23, 1844.

DEAR SIR, — I have had no letter from you, since I sent you the libellous letter of A. L. Wilmer. Did you inflict on him a chastisement equal to the injury he designed, by the publication of such scandals? Previous to the reception of that letter, I had entertained a good opinion of the "Quacks of Helicon" man, and it had been brought about in a great measure by your Review of the Book. In his former letters, he not only spoke kindly of you, but seemed disposed to become your advocate, against the *littérateurs* of Philadelphia. I hope that you will forgive him, and that he will go, and "Sin no more."

Your Review of "Orion" in the February, or March No. of "Graham's," I have read with much pleasure. The article is one of great ability. I know of no writer whose success in life would give me more sincere pleasure than that of yourself.

Hoping soon to hear from you, I remain ever
Your Friend,

JNO. TOMLIN.

E. A. POE, Esq.

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, March 6, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — When I received your last letter I was very busily employed upon a *job* article on a subject in which I have no manner of interest. As I had nothing to say, it took me a great while to say it.

I made an expedition to Boston to learn what I could about our lectures there, & found that the lectures for the season are now over. I mean the *Society* lectures. There are different gentlemen employed diligently in lecturing upon "physical sciences" & "the lungs" &c. &c. admission ninepence, children halfprice, but all the lectures of a more literary class are over. I spoke to the secretary of the Boston Lyceum about the probability of your success if you came experimentally, and he shook his head. It is not a matter in which I feel myself competent to judge — my bump of hope being quite too large. I asked him about engaging you for next year & he seemed very much pleased with the plan & said that the Society would be glad to do it. This course of lectures has (I think) the highest rank here.

To speak for myself *I* should be delighted both to see & hear you. I like your subject too.

The Boston people want a little independent criticism vastly. I know that we should not *agree* exactly, but we should at least sympathize. You occasionally state a critical proposition from which I *dissent*, but I am always satisfied. I care not a straw *what* a man says, if I see that *he* has *his* grounds for it, & knows thoroughly what he is talking about. You might cut me up as much as you pleased & I should read what you said with respect, & with a great deal more of satisfaction, than most of the praise I get, affords me. It is these halfpenny "critics" — these men who appeal to our democratic sympathies by exhibiting as their only credentials the fact that they are "practical printers" & what not, that are ruining our literature — men who never doubt that they have a full right to pronounce upon the music of Apollo's lute, because they can criticise fitly the filing of a handsaw, & who, making a point of blundering, will commend Hercules (if they commend at all) for his skill at Omphale's distaff.

It will please you to hear that my volume will soon reach a third edition. The editions are of five hundred

each, but "run over," as printers say, a little so that I suppose about eleven hundred have been sold. I shall write to you again soon, giving you a sketch of my life. *Outwardly* it has been simple enough, but inwardly every man's life must be more or less of a curiosity. Goethe made a good distinction when he divided his own autobiography into poetry & fact.

When will Graham give us your portrait? I hope you will have it done well when it is done, & quickly too. Writing to him a short time ago I congratulated him upon having engaged you as editor again. I recognized your hand in some of the editorial matter (critical) & missed it in the rest. But I thought it would do no harm to assume the fact, as it would at least give him a hint. He tells me I am mistaken & I am sorry for it. Why could not you write an article now and then for the North American Review? I know the editor a little, & should like to get you introduced there. I think he would be glad to get an article. On the modern French School of novels for example. How should you like it? The Review does not pay a great deal ($2 a page, I believe) but the pages do not eat up copy very fast.

I am sorry I did not know of your plan to lecture in Boston earlier. I might have done something about it. The Lyceum pays from fifty to a hundred dollars, as their purse is full or empty. I will put matters in train for next year, however.

Affectionately your friend.

[Signature cut out.]

P. S. You must not make any autobiographical deductions from my handwriting, as my hand is numb with cold. Winter has come back upon us.

POE TO LOWELL.

March 30, 1844.

Poe's answer to the letter from Lowell immediately preceding this bears date, Philadelphia, March 30, 1844. Poe says that Mr. Graham has spoken of his writing Lowell's biography, and asks if Lowell will not send the material at once to his disengaged hands. — *In re* the biography of Willis which had appeared in the April number of the magazine, Willis was a "graceful trifler," but lacked sincerity and strength. — For the life of Poe which was to appear in the magazine the portrait was done, but the writer of the sketch Poe had not yet found, — and Mr. Graham insisted he should provide the writer. — Poe rejoiced to hear that eleven hundred copies of Lowell's new book of poems had been sold, and hoped everything for his future. The "London Foreign Quarterly" had lately an article on "American Poetry," which Poe thought had the strongest internal evidence as from the hand of Dickens; then too it spoke splenetically and in ignorance of our poetry, while telling much that was true. The article accused Poe of an imitation of Tennyson in his metres, and cited to prove its assertion poems published before Tennyson was known. Poe felt himself under obligation to Lowell for his trouble to gain him the lecturing, and would be glad to accept any invitation for the Lyceum for next winter. — How deplorable was the state of literature in this country, and whither was it going! American authors needed two things — an international copyright law, and a well-founded monthly publication of energy, ability, and judgment enough to give voice to the best produc-

tions and educate in its readers a taste for *belles lettres*. Externally such a magazine should be fine, and it should be as independent in its business arrangements as editorially independent, sincere and original. Such a magazine might have unmeasured influence in literature, and become a permanent success financially. One hundred thousand copies might be sold after a year or two. — Such a publication might be undertaken by our men of letters uniting, a chosen lot combining silently, each one subscribing say two hundred dollars at the beginning, each one contributing according to a definite line agreed upon, a nominal editor having general directions. Could not the ball be set rolling that would introduce such a change? If writers, added Poe, do not defend themselves by some unity they will be eaten by such publishers as he himself had had experience with.

IDE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

South Attleboro', Mass., March 22d.

My Dear Sir, — Since I wrote you last, (in the month of November, '43, I believe,) my employment and whereabouts have been such, that I have not been able to write you such a letter as I wish to. I am now at *my old home* again and, in the coming Spring and Summer, I shall plough the same old fields, and make hay on the greensward, that first gave me lessons in labor. I have had the good fortune, this winter, to make such acquisition of wealth as places me now *before the world:* and with such advantages, as I have from that source, I promise myself a pleasant life to come.

Among books which I have bought me, are Longfellow's, and Lowell's poems; Whittier's & Lunt's [sic]:

The New-Mirror Library, and some odd nos. of Reviews. — I wish you would mention to me, such volumes as you think would do me most profit to read — You can help me much, if you will do so —

Notwithstanding the wearisome tasks I have performed this winter, I have written more, in a few months pass'd, than all before. These poems have been written in the *small hours* of dark and stormy nights — often when I could hear & feel the wind and rain and snow, against the roof and window of my room. — I have published *little*. A total lack of acquaintance with gentlemen connected with the literary Magazines & newspapers, has withheld me from offering but few lines for publication. — I sent a brief poem to John Inman, (for the Columbian), which was immediately published ; (*in the March no.*). You will find it on page 139 — "*Strife.*"

The first lines of mine that ever were printed, I rather think you have never seen ; and I will send them you, at the time I send this letter. They were first printed in the "Ploughman" at Boston ; & were copied by John Neal, (with whom I have no acquaintance) into the Bro. Jonathan, of No. 10, vol Six, with the name, and whereabouts and occupation of your present correspondent, and advice (public) to "*Stick to my farm and reverence* [sic] myself." If I ever get a no. of the paper to spare, I 'll send it you. The lines have since been copied into several papers in Mass. and R. I.

I sent you a magazine in January with a Poem I wrote at a week's notice, for some girls who know more of me now than before ; to tell you the curious way in which I was selected to write the poem, would be a long story of itself. —

And now, to thank you for so many friendly expressions, in your former letter to me, I will ask you for some items of advice as to future things. What publication would you advise me to send my poetry to ; and ought I to send it anonymously, or not ? You know better about those things than I do, and can speak freely. I have

thought some of sending a poem to Graham but the *uncertainty* has as yet led me to wait.

Which of the Philadelphia Magazines would you tell me to subscribe for? Do you now conduct the Reviews for Graham's?

Will you give me any knowledge of the plan and character of a new publication called the "Critic," which the papers said was to be started about this time, in New York?

I will finish this letter by copying a few lines from a poem, written some weeks since —

> "I toil where rude, unlettered men
> Are laboring around;
> Their voices are not low and sweet
> And yet of welcome sound;
> For, from their tongues come words of truth,
> Their hands are brown and hard, —
> Our country's sinew and her strength,
> Her glory and her guard!"

I hope you will write me, as soon as you can do so, and not encroach upon your occupations.

Yours very faithfully,

A. M. Ide, Jr.

Edgar A. Poe, Esq.

CHAPTER VII.

April, 1844–December, 1844.

FIRST MONTHS IN NEW YORK: LOWELL, R. H. HORNE, C. F. BRIGGS: "THE EVENING MIRROR."

POE TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

New York, Sunday Morning,
April 7, [1844] just after breakfast.

My dear Muddy, — We have just this minute done breakfast, and I now sit down to write you about everything. I can't pay for the letter, because the P. O. won't be open to-day. — In the first place, we arrived safe at Walnut St. wharf. The driver wanted to make me pay a dollar, but I would n't. Then I had to pay a boy a levy to put the trunks in the baggage car. In the meantime I took Sis in the Depôt Hotel. It was only a quarter past 6, and we had to wait till 7. We saw the Ledger & Times — nothing in either — a few words of no account in the Chronicle. —We started in good spirits, but did not get here until nearly 3 o'clock. We went in the cars to Amboy about 40 miles from N. York, and then took the steamboat the rest of the way. — Sissy coughed none at all. When we got to the wharf it was raining hard. I left her on board the boat, after putting the trunks in the Ladies' Cabin, and set off to buy an umbrella and look for a

boarding-house. I met a man selling umbrellas and bought one for 62 cents. Then I went up Greenwich St. and soon found a boarding-house. It is just before you get to Cedar St. on the West side going up the left hand side. It has brown stone steps with a porch with brown pillars. "Morrison" is the name on the door. I made a bargain in a few minutes and then got a hack and went for Sis. I was not gone more than ½ an hour, and she was quite astonished to see me back so soon. She didn't expect me for an hour. There were 2 other ladies waiting on board — so she was n't very lonely. — When we got to the house we had to wait about ½ an hour before the room was ready. The house is old & looks buggy.[1]

. . . . . .

. . . , taking into consideration the central situation and the *living*. I wish Kate could see it — she would faint. Last night, for supper, we had the nicest tea you ever drank, strong & hot — wheat bread & rye bread — cheese — tea-cakes (elegant) a great dish (2 dishes) of elegant ham, and 2 of cold veal, piled up like a mountain and large slices — 3 dishes of the cakes, and every thing in the greatest profusion. No fear of starving here. The landlady seemed as if she could n't press us enough, and we were at home directly. Her husband is living with her — a fat good-natured old soul. There are 8 or 10 boarders — 2 or 3 of them ladies — 2 servants. — For breakfast we had excellent-flavored coffee, hot & strong — not very clear & no great deal of cream — veal cutlets, elegant ham & eggs & nice bread and butter. I never sat down to a more plentiful or a nicer breakfast. I wish you could have seen the eggs — and the great dish of meat. I ate the first

[1] Portion of letter cut out.

hearty breakfast I have eaten since we left our little home. Sis is delighted, and we are both in excellent spirits. She has coughed hardly any and had no night sweat. She is now busy mending my pants which I tore against a nail. I went out last night and bought a skein of silk, a skein of thread, 2 buttons a pair of slippers & a tin pan for the stove. The fire kept in all night — We have now got $4 and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try & borrow $3 — so that I may have a fortnight to go upon. I feel in excellent spirits & have n't drunk a drop — so that I hope to get out of trouble. The very instant I scrape together enough money I will send it on. You can't imagine how much we both do miss you. Sissy had a hearty cry last night, because you and Catterina were n't here. We are resolved to get 2 rooms the first moment we can. In the meantime it is impossible we could be more comfortable or more at home than we are. It looks as if it was going to clear up now. — Be sure and go to the P. O. & have my letters forwarded. As soon as I write Lowell's article, I will send it to you, & get you to get the money from Graham. Give our best love to C.

. . . . . .

Be sure & take home the Messenger.
We hope to send for you *very* soon.

HORNE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

5 Fortress Terrace, Kentish Town,
London, April 27/44.

My dear Sir, — When I replied to your letter (which I did by the next post of the day on which I

received it) I had not seen the No. of "Graham" for March, containing the review of "Orion." Mr. C. Mathews, of New York, had been so good as to inform me there would be a review; and he, at the same time, mentioned that he had sent me a copy of the magazine in question. My friend Miss E. B. Barrett also sent me a note to the same effect. But owing no doubt to some forgetfulness on the part of the booksellers who were to forward it, the magazine never reached me, nor was it at Wiley and Putnam's, when I called the other day.

Your MS. of the "Spectacles" is safely lodged in my iron chest with my own MSS. till I find a favorable opportunity for its use.

I have carefully read and considered the review of "Orion" in the magazine. It would be uncandid in me to appear to agree to all the objections; and, amidst such high praise, so independently and courageously awarded, it would be ungrateful in me to offer any self-justificatory remark on any such objections. I shall, therefore, only observe that there are *some* objections from which I can *derive advantage* in the way of revision — which is more than I can say of any of the critiques written on this side of the waters. One passage, in particular, I will mention. It is that which occurs at p. 103. "Star-rays that first": Needlessly obscure — as you truly say. For, in fact, I *did* allude to Sleep, as the antecedent, and it should have been printed with a capital letter. What I meant by the passage, rendered in prose, would be something like this. — 'The God Sleep, lying in his cave by the old divine sea, feeleth the star-rays upon his eye-lids, at times; and then his sleep is not perfect, and he dreams, or for a brief interval awakes. Without which awakening he would never have known surprise, nor hope, nor useful action. Because (your poet herein bewitched by a theory he fancies original) we are never *surprised* at anything, however wonderful, in a dream; neither do we *hope*; nor do we perform any action with an idea of its

being at all useful.' A pretty condition, you see, my imagination had got into while writing this passage. The explanation, if it does not make you angry, will I think greatly amuse you.

Are there any of my works which you do not possess and would like to have? I shall be very happy to request your acceptance of any, if you will let me know how to send them. It strikes me (from some remarks of yours on versification and rhythm) that you do not know my Introduction of "Chaucer Modernized." Do you? Would any American bookseller like to reprint "Orion" do you think? If so I would willingly superintend the sheets, for a slight revision in some half dozen places, and would write a brief Introduction or Preface addressed to the American Public; and certainly I should at the same time be too happy to express my obligations to the boldness and handsomeness of American criticism.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged,

R. H. Horne.

E. A. Poe, Esq.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

[Without date, 1844?]

Dear Griswold, — I return the proofs with many thanks for your attention. The poems look quite as well in the short metres as in the long ones, and I am quite content as it is. In "The Sleeper" you have "Forever with unclosed eye" for "Forever with unopen'd eye." Is it possible to make the correction? I presume you understand that in the repetition of my Lecture on the Poets (in N. Y.) I left out

all that was offensive to yourself. I am ashamed of myself that I ever said anything of you that was so unfriendly or so unjust; but what I *did* say I am confident has been misrepresented to you. See my notice of C. F. Hoffman's sketch of you.

Very sincerely yours, POE.

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

OAKY GROVE, GA. May 15th, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR, — I wrote you two letters about one year ago, to which I have received no answer up to this time. I directed my Boy, who carried them to the Post office, to have the postage paid on them, but, as the Post Master was not at home, at the time, it was not done. As the postage was not paid, I presume you did not trouble yourself to take them out of the Office, and that is the reason why you did not answer them. They, no doubt, contained a great deal of nonsense, and it is well, perhaps, that you did not pay any attention to them. They contained not only the information of the death of my little Angel-child, but the kindest expression of my regard for you. I requested you to tell me whether you intended to relinquish the idea of publishing the "Penn Magazine" or not. If you intend to execute your former design, it would be well for you not only to let me know it, but to publish a Prospectus, and send it on to me, that I may obtain as many subscribers in this State as possible. I expect to receive my part of my father's estate in July next, and should like to unite with you, provided it would be to my interest to do so. I should like for you to make a perfect exposition of the manner in which you wish me to join you. Would not the publication of such a Magazine as Graham's, be more profitable to us? I should

like very much to know your opinion about the matter. I shall return to New York as soon as I receive my part of the estate.

When I wrote to you last, I believe it was strawberry-time. I said something about strawberries and cream. I have just been eating strawberries and honey. You will not think me an epicure when I say to you, that, in this Country, at this time of the year, such a delicious compound is the Nepenthe of my life. I am induced to believe that such a delicious, life-imparting compound was the original of the Grecian idea of the Nectar and Ambrosia of the immortal gods.

I see you still write for Graham's Magazine. He ought to give you ten thousand dollars a year for supervising it. It is richly worth it. I believe it was through your editorial ability that it was *first* established. If so, he is greatly indebted to you. It is not my opinion that you ever have been, or ever will be, paid for your intellectual labours. You need never expect it, until you establish a Magazine of your own. This I would do, if I were you, as soon as possible. Then you can do as you please. You have friends in the South and West, who will support you in the undertaking. As for myself, you know I will do all I can to aid you in any enterprise of the kind. I would have joined you long ago, but for the case now in Court against the Administrator, which has kept me out of my part of the estate up to this hour.

Your criticism of "Orion" pleased me very much. I have not yet seen the work. I should like very much to see it. Some of your remarks have long ago staggered the minds of many, although they are true in the main. Your conception of the uses or excellence of Poetry is the loftiest I have seen. There is, in the perspicuous flow of your pure English, a subtle delicacy of expression which always pleases me — *except when you tomahawk people.* I cannot say that I like very much your *dis*like to Transcendentalism. All *true* Poetry is certainly transcendental — although it is the beautiful expression of that

which is most true. I see that "Orion" is a reflection of that divine light. You might have said of him, in the finale of your criticism, what Shelley, the golden-mouthed Swan of Albion, says of the writings of a certain person —

> "Let his page
> Which charms the chosen spirits of the age,
> Fold itself up for a serener clime
> Of years to come, and find its recompense
> In that just expectation."

In general, your criticisms are very just. I can read a Poem with greater delight after your criticism than before. I consider your definition of Poetry far superior to Lord Bacon's — although I consider him one of the greatest men that ever existed. This I say with the utmost sincerity, because, although he was a very great man, yet he did not know *everything*. No one but a Poet can know what *true* Poetry is. No man ever understood the *spiritual beauty* of Milton's *Paradise Lost* as well as he did himself. The same may be said of Shakespeare, — although Mr. Knight would make us believe otherwise. A critic may know how to analyze the artistical synthesis of a Poem, without understanding the immortal soul [illegible] this divine spirit which you unfold in your criticism [illegible] them so beautiful. The artistical skill of a Poem [illegible] it invests, what the perfected body of a man is to the soul. It is the Shekinah or visible manifestation of the divinity within. Poetry is, therefore, the perfection of literature. It is the perfected artistical symbol of the most perfect wisdom of the most exalted mind. It is the Apollonian body of the truth-revealing spirit of Genius.

The Present is the "Olden time." The World is older to-day than it was yesterday. As it is the oldest, so is it the most experienced, epoch of the world. As it is the most experienced, so is it the most wise. It is the harvest of the past. We are the Reapers of this harvest. Out of this harvest we are to sow the seeds of the one to

come. *That* harvest is to make the world fat. Our children shall be the Reapers. They shall rejoice in the intellectual echoes of our souls. Antiquity was the childhood of mankind. The Present is the manhood of Antiquity. The Future will be the prime of life of the manhood of the Present. After this — a long time after this — will commence our perfect manhood in the eternity of the soul. Then will the word *Man* be changed to that of *Angel*.

If Plato could rise from the dead, what do you suppose he would say to this? He would dispute it with a voice as loud as that of Jupiter Tonans, by referring me to Homer, the Nightingale of Antiquity, who is to make all coming time musical with his immortal song. He might, perhaps, call me a fool, and ask me if I had never heard of Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus. But, as Plato's soul is now an Angel, as well as that of his Preceptor, — and, no doubt, looks down from Heaven upon me while I write — he knows, *very well*, that what I say is true.

I wish you would send my Poem on here, if you can by some private individual, before I return to New York, as I wish to correct it, and make it passable, *if possible*. I did not wish you to *sell* it — I only wished you to supervise it, and *then*, if it were *worthy*, to have it published. I know very well that Poetry will not sell. Nothing, in a corrupt age, will sell but *corruption*. How do you reconcile the intellectual improvements of this age with its immorality?

If anything of great merit has been published lately, let me know it. I see you speak well of Lowell's Poems. It would break my heart to be praised as he is.

Yours very truly,

E. A. Poe, Esqr. [T. H. Chivers.]

[Signature missing.]

POE TO LOWELL.

May 28, 1844.

On the 28th of May, 1844, having three weeks in New York, Poe wrote to Lowell acknowledging a letter and saying that he purposed for the future living in New York. About the six-page sketch of his life for Graham's Poe would be very gratified if Lowell would write it, but he had hesitated speaking about it, thinking the matter might be an unagreeable one to Lowell. Lowell's offer, however, took away the awkwardness he felt, and he was confident that Lowell will do him justice. — He enclosed to Lowell a sketch of his life by Hirst, who had gained his data from Thomas and White, and the sketch seemed to him true aside from the encomium it pronounced. He gave Lowell the names of Tales he had written in addition to those Hirst had enumerated, and declared the Gold Bug his most popular tale ; more than 300,000 copies had then been published. He referred again to the article on "American Poetry" in a late "London Foreign Quarterly" and to the charge of imitation of Tennyson brought against him there, and asked Lowell to state that the verses cited as imitations were published in Boston before Tennyson's first volume had appeared. Poe had personal grounds for knowing that Dickens was the writer of the article. He concludes by asking Lowell if he had received the long letter he had written him about seven weeks before.

POE TO ANTHON.

[Century Magazine.]

June, 1844.

My dear Sir, — Many years have elapsed since my last communication with you, and perhaps you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me now — if not positively vexed at receiving one of so great a length and of such a character. But I trust to your goodness of heart for a patient hearing at the least.

You have already seen that, as usual, I have a favor to solicit. You have, indeed, been to me in many respects a good genius and a friend, but the request I have to make now is one of vital interest to myself — so much so that upon your granting it, or refusing it, depends, I feel, much if not all of the prosperity, and even comfort, of my future life.

I cannot flatter myself that you have felt sufficient interest in me to have followed in any respect my literary career since the period at which you first did me the honor to address me a note while editor of the "Southern Messenger." A few words of explanation on this point will therefore be necessary here.

As I am well aware that your course of reading lies entirely out of the track of our lighter literature, and as I take it for granted, therefore, that none of the papers in question have met your eye, I have thought it advisable to send you with this letter a single tale as a specimen. This will no doubt put you in mind of the trick of the Skolastikos — but I could not think of troubling you with more than one. I do not think it my best tale, but it is perhaps the best in its particular vein. Variety has been one of my chief aims.

In lieu of the rest, I venture to place in your hands the published opinions of many of my contemporaries.[1] I will not deny that I have been careful to collect and preserve them. They include, as you will see, the warm commendations of a great number of very eminent men, and of these commendations I should be at a loss to understand why I have not a right to be proud.

Before quitting the "Messenger" I saw, or fancied I saw, through a long and dim vista, the brilliant field for ambition which a Magazine of bold and noble aims presented to him who should successfully establish it in America. I perceived that the country, from its very constitution, could not fail of affording in a few years a larger proportionate amount of readers than any upon the earth. I perceived that the whole energetic, busy spirit of the age tended wholly to Magazine literature — to the curt, the terse, the well-timed, and the readily diffused, in preference to the old forms of the verbose and ponderous and the inaccessible. I knew from personal experience that lying *perdu* among the innumerable plantations in our vast Southern and Western countries were a host of well-educated men peculiarly devoid of prejudice, who would gladly lend their influence to a really vigorous journal, provided the right means were taken of bringing it fairly within the very limited scope of their observation.

Now, I know, it is true, that some scores of journals had failed (for, indeed, I looked upon the best success of the best of them as failure), but then I easily traced the causes of their failure in the impotency of their conductors, who made no scruple of basing their rules of action altogether upon what had been custom-

[1] Appended to Hirst's "Life of Poe."

arily done instead of what was now before them to do, in the greatly changed and constantly changing condition of things.

In short, I could see no real reason why a Magazine, if worthy of the name, could not be made to circulate among 20,000 subscribers, embracing the best intellect and education of the land. This was a thought which stimulated my fancy and my ambition. The influence of such a journal would be vast indeed, and I dreamed of honestly employing that influence in the sacred cause of the beautiful, the just, and the true.

Even in a pecuniary view, the object was a magnificent one. The journal I proposed would be a large octavo of 128 pages, printed with bold type, single column, on the finest paper; and disdaining everything of what is termed "embellishment" with the exception of an occasional portrait of a literary man, or some well-engraved wood-design in obvious illustration of the text. Of such a journal I had cautiously estimated the expenses. Could I circulate 20,000 copies at $5, the cost would be about $30,000, estimating all contingencies at the highest rate. There would be a balance of $70,000 per annum.

But not to trust too implicitly to *a priori* reasonings, and at the same time to make myself thoroughly master of all details which might avail me concerning the mere business of publication, I entered a few steps into the field of experiment. I joined the "Messenger," as you know, which was then in its second year with 700 subscribers, and the general outcry was that because a Magazine had never succeeded south of the Potomac, therefore a Magazine never could succeed. Yet, in spite of this, and in despite of the wretched

taste of its proprietor, which hampered and controlled me at all points, I increased the circulation in fifteen months to 5,500 subscribers paying an annual profit of $10,000 when I left it. This number was never exceeded by the journal, which rapidly went down, and may now be said to be extinct. Of "Graham's Magazine" you have no doubt heard. It had been in existence under the name of the "Casket" for eight years when I became its editor, with a subscription list of about 5,000. In about eighteen months afterward, its circulation amounted to no less than 50,000 — astonishing as this may appear. At this period I left it. It is now two years since, and the number of subscribers is now *not more* than 25,000 — but possibly very much less. In three years it will be extinct. The nature of this journal, however, was such that even its 50,000 subscribers could not make it very profitable to its proprietor. Its price was $3, but not only were its expenses immense, owing to the employment of absurd steel plates and other extravagancies, which tell not at all, but recourse was had to innumerable agents, who received it at a discount of no less than fifty per cent, and whose frequent dishonesty occasioned enormous loss. But if 50,000 *can* be obtained for a $3 Magazine among a class of readers who really read little, why may not 50,000 be procured for a $5 journal among the true and permanent readers of the land?

Holding steadily in view my ultimate purpose, — to found a Magazine of my own, or in which at least I might have a proprietary right, — it has been my constant endeavour in the meantime, not so much to establish a reputation great in itself as one of that particular character which should best further my special objects,

and draw attention to my exertions as Editor of a Magazine. Thus I have written no books, and have been so far essentially a Magazinist [illegible] bearing, not only willingly but cheerfully, sad poverty and the thousand consequent contumelies and other ills which the condition of the mere Magazinist entails upon him in America, where, more than in any other region upon the face of the globe, to be poor is to be despised.

The one great difficulty resulting from this course is unless the journalist collects his various articles he is liable to be grossly misconceived and misjudged by men of whose good opinion he would be proud, but who see, perhaps, only a paper here and there, by accident — often only one of his mere extravaganzas, written to supply a particular demand. He loses, too, whatever merit may be his due on the score of *versatility* — a point which can only be estimated by collection of his various articles in volume form and all together. This is indeed a serious difficulty — to seek a remedy for which is my object in writing you this letter.

Setting aside, for the present, my criticisms, poems, and miscellanies (sufficiently numerous), my tales, a great number of which might be termed fantasy pieces, are in number sixty-six. They would make, perhaps, five of the ordinary novel-volumes. I have them prepared in every respect for the press; but, alas, I have no money, nor that influence which would enable me to get a publisher — although I seek *no* pecuniary remuneration. My sole immediate object is the furtherance of my ultimate one. I believe that if I could get my tales fairly before the public, and thus have an opportunity of eliciting foreign as well as native opin-

ion respecting them, I should by their means be in a far more advantageous position than at present in regard to the establishment of a Magazine. In a word, I believe that the publication of the work would lead forthwith either directly through my own exertions, or indirectly with the aid of a publisher, to the establishment of the journal I hold in view.

It is very true I have no claims upon your attention, not even that of personal acquaintance. But I have reached a crisis of my life in which I sadly stand in need of aid, and without being able to say why, — unless it is that I so earnestly desire your friendship, — I have always felt a half-hope that, if I appealed to you, you would prove my friend. I know that you have unbounded influence with the Harpers, and I know that if you would exert it in my behalf you could procure me the publication I desire.

[No signature.]

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

Elmwood, June 27, 1844.

My dear Friend, — I have been stealing a kind of vacation from the pen during the last month, & I hope that my lying fallow for a time will increase my future crops, though, I cannot bring myself to use the farmer's phrase & wish them to be '*heavier*.' Now I ought by this time to have finished the article to accompany your head in Graham, but I have been unable to write anything. I have fits of this kind too often owing to a Constitutional indolence which was not counteracted by proper training in my childhood. You may be sure I am not one of those who follow a fashion which is hardly yet extinct, & call upon the good, easy world to accept my

faults in proof of my genius. I can only mention it to ask forgiveness for my dilatoriness which springs from no want of interest but from sheer indolence — a fault — which your acquaintance with Life & Biography must have convinced you is one of the most incurable. However, I am resolved to set about it now in good earnest — & I have one or two preliminary requests to make. I wish you would (if you can) write me a letter giving me in some sort a spiritual autobiography of yourself. The newspaper[1] you sent me will give me enough outward facts — but I want *your own estimate* of your life. Of course you need not write it as if for my use merely in the writing of this article — but as to a friend. I believe that the opinion a man has of himself (if he be accustomed to self analysis) is of more worth than that of all the rest of the world. If you have a copy of your first volume (of poems) will you send it to me by Harnden, directing it to be kept till called for & writing me a line by mail to warn me of its being on the way. I will return it to you by the same conveyance — as it must be valuable to you & as you have not probably more than one copy. I never saw it, nor can I get it. If you would send at the same time any other of your writings which I could not readily get you will oblige me very much & they shall be safely returned to you.

I agree with you that the article on Griswold's book in the Foreign Quarterly Review was fair enough as far as the Conclusions the author came to were concerned — though at the same time I think him as ignorant in political matters as a man can well be — in short ignorant to the full to be a Reviewer — But you are mistaken as to the authorship of it. It was not I am quite sure written by Dickens, but by a friend of his named Forster (or Foster) — the author of a book named "Statesmen of the time of Cromwell." Dickens may have given him hints. . . .

[1] The Saturday Museum containing Hirst's life of Poe.

I shall send you my sketch of course before it is printed, so that you may make any suggestions you like or suppress it altogether. I wish it to please you rather than the public.

Affectionately your friend

J. R. L.

POE TO LOWELL.

July 2, 1844.

The foregoing letter of Lowell's of June 27, Poe answered under date July 2, 1844. He confessed that he could feel for the "constitutional indolence" of which Lowell complained, for it is one of his own natural possessions, that he was exceedingly idle or exceedingly industrious by fits; that there were times when any mental exertion whatever was pain, and he found no pleasure except in the solitude of forest and mountain. In such solitary communion he had wandered and dreamed for months, and at the end had awakened to a madness for writing, in which fever he had composed all day and read all night. Such a temperament possibly Lowell had himself; and P. P. Cooke, whom Lowell was said to be like, was similarly constituted. Poe said further that his ambition was of the negative sort; that he was excited to effort because he would not let a fool think he could outdo him; that the vanity of human life was a genuine, not a fancied, thing to him; that he lived in dreams of the future while he did not believe in the perfectibility of the race. He thought that striving and struggling would have no effect, and that men are not more wise or happy than they were six thousand years ago. To argue that the exertion of men will have effect is to argue that our progenitors were in more

rudimentary form than ourselves, and not on an equal footing with ourselves, and that we are not on a level with those who come after us. Such faith as this loses the individual in the mass, — a faith Poe could not agree to. And in spirituality he had no faith, conceiving the word a senseless thing; we cannot imagine spirit except as matter in an etherialized or rarefied form; all forms of matter have atoms as a basis of being, and we say spirit has not, and is not matter therefore; if we carry rarefaction to its ultimate conclusion we come to where the atoms coalesce. Matter without atom or division is God, and its activity is the thought of God, and the individualizing of this activity forms intelligent creatures. It thus comes about that man is individualized by his material body; that when we die we merely undergo a change. The worm becomes the butterfly. The stars are the homes of such beings as death produces among us; and the unbodied individual, with power of motion, action, and knowledge, is visible to a sleep-waker. Poe's sense of the change, and passing character of earthly affairs, had kept him from continuous lines of work or action; his years had been a caprice, a vain desire, a wish to be alone, a setting aside of the present for contemplation of the future. Music affected him deeply, and also certain poems, especially those of Tennyson, Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, and a few whom he looked upon as pure poets. Music is the informing essence of poetry, and the undefined elevation one feels in hearing a fine melody is the very point we should aim at in poetry. Poetry may therefore resort to artifice to produce this. — Poe still insisted that Dickens either wrote or set in motion the review to which he had referred in previous letters, for nearly all the points

Poe had heard from Dickens, in the two long interviews he had had with the novelist when he was in this country, or himself had suggested. — Poe further said that he had been so little considerate of the value of his poems as not to preserve a copy of any of his volumes, and advised Lowell that Hirst had chosen the best passages. He had lately written "The Oblong Box" and "Thou art the Man," and with the letter posted the "Gold Bug," the only tale of his own at hand. — For nearly a year Graham had kept back the review of Longfellow's "Spanish Student," in which Poe had shown passages very palpably plagiarized, and he did not understand the cause of the delay. Lowell's sketch of Poe should be ready by August 10.

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Oaky Grove, Ga., Aug. 6th, 1844.

My Dear Friend, — I have just received your beautiful, friendly, abstruse, and transcendental letter of July the 10th, in answer to mine of June the 15th, and I am truly delighted with its contents. I should like very much to see your article entitled "Mesmeric Revelation." Will you be so good as to forward the Number of the "Columbian Magazine" on to me containing it? If you will, I will do ten times as much for you.

You say that you disagree with me in what I say of "man's advance towards perfection." You also say that "each individual Man is the rudiment of a future material (*not* spiritual) being." I do not mean that the foregone Ages were the rudiment of the Present and the Future in regard to creation; but only in regard to knowledge. I contend that each individual Man is not only the rudiment of a future material, but *spiritual*, being.

His future material and spiritual being is the consummation of the perfection of the rudimental material and spiritual being of the Past and Present. The rudimental Man is perennial in the immortality of the soul, which carries along with it the idea of progression. The body of Man is to be glorified with a celestial glory. This will be done when his name is changed into that of Angel. . . .

You say that "there is no such thing as spirituality." What will you do with the *Nephesh*, *Roadkh Elolium*, *Pneuma*, and *Psyche* of the *Sacred Oracles?* St. John says that "*God is a spirit.*" He is called the "*Father of Spirits.*" St. Paul says that Man is the "offspring of God." He is the third image of his Father. Job says, "There is a spirit in Man," &c. — "All things," you say, "are material; yet the matter of God has all the qualities which we attribute to the spirit." Then the matter of God *is* spirit. We must either attribute to spirit properties which it does not possess, or "God is a spirit" — as the substance of anything cannot be less than the qualities of which it is composed. If you mean by matter what I mean by spirit, then your matter is my spirit, and God is material; but if you mean by matter no more than what is *usually* meant by it, then, my spirit is *not* your matter, and "*God is a spirit.*" All the alchemy of your refined genius cannot transmute "unparticled matter" into my idea of spirit. Our first idea of matter carries along with it not only a *passive*, but a *reductitious* nature. As long as this is the case, we can never conceive it capable of thought.

You say that the "agitation of this unparticled matter is the thought of God, which creates." Do you make use of the word "*agitation*" in the same sense that Aristotle did of the word "*Actus?*" "Agitation" is not thought, any more than motion is. Our idea of motion is too simple in its nature to be expressed in any other way than through itself — that is, *motion*. The same may be said of thought. Now here are two simple ideas, the dif-

ference between which is as essential as it is eternal. Therefore, motion is no more thought, than the communication of it. It consequently follows that the "agitation of the unparticled matter" cannot be "the thought of God, which creates." Your doctrine of "agitation" is something like the hylopathian, or Anaximandrian; and your "unparticled matter" like the Democritic, without [illegible] "atomic composition," transcendentalized. You are not a corpusculous, but an "unparticled" materialist. You are precisely the opposite of what Plato makes Socrates. He was a pure spiritualist. . . .

You individualize Man by incorporating the "unparticled" in the "particled matter." But this is making his individuality depend only upon a *peculiar manner* of being; whereas I make his personality exist in his self-conscious soul, which shows that his soul may exist in Sheol, after its separation from the body.

Write upon the receipt of this, and tell me all about the literature of the day. Do not fail to send me the Magazine, containing your "Mesmeric Revelation." I intend to get all your writings. Write soon.

Yours most sincerely,

THOS. H. CHIVERS.

E. A. POE, Esqr.

NOTE. — The breaks are filled in the original by seven paragraphs of transcendental opinions. — ED.

POE TO LOWELL.

Aug. 18, 1844.

Poe wrote to Lowell, August 18, 1844, saying that in the "Columbian Magazine," which he sent was a paper on "Mesmeric Revelation," in which he had enlarged upon the ideas of his letter of July 2d. — The article had been badly misprinted, and he asked

Lowell if he would get it copied, with the corrections he himself had made, in the "Brother Jonathan," or the "Boston Notion;" — if Lowell would take this trouble he would be indebted for the kindness, since he, living so entirely out of the world in those days, could not gain it. — At this time he was getting together material for a Critical History of American Literature. Hawthorne seemed to him a "rare genius," a conviction lately awakened in him anew by "Drowne's Wooden Image."

POE TO THOMAS.

[Century Magazine.]

New York, September 8, 1844.

My dear Thomas, — I received yours with sincere pleasure, and nearly as sincere surprise; for while you were wondering that I did not write to *you*, I was making up my mind that you had forgotten *me* altogether.

I have left Philadelphia, and am living, at present, about five miles out of New York. For the last seven or eight months I have been playing hermit in earnest, nor have I seen a living soul out of my family — who are well and desire to be kindly remembered. When I say "well," I only mean (as regards Virginia) as well as usual. Her health remains excessively precarious.

Touching the "Beechen Tree"[1] I remember it well and pleasantly. I have not yet seen a published copy, but will get one forthwith and notice it as it deserves — and it deserves much of high praise — at the very first opportunity I get. At present I am so much out of the world that I may not be able to do anything *immediately*.

[1] A poem by Thomas.

Thank God! Richard (whom you know) is himself again. Tell Dow so; but he won't believe it. I am working at a variety of things (all of which you shall behold in the end) — and with an ardor of which I did not believe myself capable.

You said to me hurriedly, when we last met on the wharf in Philadelphia, that you believed Robert Tyler really wished to give me the post in the Custom-House. This I also really think; and I am confirmed in the opinion that he could not, at all times, do as he wished in such matters, by seeing — at the head of the "Aurora," — a bullet-headed and malicious villain who has brought more odium upon the Administration than any fellow (of equal littleness) in its ranks, and who has been more indefatigably busy in both open and secret vilification of Robert Tyler than any individual, little or big, in America.

Let me hear from you again very soon, my dear Thomas, and believe me *ever*

Your friend, Poe.

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Oaky Grove, Ga., Sept. 24th, 1844.

My dear Friend, — I have been looking with great anxiety for another one of your *transcendental letters* in answer to mine about the intellectual advancement of man; but you have not written to me up to this time. You must write oftener. Your last letter gave me such intellectual delight — the highest pleasure that a man can enjoy on earth — such as the Angels feel in heaven — that I desire, very much, to receive another one from you. I have been studying it ever since I received it. There

is a great deal of Seraphic wisdom contained in it. I shall say no more about your objections to my ideas of the intellectual advancement of man towards perfection, until you write to me again. I am astonished that you have not written to me before this. If you knew how much pleasure it gives me to receive a letter from you, I know you would write to me every week.[1] . . .

Write to me as soon as you receive this, if you have not written before. Direct to Washington, Wilkes County, Ga. I will be in New York soon. As Fra Paolo Sorpi said of his native land — *Esta perpetua* — may you live forever.

Your friend forever more,

THOS. H. CHIVERS.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

P. S. — Why do you call your Periodical the "*Stylus*"? Would not *The Sibyl* be more poetical? "*The Orion*" is the most beautiful title for a Periodical that I have ever seen; but it is a Southern constellation, and, therefore, would not do so well for the North. If you will write me in what number of the "*Columbian Magazine*" your "*Mesmeric Revelation*" is published, I can get it in Augusta. Can "*The Maid of Brittany*," by J. R. Lowell, be sent by Mail? If it can, if you will write me the price, I will send on the money by the Post Master and get it. It is not in this part of the world.

Write me word what you think of "*Brownson's Quarterly*." I want to get a work on "St. Simonism," reviewed some years ago by O. A. Brownson of Boston — also another work of a similar nature, by a Frenchman, but I have forgotten his name, reviewed by O. A. Brownson, at, or about, the same time. If you can give me any information on the subject, do so. I have been

[1] Here ensues a long, rambling dissertation on transcendentalism. — ED.

thinking that I would write on to Brownson about them, but as you probably know as much about such matters as he does, it is of no use, when I would greatly prefer to write to you. I would freely travel from here to New York to hear you lecture on "*American Poetry.*" You ought to have been here this Summer to have eaten peaches and milk. T. H. C.

POE TO CRAIG.

[Griswold Collection.]

(Copy of a letter sent to Mr. Craig, October 25, mailed by me. Maria Clemm.) (1844.)

Sir, — Proceed. There are few things which could afford me more pleasure than an opportunity of holding you up to that public admiration which you have long courted; and this I think I can do to good purpose — with the aid of some of the poor labourers and some other warm friends of yours about Yorkville.

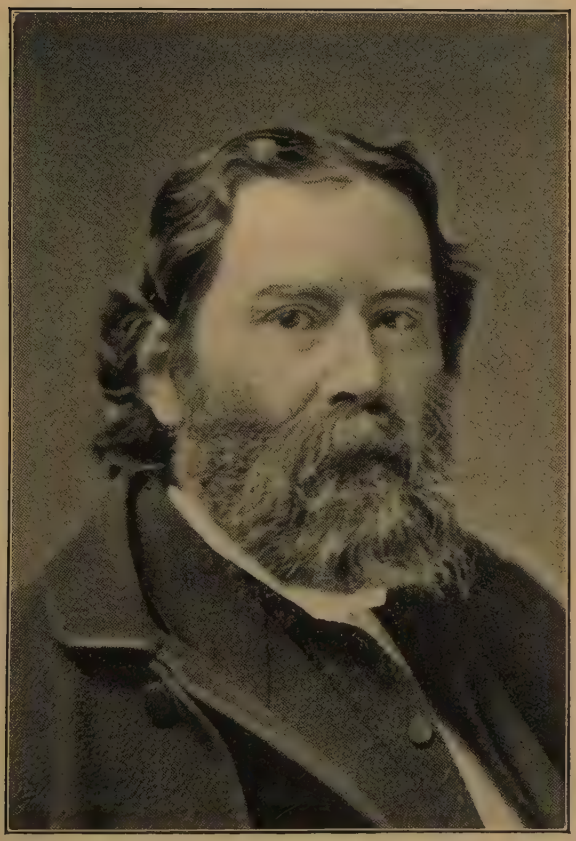
The tissue of written lies which you have addressed to myself individually, I deem it as well to retain. It is a specimen of attorney grammar too rich to be lost. As for the letter designed for Mr. Willis (who, beyond doubt, will be honoured by your correspondence), I take the liberty of re-enclosing it. The fact is, I am neither your footman nor the penny-post.

With all due respect, nevertheless
I am y^{r} ob. S^{t}

S. D. Craig, Esqr. Edgar A. Poe.
Quoque.

New York, Oct. 24, 44.

Note. — It is not known to what this letter alludes. — Ed.



POE TO DUANE.

Oct. 28, 1844.

Poe wrote to Willis on Oct. 28, 1844, that he was very sorry Mr. Duane thought him neglectful or discourteous in not taking back the "Messenger."[1] It happened that about eight months before Poe, in Mr. Hirst's presence, said he wanted to see a certain article in the "Messenger." Mr. Hirst at once offered to get him a copy. Poe would have chosen rather to borrow it for himself, but since Mr. Hirst seemed interested he acquiesced. At that date it was more than seven months since he had returned the volume to Mr. Hirst, Mrs. Clemm having delivered it to one of his brothers at his office. It may have been put on a bookshelf and forgotten. Would Mr. Duane send for it?

This letter has an endorsement by Duane that Hirst had said the story of the return to him of the "Southern Literary Messenger" was "a damned lie," Poe having sold the book to a bookseller — perhaps unintentionally sold it.

POE TO LOWELL.

Oct. 28, 1844.

Poe addressed Lowell upon Oct. 28, 1844, saying that numberless little troubles, the brood of the one trouble, poverty, had kept him from thanking Lowell for the sketch of his (Poe's) life, and its friendly estimates, but that now he thanked him

[1] See next to the last sentence in Poe's letter to Mrs. Clemm, of April 7, 1844, and for further account Poe's letter to Duane of January 28, 1845. — Ed.

many times. He sent the sketch at once to Graham and made but a change of one short poem for the last Lowell had done him the courtesy to quote. — He spoke of Lowell's marriage, and said he could wish him no better wish than that he may gain from his marriage as "substantial happiness" as he himself had enjoyed from his own. — A long time before Poe had written of a co-operation of authors in magazine publication against the exactions of their publishers. Concisely stated, it was that say twelve of the most energetic and interested of the men of letters in this country should work together in publishing a periodical of the best sort; that their names should be withheld; that each should furnish an article every month; that each one should own a one hundred dollar share of the stock, and the magazine be kept up by contributions of its members and articles furnished by outsiders without pay. The plan would choose men already associated with periodicals, and Poe and Lowell initiating the venture, would get together the first number to draft the constitution. — Such a combination seemed to Poe a very desirable one, and the periodical assured of success, for there would be no outlay in contributions. Such a publication would advantage, not depress American literature, free it from authoritative voices over the sea, and also pay its owners. — The mechanical part should be of the best, and for a subscription price of $5 per annum, and vigorous personal support, a circulation of 20,000 would bring in $100,000 — which, deducting $40,000 for expenses, would leave $60,000 a year, or $5,000 for each of the twelve editor-publishers. — Poe had long had the matter in mind, and was convinced that the project might be carried to even greater success than that he had outlined.

ANTHON TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 2d 1844.

DEAR SIR, — I have called upon the Harpers, as you requested, and have cheerfully exerted with them what influence I possess, but without accomplishing anything of importance. They have *complaints* against you, grounded on certain movements of yours, when they acted as your publishers some years ago; and appear very little inclined at present to enter upon the matter which you have so much at heart. However, they have retained, for a second and more careful perusal, the letter which you sent to me, and have promised that, if they should see fit to come to terms with you, they will address a note to you forthwith. Of course, if you should not hear from them, their silence must be construed into a declining of your proposal. *My own advice* to you is, to call in person at their store, and *talk over* the matter with them. I am *very sure* that such a step on your part will remove many of the difficulties which at present obstruct your way.

You do me an injustice by supposing that I am a stranger to your productions. I subscribed to the "Messenger" solely because you were connected with it, and I have since that period read and, as a matter of course, admired very many of your other pieces. The Harpers also entertain, as I heard from their own lips, the highest opinion of your talents, but —

I remain very sincerely,

Your friend & wellwisher

CHAS. ANTHON.

E. A. POE, Esqr.

P. S. The MSS., which you were kind enough to send, can be obtained by you at any time on calling at my residence. C. A.

WILLIS TO POE.

[Gill's Life.]

HOME JOURNAL OFFICE,
Nov. 12.

MY DEAR POE, — I could not find time *possibly* to go to the concert, but why did you not send the paragraph yourself. You knew of course that it would go in.

I had a letter, not long since, from your sister enquiring where you were; supposing you had mov'd, I could not inform her. You seem as neglectful of your sister as I am of mine, but private letters are "the last ounce that breaks the camel's back" of a literary man.

Yours very truly,

N. P. WILLIS.

LOWELL TO POE.

[Scribner's Monthly, August, 1894.]

ELMWOOD, Dec. 12, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You will forgive me for not writing sooner & for writing so little now, when I tell you that I have been for some time keeping a printing office agoing at the rate of from eight to twenty pages a day. I am printing a volume of prose (in conversation form) about poets and everything else, ["Conversations on Some of the Old Poets"] & not having prepared my copy, am obliged to write & print at once. You will like some parts of the book and dislike others.

My object in writing this is to introduce you to my friend, Charles F. Briggs, who is about to start a literary weekly paper[1] in New York & desires your aid. He was here a month or two since, & I took the liberty of reading to him what I had written about you & today I

[1] "The Broadway Journal."

received a letter from him announcing his plan & asking your address. Not knowing it, & not having time to write him I thought that the shortest way would be to introduce you to him. He will pay & I thought from something you said in your last letter that pay would be useful to you. I also took the liberty of praising you to a Mr. Colton, who has written "Tecumseh" . . . & whom I suspect, from some wry faces he made on first hearing your name, you have cut up. He is publishing a magazine & I think I convinced him that it would be for his interest to engage you permanently. But I know nothing whatever of his ability to pay.

I am not to be married till I have been delivered of my book ; which will probably be before Christmas, & I shall spend the winter in Philadelphia. I shall only stop one night in New York on my way on. Returning I shall make a longer stay & shall of course see you. You will like Briggs & he will edit an excellent paper. Opposite, I write a note to him.

Yr. affectionate friend,

J. R. Lowell.

P. S. You must excuse me if I have blundered in recommending you to Colton. I know nothing of your circumstances save what I gleaned from your last letter, &, of course, said nothing to him which I might not say as an entire stranger to you. It is never safe to let an editor (as editors go) know that an author *wants* his pay.

I was in hopes that I should have been able to revise my sketch of you before it appeared. It was written under adverse circumstances & was incomplete. If you do not like this method of getting acquainted, send Briggs your address. *His* is No. 1 Nassau St. I never wrote an introductory letter before & do not own a complete letter writer — so you must excuse any greenness about it.

CHAPTER VIII.

1845.

THE RAVEN; THE BROADWAY JOURNAL; THE 1845 TALES; "THE COLLECTED POEMS."

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

New York, Jan. 10, 1845.

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.

Sir, — I perceive by a paragraph in the papers, that your "Prose Writers of America" is in press. Unless your opinions of my literary character are entirely changed, you will, I think, like something of mine, and you are welcome to whatever best pleases you, if you will permit me to furnish a corrected copy; but with your present feelings you can hardly do me justice in any criticism, and I shall be glad if you will simply say after my name: "Born 1811;[1] published Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque in 1839; has resided latterly in New York."

Your obedient servant,

Edgar A. Poe.

[1] Poe was born in 1809. — Ed.

GRISWOLD TO POE.

[Griswold Memoir.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 11, 1845.

SIR, — Although I have some cause of quarrel with you, as you seem to remember, I do not under any circumstances permit, as you have repeatedly charged, my personal relations to influence the expression of my opinions as a critic. By the enclosed proof-sheets of what I had written before the reception of your note, you will see that I think quite as well of your works as I did when I had the pleasure of being Your friend,

R. W. GRISWOLD.

GRISWOLD TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14, 1845.

(Confidential).

Although I have some cause of personal quarrel with you, which you will easily enough remember, I do not under any circumstances permit, as you have repeatedly charged, my private griefs to influence my judgment as a critic, or its expression.

I retain, therefore, the early formed and well founded favorable opinions of your works, wh. in other days I have expressed to you, and in a new volume wh. I have in preparation, I shall endeavor to do you very perfect justice.

Hence this note. Carey & Hart are publishing for me "The Prose Authors of America, and their Works," and I wish, of course, to include you in the list, — not a very large one — from whom I make selections. And I shall feel myself yr debtor if there being any writings of yours with wh. I may be unacquainted, you will advise of their titles, and where they may be purchased; and if, in the brief biography of you in my Poets &c. of

America, there are any inaccuracies, you will point them out to me. If the trouble were not too great, indeed, I should like to receive a list of all your works, with the dates of their production.

Yours &c.

To R. W. Griswold.

Edgar A. Poe, Esq.[1]

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

New York, Jan. 16, 1845.

Dear Griswold,—If you will permit me to call you so — your letter occasioned me first pain and then pleasure: pain, because it gave me to see that I had lost, through my own folly, an honorable friend: — pleasure, because I saw in it a hope of reconciliation. I have been aware, for several weeks, that my reasons for speaking of your book as I did, (*of yourself* I have always spoken kindly,) were based in the malignant slanders of a mischief-maker by profession. Still, as I supposed you irreparably offended, I could make no advances when we met at the "Tribune" office, although I longed to do so. I know of nothing which would give me more sincere pleasure than your accepting these apologies, and meeting me as a friend. If you *can* do this, and forget the past, let me know where I shall call on you — or come and see me at the "Mirror" office, any morning about ten. We can then talk over the other matters, which, to me at least, are far less important than your good will.

Very truly yours,

Edgar A. Poe.

[1] This letter was printed only in part by Griswold in his "Memoir." — Ed.

POE TO DUANE.

Jan. 28, 1845.

To Duane Poe wrote again on January 28th, 1845, saying that Richmond was the last place in which he should expect to get the "Messenger" and for that reason he had not sought it there. He had been trying to make up the volume by getting together separate numbers and now Mr. Duane's letter had relieved him of the task. Mr. Duane he did not recognize in the matter. Mr. Hirst had insisted on getting the volume for him and to Mr. Hirst it had been returned. Mr. Duane's quarrel lay with him, and he must send no more insolent letters to Poe.

This letter Duane endorses as received on January 31st, 1845, and not to be answered. He avers that the volume was borrowed by Poe through Hirst, and was sold by Poe to a bookdealer, who sold it to a bookdealer in Richmond, who in turn sold it to the publisher of the Messenger, who again sold it to a friend of Duane commissioned by him to buy him a copy. Duane's name had in the various sales of the book remained upon the titlepage. When Poe heard of the buying back of the book he exclaimed "What will Mr. Duane think of me!" Duane sent him word that he thought he ought to send him what it had cost — five dollars — but Poe never did, perhaps from sheer inability.[1]

[1] See letter of date October 28th, 1844. In the whole matter Poe seems to have been, as at other times in his life, the victim of circumstances. That his intentions were the best is shown in his letter to Mrs. Clemm of April 7th, 1844. It is possible that Mrs. Clemm returned another book and in the haste and details of

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Collection.]

New York, Feb. 24, 1845.

My dear Griswold, — Soon after seeing you I sent you, through Zieber, all my poems worth re-publishing, and I presume they reached you. With this I send you another package, also through Zieber, by Burgess & Stringer. It contains in the way of Essay "Mesmeric Revelation," which I would like to go in, even if something else is omitted. I send also a portion of the "Marginalia," in which I have marked some of the most pointed passages. In the matter of criticism I cannot put my hand upon anything that suits me — but I believe that in "funny" criticism (if you wish any such) Flaccus will convey a tolerable idea of my style, and of my serious manner Barnaby Rudge is a good specimen. In "Graham" you will find these. In the tale line I send you "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Man that was used up" — far more than enough, you will say — but you can select to suit yourself. I would prefer having in the "Gold Bug" to the "Murders in the R. M.," but have not a copy just now. If there is no immediate hurry for it, however, I will get one & send it you corrected. Please write & let me know if you get this. I have taken a 3d interest in the "Broadway Journal" &

her moving their effects to New York the volume was included among the books of Poe's that were sold. Or indeed there is the other alternative — and probably the solution of the question — that some busy fingers had taken it from Mr. Hirst's office and disposed of it. — Ed.

will be glad if you could send me anything, at any time, in the way of "Literary Intelligence."

Truly yours,

POE.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Same letter as printed in the Griswold Memoir.]

FEBRUARY 24, 1845.

MY DEAR GRISWOLD — A thousand thanks for your kindness in the matter of those books, which I could not afford to buy, and had so much need of. Soon after seeing you, I sent you, through Zieber, all my poems worth re-publishing, and I presume they reached you. I was sincerely delighted with what you said of them, and if you will write your criticism in the form of a preface, I shall be greatly obliged to you. I say this not because you praised me: everybody praises me now: but because you so perfectly understand me, or what I have aimed at, in all my poems: I did not think you had so much delicacy of appreciation joined with your strong sense; I can say truly that no man's approbation gives me so much pleasure. I send you with this another package, also through Zieber, by Burgess and Stringer. It contains, in the way of essay, "Mesmeric Revelation," which I would like to have go in, even if you have to omit the "House of Usher." I send also corrected copies of (in the way of funny criticism, but you don't like this) "Flaccus," which conveys a tolerable idea of my style; and of my serious manner "Barnaby Rudge" is a good specimen. In the tale line, "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug," and the "Man that was Used Up," — far more than enough, but you can select to

suit yourself. I prefer the "G. B." to the "M. in the R. M." I have taken a third interest in the "Broadway Journal," and will be glad if you could send me anything for it. Why not let me anticipate the book publication of your splendid essay on Milton?

Truly yours, POE.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Collection.]

(19 APR. '45 — pencil note.)

DEAR GRISWOLD, —I return the proof, with many thanks for your attentions. The poems look as well in the short metre as in the long, and I am quite content as it is. You will perceive, however, that some of the lines have been divided at the wrong place. I have marked them right in the proof; but lest there should be any misapprehension, I copy them as they should be:

Stanza 11.

Till the dirges of his Hope the
Melancholy burden bore.

Stanza 12.

Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in
Front of bird and bust and door.

Stanza 12 — again.

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore.

Stanza 13.

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burn'd into my bosom's core;

Near the beginning of the poem you have "*nodded*" spelt "*nooded*."

In the "Sleeper" the line

Forever with uncloséd eye,

should read

Forever with unopen'd eye.

Is it possible to make the alteration?

Very sincerely yours,

POE.

P. S. I presume you understand that in the repetition of my Lecture on the Poets (in N. Y.) I left out *all* that was offensive to yourself?

POE TO THOMAS.

[Griswold Collection.]

May 4, 1845.

MY DEAR THOMAS, — In the hope that you have not yet *quite* given me up, as gone to Texas, or elsewhere, I sit down to write you a few words. I have been intending to do the same thing ever since I received your letter before the last — but for my life and soul I could not find, nor make, an opportunity. The fact is, that being seized, of late, with a fit of industry, I put so many irons in the fire all at once, that I have been quite unable to get them out. For the last three or four months I have been working 14 or 15 hours a day — hard at it all the time — and so, whenever I took pen in hand to write, I found that I was neglecting something that *would* be attended to. I never knew what it was to be a slave before.

And yet, Thomas, I have made no money. I am as poor now as ever I was in my life — except in

hope, which is by no means bankable. I have taken a 3d pecuniary interest in the "Broadway Journal," and for everything I have written for it have been, of course, so much out of pocket. In the end, however, it will pay me well — at least the prospects are good. Say to Dow for me that there never has been a chance for my repaying him, without putting myself to greater inconvenience than he himself would have wished to subject me to, had he known the state of the case. Nor am I able to pay him now. The Devil himself was never so poor. Say to Dow, also, that I am sorry he has taken to dunning in his old age — it is a diabolical practice, altogether unworthy "a gentleman & a scholar" — to say nothing of the Editor of the "Madisonian." I wonder how he would like me to write him a series of letters — say one a week — giving him the literary gossip of New-York — or something of more general character. I would furnish him such a series for whatever he could afford to give me. If he agrees to this arrangement, ask him to state the length & character of the letters — how often — and how much he can give me. Remember me kindly to him & tell him I believe that dunning is his one sin — although at the same time, I do think it is the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost spoken of in the Scriptures. I am going to mail him the "Broadway Journal" regularly, & hope he will honor me with an exchange.

My dear Thomas, I hope you will never imagine, from any seeming neglect of mine, that I have forgotten our old friendship. There is no one in the world I would rather see at this moment than yourself; and many are the long talks we have about you and yours. Virginia & Mrs. Clemm beg to be remembered to you

in the kindest terms. Do write me fully when you get this, and let me know particularly what you are about.

I send you an early number of the "B. Journal" containing my "Raven." It was copied by Briggs, my associate, before I joined the paper. "The Raven" has had a great "run," Thomas — but I wrote it for the express purpose of running — just as I did the "Gold-Bug," you know. The bird beat the bug, though, all hollow.

Do not forget to write immediately, & believe me

Most sincerely your friend,

Poe.

[There is an asterisk after the name "Dow" in the text, and note saying "see note on 3d page," which is as follows : —]

Poe here mentions our mutual friend Jesse E. Dow, who is the author of that capital sketch of "Ironsides on a Seashore," and many beautiful fugitive poems. Dow had been in office and was removed, and no doubt at the time was in pressing need of the money which he had lent to Poe, or there would have been no "dunning" as Poe calls it. Dow is now dead — he was possessed of the noblest qualities of head and heart. He was not a man, however, whose genius was cultivated with the artistic and learned skill of Poe's, it was rather the child of feeling than of thought, and he wrote because he felt impelled to write as Chatham said he felt "impelled to speak." It was delightful to hear the two talk together, and to see how Poe would start at some of Dow's strange notions as he called them. T.

WILLIS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

9 Park Place. [Undated.]

My dear Poe, — I need not say that I would gladly do *that*, or anything else to serve you, but it would be put down at once to *quid-pro-quosity*, & therefore bad taste.

Why reply *directly* to Mr. Briggs? If you want a shuttlecock squib to fall on the ground, never battledore it *straight back*. Mr. B's attacks on me I never saw, & never shall see. I keep a good-sense-ometer who reads the papers & tells me if there is anything worth replying to, but *nothing is* that is written by a man who will be honor'd by the reply. A reply from *me* to Mr. Briggs would make the man. So will *yours*, if you exalt him into your mate by contending on equal terms. If you care to punish him, attack him *on some other subject*, & *as an anonymous writer whose name is not worth giving*. Notoriety is glory in this transition state of our half-bak'd country. But come & see me, & we 'll talk it over.

Yours in haste but very sincerely

N. P. Willis.

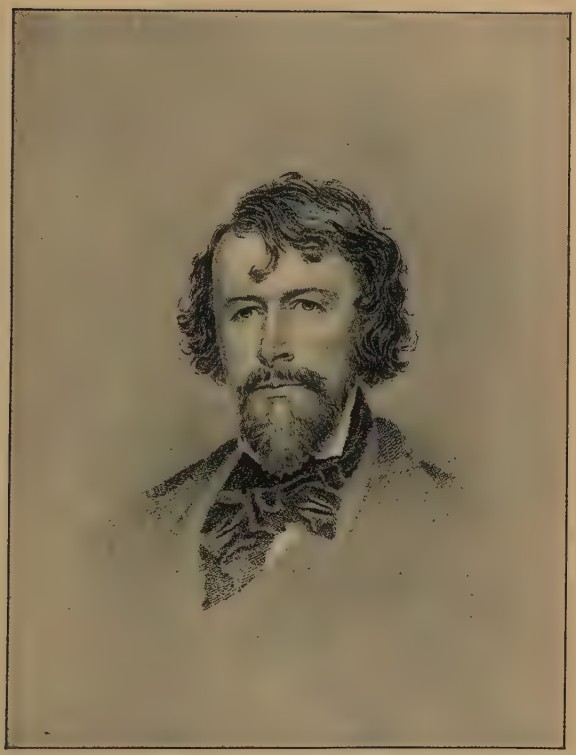
POE TO ———.

On the subject of "The Raven."

[From Ingram's Life.]

[Undated.]

What you say about the blundering criticism of "the *Hartford Review* man" is just. For the purposes of poetry it is quite sufficient that a thing is possible, or at least that the improbability be not offensively glaring. It is true that in several ways, as you say, the lamp might have thrown the bird's shadow on the floor. *My* conception was that of the



bracket candelabrum affixed against the wall, high up above the door and bust, as is often seen in the English palaces, and even in some of the better houses of New York.

Your objection to the *tinkling* of the footfalls is far more pointed, and in the course of composition occurred so forcibly to myself that I hesitated to use the term. I finally used it, because I saw that it had, in its first conception, been suggested to my mind by the sense of the *supernatural* with which it was, at the moment, filled. No human or physical foot could tinkle on a soft carpet, therefore, the tinkling of feet would vividly convey the supernatural impression. This was the idea, and it is good within itself; but if it fails, (as I fear it does,) to make itself immediately and generally *felt*, according to my intention, then in so much is it badly conveyed, or expressed.

Your appreciation of "The Sleeper" delights me. In the higher qualities of poetry it is better than "The Raven;" but there is not one man in a million who could be brought to agree with me in this opinion. "The Raven," of course, is far the better as a work of art; but in the true basis of all art, "The Sleeper" is the superior. I wrote the latter when quite a boy.

You quote, I think, the two *best* lines in "The Valley of Unrest" — those about the "palpitating trees."

MRS. MOWATT TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

THURSDAY EVENING [1845].

EDGAR A. POE, Esqr., — (I regret that) I have not a more legible manuscript of the Comedy to submit to your perusal, or even one containing all the corrections

made at the suggestion of critical advisers. The only fair copy is in the hands of the managers, and that I could not procure. Your criticisms will be prized — I am sorry that they could not have been made before preparations for the performance of the Comedy had progressed so far.

Will you have the goodness to return the manuscript at your earliest convenience, addressed James Mowatt, care Messrs. Judd & Taylor No. 2 Astor House?

Respectfully yrs &c

[Signature missing.]

4th Avenue 5 doors above Twentieth street.

[Endorsed] ANNA CORA MOWATT.

HORNE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

FITZROY PARK, HIGHGATE,
LONDON, May, 17/45.

MY DEAR SIR, — After so long a delay of my last letter to you, I am at all events glad to hear that it reached you — or rather, that you, in diving among the shoals at the Post Office, had contrived to fish it up. But matters do not seem to mend in this respect; for your present letter of the date of Jany 25th/45 only reached my house at the latter end of April. In short, we might as well correspond from Calcutta, as far as time is concerned. However, I am glad that the letters reach their destination at all, and so that none are lost; we must be patient.

I have only just returned from a nine months' absence in Germany. I principally resided during this time in the Rhine Provinces. I take the earliest opportunity of thanking you for all attentions.

As I thought your letter to me contained more of the bright side of criticism than the "Broadway Journal" I sent it to my friend Miss Barrett. She returned it with

a note, half of which I tear off, and send you (*confidentially*) that you may see in what a good and noble spirit she receives the critique — in which, as you say, the shadows do certainly predominate. Well, for my own part, I think a work should be judged by its merits *chiefly* — since faults and imperfections are certain to be found in all works, but the highest merits only in a few. Therefore the highest merits seem to me to be naturally the first and main points to be considered.

Miss Barrett has read the "Raven" and says she thinks there is a fine lyrical melody in it. When I tell you that this lady "says" you will be so good as understand that I mean "writes" — for although I have corresponded with Miss Barrett these 5 or 6 years, I have never seen her to this day. Nor have I been *nearer* to doing so, than talking with her father and sisters.

I am of the same opinion as Miss Barrett about the "Raven;" and it also seems to me that the poet intends to represent a very painful condition of mind, as of an imagination that was liable to topple over into some delirium or an abyss of melancholy, from the continuity of one unvaried emotion.

Tennyson I have not seen, nor heard from yet, since my return. It is curious that you should ask me for opinions of the only two poets with whom I am especially intimate. Most of the others I am acquainted with, but am not upon such terms of intellectual sympathy and friendship as with Miss Barrett and Tennyson. But I do not at this moment know where Tennyson is.

You mention that an American publisher would probably like to reprint "Orion," and I therefore send a copy for that purpose, or probability. I also send a copy, in which I have written your name, together with a copy of "Gregory VII." and two copies of "Introductory Comments" (to the 2nd Ed^{n} of the N^{w} Sp^{t} of the Age) of which I beg your acceptance. Of "Chaucer Modernized" I do not possess any other

copy than the one in my own library, and believe it is out of print; but if you would like to have a copy of Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature" (to wh I wrote an Introduction to the 2nd Edn) I shall be happy to forward you the vols, and any others of my own you wd like to have — that is, if I have copies of them. "Cosmo de Medici," for instance, I could send you.

I have made no revision of "Orion" for the proposed new Edition. The fact is, I have not time, and *moreover* am hardly disposed to do much to it, after so many editions. I had rather write (almost) another long poem.

I shall be happy to send you a short poem or two for your Magazine directly it is established, or for the 1st No., if there be time for you to let me know.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

R. H. Horne.

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Oaky Grove, Ga., Sept. 9th, 1845.

My Dear Friend, — I have just received your letter, dated the 29th of August. What can you be thinking about to ask me what *I* could have been thinking about, when I referred to the letter I wrote from Philadelphia, and also from this place, immediately after my return home? You say rightly when you suppose that I "*have been in Dreamland!*" Where could I have been to have supposed, for a moment, that you would have sent me on the papers containing any of your pieces, as I requested? I acknowledge to you, frankly, that I have been in Paradise ever since I returned home. It is Paradise all about here where my wife is. I dream mighty dreams in her presence sometimes. I will tell you one of them some

of these days. Her footsteps pave the world with happiness — that is, the world wherein I live.

You say I "*puzzle*" you in regard to the money. It is no "puzzle" at all. I should have sent you the money in my last letter, had I received it two days sooner. I received $200 the next day after my return home, which I lent to a friend of mine immediately afterwards, who has not been able to return it to me since. As soon as —— returns from Green County, where he is now gone with his wife to see her relations, and have another child during their absence, I will send it to you — as he is owing me a great deal not only of estates, but borrowed moneys. I am sorry that I cannot accommodate you at present, as it would give me great pleasure to do so. I will send it to you as soon as possible, but to *you* alone. You are always talking to me about the "*paper*." "*Cuss*" the paper! what do *I* care for the "*paper*"? The "*paper*" will do me no more good than it will any body else. I have no interest in it — it is in your *individual* welfare and happiness that I have an interest — an abiding, disinterested, heartborn interest — although I should like to see the paper flourish, as it would be an interest to you. For Heaven's sake! do not connect my respect for you with any *worldly* matter — as it does not belong to the world at all. I see plainly that you do not know me. I would not let you have a cent for any other consideration than the heartborn respect which I feel for you, as your friend — one who desires, from the bottom of his heart, your welfare and happiness, in every respect whatever. My dear Poe! you must not practice lip service with me — you must talk from the bottom of your heart when you talk to me. I am your friend, and, therefore, whenever I talk to you, it is out of the substance of my heart. It is an absolute waste of time, as well as a sin against God, to talk any other way. It is of no use for you ever to attempt to flatter me, as I am just as far above it as Heaven is above the hot burning bottom of Hell. I believe that you are my friend — therefore I cannot be-

lieve that you would put yourself to the trouble to do such a losing business. For, supposing that I was fool enough to receive it, it would do you no good, at the same time that it would be doing an injury to me. This, I *know*, you would not do. I will aid you, and assist you in every way possible, but I will do it *only* for the friendship which I have for you. You say that you have looked for the "*Commercial Bank of Florida*" for me. I wish you would do all you can immediately, and let me know upon the reception of this letter. I must have it before the first of October, or I will lose $210. It is for my brother who let me have that amount four years ago, which I took with me to New York, and knowing it was not worth anything, I gave it to my children to play with, until it got destroyed. As soon as he found out this, when we were making a settlement for the hire of my negroes, he made out like he *wanted* it. I told him that I would get him the same amount on the day that his note becomes due — which is the first of October — or deduct the amount of the Florida money he let me have out of it. So, you see, if I do not get it, I will lose $210. I must hear from you immediately so that I can have time to write to the Governor of Florida to get it for me. You must go *immediately*, upon the reception of this letter, into Wall Street, and see what you can do. I was distracted about home just before I left, else I would have gotten it myself. I was labouring under mental excitement all the time I was in that place so that I could neither talk nor write whenever I saw you. I am just as different now as if I were not the same man. My Poems have been spoken of in the very highest terms in this state by all who have seen them. Several papers have republished your notice, at the same time that *you* were spoken of in the highest terms. They have praised the "*Heavenly Vision*," and the Poem "*To Isa Singing*," beyond measure. The Editor of the "*Southern Courant*," who has spoken well of them, is a gentleman of splendid talents, — so is the Editor of the "*Federal*

Vision," of Milledgeville. Passages in the "*Lost Pleiad*" have been very much lauded. Some like the "*Soul's Destiny*;" "*To Allegra Florence in Heaven*;" "*To My Mother in Heaven*," and the Poem on "*Hearing Von Weber's Last Waltz*." I see that the papers everywhere are speaking disrespectfully of Willis' puerilities and dilletantism. I really think well of "*Luciferian Revelation*," and want you to publish it soon, and send me the paper. I am writing a Poem you will like. "The Release of Fiommala," I like. One of the other Sonnets I have altered a little, I think for the better. They were written right out of my heart, as I write everything. Poetry, with me, is the melodious expression of my very being. Tell Colton I sent him an article some time ago, but had no way to pay the postage, as I gave it to the Stage Driver in the road. Give him my love, for he is a fine fellow in every sense of the word. I intend to get him several subscribers in these parts soon — he may depend on that.

The remarks which I made to you in regard to Tennyson's Poems, were not intended to be critical, as I was too much fatigued always when I saw you to talk as I could were you with me *now*. "*The Gardener's Daughter*;" "*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*;" and "*Locksley Hall*," are the best. He is a lofty imitator of Shelley, without a *tithe* of his force. He possesses fine ideality, but there is too much conventional grotesqueness of abandon, with too *little* artistical skill, in him to be compared with Shelley. If you think he is even a musical imitator of Shelley, just get his Poems and disabuse your mind at once. He has fine ideality, but not the artistical force of Horne. One of his greatest and unpardonable faults consists in his not appealing, in any *understandable* language, to any of the most universal feelings of the heart of Man. He does not sing Truth — that Angel-mission for the fulfilment of which the Poet was sent down by God out of Heaven. Poetry is

the most godlike expression of that which is *most true*. It is, therefore, the loftiest medium of the most exalted truths.

You intimate that you will take a fraternal interest in my welfare and farm, but wish to do it in your "*own way*." *This* is what I wish. I do not wish to urge you into any remarks you may deem it necessary to make about my writings. I feel confident you will do what is right. — Amen.

You say you have not touched a drop of the ashes of Hell since I left New York. *That's a man*. For God's sake, but *more* for your own, *never touch another drop*. Why should a Man whom God, by nature, has endowed with such transcendent abilities, so degrade himself into the veriest automaton as to be moved only by the poisonous steam of Hell-fire ? Your body is a harp — not an evil-spirit-engine — made by the hands of God, in the most perfect manner, to be stricken by the spiritual fingers of your Heaven-born soul. Why, it is absolutely making monkey-motions at the dignity of God, as revealed in your own nature, to permit an animal appetite to weigh down the dove-like and Heaven-aspiring wings of that Angel of immortality which now lives in the temple of your body, — the delight and glory of the world.

You speak of Books sent — but I have seen none. I wrote for Bush's Psychological work, recently published by Bidding.

You say "I am resolved not to touch *a* drop," &c. Did you mean by this that if you touched many *drops* that you would not be impinging upon your promise ? Think of this.

Give your wife and Mrs. Clemm my most earnest desire for their welfare and happiness. My wife sends them her sincerest love. Send me any paper that contains anything of yours. If you don't, I am determined *to play Old Dick with you — if possible*. Give my love

to Bisco. Tell him I will give him a hearty shake of the hand when I return to Novum Eboracum, alias Sodom. Give my love to Colton. I have just finished eating one of the finest watermelons I ever saw, —

> "Sweet as that soul-uplifting hydromel
> Ideian Ganymede did give to Jove
> In the God-kingdoms of immortal love,
> Dipt from Heaven's everlasting golden well," etc.

This is the commencement of a "*Sonnet on Reading Milton's Paradise Lost*," which I will send you some of these days. I have been trying to send you some peaches, but never could find the opportunity. I write this letter in great haste, and on bad paper — you must excuse the carelessness with which it is written, as I have scarcely time before the mail is closed. For God's sake, if you have the least respect for me, get the Florida money. When you go down to Wall street, inquire at the Express office *if there is any package for me.* Tell the P. M. to send me all letters and papers in the office here. *Do all this, will you?*

God bless you.

THOS. H. CHIVERS.

E. A. POE, Esq.

POE TO E. A. DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection, New York Public Library.]

MY DEAR DUYCKINCK, — I leave for you what I think the best of my Poems. They are *very* few — including those only which have not been published in volume form. If they can be made to fill a book, it will be better to publish them alone — but if not, I can hand you some "Dramatic Scenes" from the

S. L. Messenger (2d Vol.) and "Al Aaraaf" and "Tamerlane," two juvenile poems of some length.

Truly yours Poe.[1]

Wednesday 10th [Sept. 1845 ?].

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

October 26, 1845.

My dear Griswold, — *Will* you aid me at a pinch — at one of the greatest pinches conceivable ? If you will, I will be indebted to you for life. After a prodigious deal of manœuvering, I have succeeded in getting the "Broadway Journal" entirely within my own control. It will be a fortune to me if I can hold it — and I can do it easily with a very trifling aid from my friends. May I count you as one ? Lend me $50, and you shall never have cause to regret it.

Truly yours,

Edgar A. Poe.

[1] For Poe's high opinion of Mr. E. A. Duyckinck, see "The Literati." Mr. Duyckinck was the editor of "Arcturus," "the best magazine (says Poe) in many respects ever published in the United States," and editor of the "Cyclopædia of American Literature" (in which he was assisted by his brother George). He selected and edited twelve of Poe's tales known as "the edition of 1845," in Wiley and Putnam's "Library of American Books." — Ed.

POE TO KENNEDY.

[W. M. Griswold MS.]

New York, Octo. 26, '45.

My Dear Mr. Kennedy, — When you were in New York, I made frequent endeavors to meet you, but in vain, as I was forced to go to Boston. I stand much in need of your aid, and beg you to afford it me, if possible, for the sake of the position which you already have enabled me to obtain.

By a series of manœuvres almost incomprehensible to myself I have succeeded in getting rid, one by one, of all my associates in "The Broadway Journal," and (as you will see by last week's paper) have now become sole editor and owner. It will be a fortune to me if I can hold it — and if I can hold it for one month I am quite safe — as you shall see. I have exhausted all my immediate resources in the purchase — and I now write to ask you for a small loan — say $50. I will punctually return it in three months.

Most truly yours,

Edgar A. Poe.[1]

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Oaky Grove, Ga., Oct. 30, 1845.

My Dear Friend, — In the first place, I want you to let me know what is the reason you have not written to me before this? You are in the arrears two or three

[1] This is a copy of the original, certified as correct by C. B. Foote, who apparently bought the original of Mr. Griswold. — Ed.

letters at least. In the second place, I want to know if you are unable to write to me? If so, I should like very much for you to get somebody to be your amanuensis. I have a "crow to pick with you" — as the old saying is. I have felt like quarreling with you ever since I left New York. Solomon says, "There is a time for all things — a time to laugh — a time to weep — and a time to dance." Well, I verily believe, from the bottom of my heart, that the venerable religious Savant was right. There is not only a time for all this, but a time in which a Man will forget his best friend. As Milton says, "We have fallen upon evil days!" There is no mistake in that. Who would have believed it? Nobody. If an Angel had descended from Heaven and told me you would have forgotten me this early, I would not have believed him. So much for the incredulity of a friend. Now for the subject matter in hand.

I want you to tell me what you meant by telling me that I had given a false accent to Archytas, in my Poem, entitled "The Wife's Lament for Her Husband Lost at Sea"? I felt conscious, while you were talking to me, that I was right. How, in the name of Heaven! did you ever happen to make the mistake? Were you not conscious, while you were talking to me, that you were wrong? I cannot believe that you did it wilfully — as I have the highest opinion of you of any man living. It was a most astonishing oversight of your Eagle-eye. The correct accentuation is just as I have it. It is pronounced Archȳtas — just as I have it in my Poem. In the way that you have altered it, you have entirely changed the rhythm of the line — making a tautology of it, by repeating the words "*from out*" of the line above. Are not nouns in the Greek, ending as, es, os, &c., short in the last syllable? Was I not also right in using Orion in the way that I did? I know, very well, that the best way to use it is to lengthen the penult; but this is not the *only* way to pronounce it — as it is made long *not by nature*, but by authority. Ainsworth places a diæresis over the

first vowel of the diphthong — giving it the same pronunciation that Adams does. Adams says, "In Greek words, when a vowel comes before another, no certain rule concerning its quantity can be given." Sometimes it is short — sometimes it is long — and often it is common — as is the case with Orion, Geryon, Eos, Chorea, &c.

I sent a Poem to Mr. Colton, some time ago, entitled "*The Dying Swan*," in which is the following line, which I wish you to correct :

"Until great Poseidon did hold his breath," &c.

Poseidon is the Greek God of the sea, as Neptune is of the Romans, and should have been pronounced thus — Posīdon — with the accent on the penult. Therefore, I wish you to alter the line, in which you will find the above-named word, thus —

"Till great Poseidon held his mighty breath,
The tribute of rare audience mutely giving," &c.

I was led to make this mistake by thinking of your pronunciation of the proper name, Archytas. If you are right in regard to Archytas, I am right in the way that I have pronounced Poseidon. I have altered the line, containing Orion, thus —

"Now like Orīon on some cloudless night," &c.

One thing is certain, I am right in regard to the pronunciation of the name of Plato's master in Astronomy, and the great philosopher of Tarentum, and you are wrong — as you said to me once.

There are many lines in Horne's Orion which are Catalectic, and some Hypercatalectic. Of the former, the following is one —

"Forceful Biastor — smooth Encolyon."

Encolyon is not pronounced En-col-ȳ-on.

The following line is Hypercatalectic :

"In language critical, final, stolid, astute."

Besides, it is totally destitute of rhythm. I have discovered no such thing as this in Tennyson's Poems. There is a fine finish — a more elaborate perfection in the Poems of Tennyson than in any Poet that ever lived. Every line is a study. Nevertheless Horne is a glorious genius, and I love him from the bottom of my heart. The "United States Journal" publishes a mean notice of the "*Star of Tycho Brache*," which you delivered in Boston. No man can be the friend of another who would give publicity to any such foul slander. If you will send it on to me, I will not call you "*simple-minded*," as you did me ; but will give it a handsome notice here in the South. The Hon. H. V. Johnson, in reviewing my book, has changed "*simple-minded*" into *sincere-minded*, as this compound appeared to him to correspond better with your foregoing remarks. You see that I have given you thunder in this letter, and I now wish you to answer it, and enlighten me upon every thing to which I have adverted. *Will you do so?* To be sure you will. *You are the most punctual correspondent living.* Remember the supernal "*Oneness*," and let the Devil take the "*Infernal Twoness.*"

Your sincere friend forever,

THOS. H. CHIVERS.

E. A. POE, Esqr.

Do not fail, *for God's sake*, to write me if you will continue the B. J. for a year, and I will send you $3.00 more for it from the same person. I will send the money you spoke of soon, $45.00.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

November 1, 1845.

MY DEAR GRISWOLD,—Thank you for the $25. And since you will allow me to draw upon you for the other

half of what I asked, if it shall be needed at the end of a month, I am just as grateful as if it were all in hand, — for my friends here have acted generously by me. Don't have any more doubts of my success. I am, by the way, preparing an article about you for the B. J., in which I do you justice — which is all *you* can ask of any one.

Ever truly yours,

Edgar A. Poe.

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection.]

Thursday Morning — 13th [Nov. 1845].
85 Amity St.

My Dear Mr Duyckinck, — For the first time during two months I find myself entirely myself — dreadfully sick and depressed, but still myself. I seem to have just awakened from some horrible dream, in which all was confusion, and suffering — relieved only by the constant sense of your kindness, and that of one or two other considerate friends. I really believe that I have been mad — but indeed I have had abundant reason to be so. I have made up my mind to a step which will preserve me, for the future, from at least the greater portion of the troubles which have beset me. In the meantime, I have need of the most active exertion to extricate myself from the embarrassments into which I have already fallen — and my object in writing you this note is, (once again) to beg your aid. Of course I need not say to you that my most urgent trouble is the want of ready money. I find that what I said to you about the prospects of the B. J. is strictly correct. The most trifling immediate relief would put it on an

excellent footing. All that I want is time in which to look about me; and I think that it is in your power to afford me this.

I have already drawn from Mr Wiley, first $30 — then 10 (from yourself) — then 50 (on account of the "Parnassus") — then 20 (when I went to Boston) — and finally 25 — in all 135. Mr Wiley owes me, for the Poems, 75, and admitting that 1500 of the Tales have been sold, and that I am to receive 8 cts a copy — the amount which you named, if I remember — admitting this, he will owe me $120. on them: — in all 195. Deducting what I have received there is a balance of 60 in my favor. If I understood you, a few days ago, Mr W. was to settle with me in February. Now, you will already have anticipated my request. It is that you would ask Mr W. to give me, to-day, in lieu of all farther claim, a certain sum whatever he may think advisable. So dreadfully am I pressed, that I would willingly take even the $60 actually due, (in lieu of all farther demand) than wait until February: — but I am sure that you will do the best for me that you can.

Please send your answer to 85 Amity St. and believe me — with the most sincere friendship and ardent gratitude

Yours

Edgar A. Poe.

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection.]

Thursday Morning [Nov. 13? 1845].

My Dear Mr. Duyckinck, — I am dreadfully unwell, and fear that I shall be very seriously ill. Some

matters of domestic affliction have also happened which deprive me of what little energy I have left — and I have resolved to give up the B. Journal and retire to the country for six months, or perhaps a year, as the sole means of recruiting my health and spirits. Is it not possible that yourself or Mr Mathews might give me a trifle for my interest in the paper? Or, if this cannot be effected, might I venture to ask you for an advance of $50 on the faith of the "American Parnassus"? — which I will finish as soon as possible. If you could oblige me in this manner I would feel myself under the deepest obligation. Will you be so kind as to reply by the bearer?

Most sincerely yours

EDGAR A. POE.

E. A. DUYCKINCK Esq.

POE TO GEORGE POE, JR.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

NEW YORK: NOV. 30, 45.

DEAR SIR, — Since the period when (no doubt for good reasons) you declined aiding me with the loan of $50, I have perseveringly struggled, against a thousand difficulties, and have succeeded, although not in making money, still in attaining a position in the world of Letters, of which, under the circumstances, I have no reason to be ashamed.

For these reasons — because I feel that I have exerted myself to the utmost — and because I believe that you will appreciate my efforts to elevate the family name — I now appeal to you once more for aid.

With this letter I send you a number of "The Broadway Journal" of which, hitherto, I have been merely editor and one third proprietor. I have lately purchased the whole paper — and, if I can retain it, it will be a fortune to me in a short time : — but I have exhausted all my resources in the purchase. In this emergency I have thought that you might not be indisposed to assist me. The loan of $200 would put me above all difficulty.

I refrain from saying any more — for I feel that if your heart is kindly disposed towards me, I have already.[1] . . .

KENNEDY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Dear Poe, — I was in Virginia when your letter came to Baltimore and did not return until very recently, which will account for my delay in acknowledging it. I take great pleasure in hearing of your success in your career, and am an attentive reader of what comes from your pen. You have acquired a very honorable reputation in letters, but nothing less than I predicted at the time of our first acquaintance. When in New York, a month ago, I called at your Broadway Journal establishment in the hope of meeting you, but was told you were just setting out for Providence, and as I received your card the same day I took it for granted you had left it only in the moment of your departure and I therefore made no further effort to see you. I trust you turn the Journal to a good account. It would have given me pleasure to assist you in this enterprise in the manner your letter suggested, but that I could not do. Good wishes are pretty nearly all the capital I have for such speculations. I hear of you very

[1] A break occurs here in the original. — Ed.

often, and although I perceive you have some enemies, it may gratify you to know that you have also a good array of friends. When it falls in your way to visit Baltimore both Mrs Kennedy and myself would be much pleased to receive you on our old terms of familiar acquaintance and regard.

Very truly

Yours

EDGAR A. POE, Esqr. J. P. KENNEDY.

BALT. Dec. 1, 1845.

COLLYER TO POE.

[Broadway Journal, 1845.]

BOSTON, December 16, 1845.

DEAR SIR, — Your account of M. Valdemar's case has been universally copied in this city, and has created a very great sensation. It requires from me no apology, in stating, that I have not the least doubt of the *possibility* of such a phenomenon; for I did actually restore to active animation a person who died from excessive drinking of ardent spirits. He was placed in his coffin ready for interment.

You are aware that death very often follows excessive excitement of the nervous system; this arising from the extreme prostration which follows; so that the vital powers have not sufficient energy to react.

I will give you the detailed account on your reply to this, which I require for publication, in order to put at rest the growing impression that your account is merely a *splendid creation* of your own brain, not having any truth in fact. My dear sir, I have battled the storm of public derision too long on the subject of Mesmerism, to be now found in the rear ranks — though I have not publicly lectured for more than two years, I have steadily made it a subject of deep investigation.

I sent the account to my friend Dr. Elliotson of London; also to *The Zoist* — to which journal I have regularly contributed.

Your early reply will oblige, which I will publish, with your consent, in connection with the case I have referred to.

Believe me yours, most respectfully,

ROBERT H. COLLYER.

CHAPTER IX.

January, 1846–January, 1847.

FORDHAM: ENGLISH–POE CONTROVERSY; MRS. MARIE LOUISE SHEW; DEATH OF VIRGINIA POE.

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection.]

Jan 8. 46.

Dear Mr. Duyckinck, — For "particular reasons" I am anxious to have another volume of my Tales published before the 1st of March. Do you not think it possible to accomplish it for me? Would not Mr Wiley give me, say $50, in full for the copyright of the collection I now send? It is a far better one than the first — containing, for instance, "Ligeia," which is undoubtedly the best story I have written — besides "Scheherazade," "The Spectacles," "Tarr and Fether," etc.

May I beg of you to give me an early answer, by note, addressed 85 Amity St?

Truly yours

Edgar A. Poe.

E. A. Duyckinck Esq.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold's Memoir.]

[Undated, 1846 ?]

There is one particular in which I have had wrong done me, and it may not be indecorous in me to call your attention to it. The last selection of my tales was made from about seventy by one of our great little cliquists and claqueurs, Wiley and Putnam's reader, Duyckinck. He has what he thinks a taste for ratiocination, and has accordingly made up the book mostly of analytic stories. But this is not *representing* my mind in its various phases — it is not giving me fair play. In writing these tales one by one, at long intervals, I have kept the book unity always in mind — that is, each has been composed with reference to its effect as part of *a whole*. In this view, one of my chief aims has been the widest diversity of subject, thought, and especially *tone* and manner of handling. Were *all* my tales now before me in a large volume, and as the composition of another, the merit which would principally arrest my attention would be their wide *diversity and variety*. You will be surprised to hear me say that, (omitting one or two of my first efforts,) I do not consider any one of my stories *better* than another. There is a vast variety of kinds, and, in degree of value, the kinds vary — but each tale is equally good *of its kind*. The loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination —and for this reason only "Ligeia" may be called my best tale.

MISS BARRETT TO POE.

[Century Magazine.]

5 Wimpole St., April, 1846.

Dear Sir, — Receiving a book from you seems to authorize or at least encourage me to try to express what I have felt long before — my sense of the high honor you have done me in [illegible] your country and of mine, of the dedication of your poems. It is too great a distinction, conferred by a hand of too liberal generosity. I wish for my own sake I were worthy of it. But I may endeavour, by future work, to justify a little what I cannot deserve anywise, now. For it, meanwhile, I may be grateful — because gratitude is the virtue of the humblest.

After which imperfect acknowledgment of my personal obligation may I thank you as another reader would thank you for this vivid writing, this power which is felt! Your "Raven" has produced a sensation, a "fit horror," here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted by the "Nevermore," and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a "bust of Pallas" never can bear to look at it in the twilight. I think you will like to be told our great poet, Mr. Browning, the author of "Paracelsus," and the "Bells and Pomegranates," was struck much by the rhythm of that poem.

Then there is a tale of yours ("The Case of M. Valdemar") which I do not find in this volume, but which is going the round of the newspapers, about mesmerism, throwing us all into "most admired disorder," and dreadful doubts as to whether "it can be true," as the children say of ghost stories. The certain thing in the tale in question is the power of the writer, and the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar.

And now will you permit me, dear Mr. Poe, as one who though a stranger is grateful to you, and has the right of esteeming you though unseen by your eyes — will you permit me to remain

Very truly yours always,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.

POE TO ——.

[Ingram.]

NEW YORK, April 16, '46.

MY DEAR SIR, — You seem to take matters very easily, and I really wonder at your patience under the circumstances. But the truth is, I am in no degree to blame. Your letters, one and all, reached me in due course of mail, and I attended to them *as far as I could*. The business, in fact, was none of mine, but of the person to whom I transferred the Journal, and in whose hands it perished.

Of course, I feel no less in honour bound to refund you your money, and now do so, with many thanks for your promptness and courtesy.

Very cordially yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection.]

April 28 [1846].

DEAR DUYCKINCK, — Mrs C. tells me that you had some conversation with her about Keese and myself — and I have thought it best to enclose you my letter to him. May I ask of you the favor to look it over and seal it and send it to him? — unless you have

anything to suggest — in which case please do not send it until you can communicate with me.

I enclose, also, a letter from the Lit. Societies of the Vermont University. My object is to ask you to get inserted, editorially, in the "Morning News," or some other paper, a paragraph to this effect: — or something similar.

Edgar A. Poe. — By a concurrent vote of the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, Mr. Poe has been elected Poet for their ensuing Anniversary in August next — but we are sorry to hear that continued ill health, with a pressure of engagements, will force him to decline the office.

Please preserve the letter of the Societies.

It strikes me that, some time ago, Wiley & Putnam advertised for autographs of distinguished Amer. statesmen. Is it so? I have well-preserved letters from John Randolph, Chief Justice Marshall, Madison, Adams, Wirt, Duane, E. Everett, Clay, Cass, Calhoun and some others — and I would exchange them for books.

Truly yours

E. A. Poe.

Can either you or Mathews furnish me with autographs of any of the following persons? Cheever — Cary — Cranch — Francis — Mrs Stephens — Clark — Verplanck — Aldrich — Maroncelli — Wetmore — Fay — Greeley — Godwin — I. Willis — Maturin — Deming — Mrs Smith — Raymond — Headley — Brownlee — Kent — Ward — Tellkampf — S. Smith — Mrs Child — G. Spring — Jno. Stephens — Cooley — Mancur — King — T. Irving — Inman — Jones — Tuckerman — Mrs Godwin — Gallatin

— Harring — I. Sargent — Prof. Robinson — Channing — Lewis — Schoolcraft — Dewey — Brisbane — Tasistro.

[Endorsed "April 18, 1846."]

POE TO MRS. POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

June 12, 1846.

My dear Heart — my dear Virginia, — Our mother will explain to you why I stay away from you this night. I trust the interview I am promised will result in some *substantial good* for me — for your dear sake and hers — keep up your heart in all hopefulness, and trust yet a little longer. On my last great disappointment I should have lost my courage *but for you* — my little darling wife. You are my *greatest* and *only* stimulus now, to battle with this uncongenial, unsatisfactory, and ungrateful life.

I shall be with you to-morrow . . . P. M., and be assured until I see you I will keep in *loving remembrance* your *last words*, and your fervent prayer!

Sleep well, and may God grant you a peaceful summer with your devoted Edgar.[1]

HAWTHORNE TO POE.

[Century Magazine.]

Salem, June 17, 1846.

My Dear Sir, — I presume the publishers will have sent you a copy of "Mosses from an Old Manse" —

[1] This is the only known letter addressed by Poe to his wife. — Ed.

the latest (and probably the last) collection of my tales and sketches. I have read your occasional notices of my productions with great interest — not so much because your judgment was, upon the whole, favorable, as because it seemed to be given in earnest. I care for nothing but the truth; and shall always much more readily accept a harsh truth, in regard to my writings, than a sugared falsehood.

I confess, however, that I admire you rather as a writer of tales than as a critic upon them, I might often — and often do — dissent from your opinions in the latter capacity, but could never fail to recognize your force and originality in the former.

Yours very truly,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

THE POE–ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

A MOST interesting though painful chapter is opened in Poe's life by the following correspondence between the poet and Thomas Dunn English, one of "The Literati" whom Poe had criticised in the famous Godey's Lady's Book series, May–October, 1846.[1] It is here reproduced in its entirety for the first time since its appearance in the New York "Mirror" for June 23 and July 13, 1846, and the Philadelphia "Spirit of the Times," July 10, 1846.

English brought criminal charges of obtaining money under false pretences and of forgery against Poe. The case was tried in a court of justice, and the suit was decided by a verdict of $225 in Poe's favor, with costs, the whole amounting to the sum of $492.[2]

1 See Vol. XV. p. 64, "Virginia Edition" of Poe's Works.
2 See Vol. I. p. 252.

[From the N. Y. Mirror, June 23, 1846.]

THE WAR OF THE LITERATI. — We publish the following terrific rejoinder of one of Mr. Poe's abused *Literati*, with a twinge of pity for the object of its severity. But as Mr. Godey, "for a consideration," lends the use of his battery for an attack on the one side, it is but fair that we allow our friends an opportunity to exercise a little "self-defence" on the other.

A Card.

MR. ENGLISH'S REPLY TO MR. POE.

As I have not, of late, replied to attacks made upon me through the public press, I can easily afford to make an exception, and still keep my rule a general one. A Mr. Edgar A. Poe has been engaged for some time past in giving to the public, through the medium of the *Lady's Book*, sketches of what he facetiously calls the "Literati of New York City." These he names by way of distinction, I presume, from his ordinary writings, "*honest* opinions." He honors me by including me in the very numerous and remarkably august body he affects to describe. Others have converted the paper on which his sketches are printed to its legitimate use — like to like — but as he seems to covet a notice from me, he shall be gratified.

Mr. Poe states in his article, "I do not personally know Mr. English." That he does not know me is not a matter of wonder. The severe treatment he received at my hands for brutal and dastardly conduct, rendered it necessary for him, if possible, to forget my existence. Unfortunately, I know him ; and by the blessing of God, and the assistance of a grey-goose quill, my design is to make the public know him also.

I know Mr. Poe by a succession of his acts — one of which is rather costly. I hold Mr. Poe's acknowledg-

ment for a sum of money which he obtained of me under false pretences. As I stand in need of it at this time, I am content he should forget to know me, provided he acquits himself of the money he owes me. I ask no interest, in lieu of which I am willing to credit him with the sound cuffing I gave him when I last saw him.

Another act of his gave me some knowledge of him. A merchant of this city had accused him of committing forgery. He consulted me on the mode of punishing his accuser, and as he was afraid to challenge him to the field, or chastise him personally, I suggested a legal prosecution as his sole remedy. At his request, I obtained a counsellor who was willing, as a compliment to me, to conduct his suit without the customary retaining fee. But, though so eager at first to commence proceedings, he dropped the matter altogether, when the time came for him to act — thus virtually admitting the truth of the charge.

Some time before this, if I mistake not, Mr. Poe accepted an invitation to deliver a poem before a society of the New York University. About a week before the time when this poem was to be pronounced, he called on me, appearing to be much troubled — said he could not write the poem, and begged me to help him out with some idea of the course to pursue. I suggested that he had better write a note to the society, and frankly state his inability to compose a poem on a stated subject. He did not do this, but — as he always does when troubled — drank until intoxicated; and remained in a state of intoxication during the week. When the night of exhibition came, it was gravely announced that Mr. Poe could not deliver his poem, on account of severe indisposition!

His next affair of a similar kind, was still more discreditable. Unmindful of his former act, he accepted an invitation to deliver a poem before a Boston institution — the Lyceum, I think. When I remonstrated with him on undertaking a task he could not perform, he alleged that he was in want of the money they would pay him,

and would contrive to "cook up something." Want of ability prevented him from performing his intention, and he insulted his audience, and rendered himself a laughing-stock, by reciting a mass of ridiculous stuff, written by some one, and printed under his name when he was about 18 years of age. It had a peculiar effect on his audience, who dispersed under its infliction; and when he was rebuked for his fraud, he asserted that he had intended a hoax. Whether he did or not is little matter, when we reflect that he took the money offered for his performance — thus committing an act unworthy of a gentleman, though in strict keeping with Mr. Poe's previous acts.

But a series of events occurred in January last, which, while they led to my complete knowledge of Mr. Poe, has excited his wrath against me, and provoked the exhibition of impotent malice now under my notice.

Mr. Poe having been guilty of some most ungentlemanly conduct, while in a state of intoxication, I was obliged to treat him with discourtesy. Sometime after this, he came to my chambers, in my absence, in search of me. He found there a nephew of one of our ex-presidents. To that gentleman he stated, that he desired to see me in order to apologize to me for his conduct. I entered shortly after, when he tendered me an apology and his hand. The former I accepted, the latter I refused. He told me that he came to beg my pardon, because he wished me to do him a favor. Amused at this novel reason for an apology, I replied that I would do the favor, with pleasure, if possible, but not on the score of friendship. He said that though his friendship was of little service his enmity might be dangerous. To this I rejoined that I shunned his friendship and despised his enmity. He beseeched a private conversation, so abjectly, that, finally, moved by his humble entreaty, I accorded it. Then he told me that he had vilified a certain well known and esteemed authoress, of the South, then on a visit to New York; that he had accused her

of having written letters to him which compromised her reputation; and that her brother (her husband being absent) had threatened his life unless he produced the letters he named. He begged me for God's sake to stand his friend, as he expected to be challenged. I refused, because I was not willing to mix myself in his affairs, and because having once before done so, I had found him at the critical moment, to be an abject poltroon. These reasons I told him. He then begged the loan of a pistol to defend himself against attack. This request I refused, saying that his surest defence was a retraction of unfounded charges. He, at last, grew exasperated, and using offensive language, was expelled from the room. In a day or so, afterwards, being confined to his bed from the effect of fright and the blows he had received from me, he sent a letter to the brother of the lady he had so vilely slandered, denying all recollection of having made any charges of the kind alleged, and stating that, if he had made them, he was laboring under a fit of insanity to which he was periodically subject. The physician who bore it said that Mr. Poe was then suffering under great fear, and the consequences might be serious to the mind of his patient, if the injured party did not declare himself satisfied. — The letter being a full retraction of the falsehood, he, to whom it was addressed, stopped further proceedings, and the next day Mr. Poe hastily fled from town.

I can, if necessary, give some facts connected with the last mentioned circumstances, which show Mr. Poe's conduct in a still baser view. And I can detail the history of my assailant's deeds in Philadelphia and New York. I have not room here, but, if Mr. Poe desires it, he can be accommodated at any future time.

I am not alone in my knowledge of Mr. Poe. The kennels of Philadelphia streets, from which I once kindly raised him, have frequently had the pleasure of his acquaintance; the "Tombs," of New York, has probably a dim remembrance of his person; and if certain very

eminent and able authors and publishers, in this city, do not know him as I do, I am much mistaken — and so are they.

His review of my style and manner is only amusing when contrasted with his former laudation, almost to sycophancy, of my works. Whether he lied then or now, is a matter of little moment. His lamentation over my lack of a common English education is heart-rending to hear. I will acknowledge my deficiencies with pleasure. It is a great pity he is not equally candid. He professes to know every language and to be a proficient in every art and science under the sun — when, except that half Choctaw, half Winebago he habitually uses, and the art and science of "Jeremy-Diddling," he is ignorant of all. If he really understands the English language, the sooner he translates his notices of the New York literati into it, the better for his readers.

Mr. Poe has announced his determination to hunt me down. I am very much obliged to him, and really wish he would hurry to begin. That he has a fifty fish-woman-power of Billingsgate, I admit; and that he has issued his bull, from his garret of a Vatican, up some six pair of stairs, excommunicating me from the church literary, is evident. But he overrates his own powers. He really does not possess one tithe of that greatness which he seems to regard as an uncomfortable burthen. He mistakes coarse abuse for polished invective, and vulgar insinuation for sly satire. He is not alone thoroughly unprincipled, base and depraved, but silly, vain and ignorant — not alone an assassin in morals, but a quack in literature. His frequent quotations from languages of which he is entirely ignorant, and his consequent blunders expose him to ridicule; while his cool plagiarisms from known or forgotten writers, excite the public amazement. He is a complete evidence of his own assertion, that "no spectacle can be more pitiable than that of a man without the commonest school education, busying himself in attempts to instruct mankind on topics of polite literature."

If he deserves credit for any thing, it is for his frankness in acknowledging a fact which his writings so triumphantly demonstrate.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

MR. POE'S REPLY TO MR. ENGLISH AND OTHERS.

[*Communicated.*]

"J. STEPHENSON DUSOLLE, EDITOR."

(Phila.) Spirit of the Times, July 10, 1846.

NEW YORK, June 27.

TO THE PUBLIC.—A long and serious illness of such character as to render quiet and perfect seclusion in the country of vital importance, has hitherto prevented me from seeing an article headed "The War of the Literati," signed "Thomas Dunn English," and published in "The New York Mirror" of June 23d. This article I might, and should indeed, *never* have seen but for the kindness of Mr. Godey, editor of "The Lady's Book," who enclosed it to me with a suggestion that certain portions of it might be thought on my part to demand a reply.

I had some difficulty in comprehending what *that was*, said or written by Mr. English, that could be deemed answerable by any human being; but I had not taken into consideration that I had been, for many months, absent and dangerously ill—that I had no longer a journal in which to defend myself—that these facts were well known to Mr. English—that he is a blackguard of the lowest order—that it would be a silly truism, if not unpardonable flattery, to term him

either a coward or a liar — and, lastly, that the magnitude of a slander is usually in the direct ratio of the littleness of the slanderer, but, above all things, of the impunity with which he fancies it may be uttered.

Of the series of papers which have called down upon me, while supposed defenceless, the animadversions of the pensive Fuller, the cultivated Clark, the "indignant Briggs," and the animalcula with moustaches for antennæ that is in the capital habit of signing itself in full, "Thomas Dunn English" — of this series of papers all have been long since written, and *three* have been already given to the public. The circulation of the Magazine in which they appear cannot be much less than 50,000; and, admitting but 4 readers to each copy (while 6 would more nearly approach the truth) I may congratulate myself on such an audience as has not often been known in any similar case — a monthly audience of *at least* 200,000, from among the most refined and intellectual classes of American society. Of course, it will be difficult on the part of "The Mirror" (I am not sure whether 500 or 600 be the precise number of copies it *now* circulates) — difficult, I say, to convince the 200,000 ladies and gentlemen in question that, individually and collectively, they are blockheads — that they do not rightly comprehend the unpretending words which I have addressed to them in this series — and that, as for myself, I have no other design in the world than misrepresentation, scurrility, and the indulgence of personal spleen. What has been printed is before my readers; what I have written besides, is in the hands of Mr. Godey, and shall remain unaltered. The word "Personality," used in the heading of the series, has of course led astray the quartette of dunderheads who have talked and

scribbled themselves into convulsions about this matter — but no one else, I presume, has distorted the legitimate meaning of my expression into that of private *scandal* or personal *offence*. In sketching individuals, every candid reader will admit that, while my general aim has been accuracy, I have yielded to delicacy even a little too much of verisimilitude. Indeed, on this score should I not have credit for running my pen through certain sentences referring, for example, to the brandy-nose of Mr. Briggs (since Mr. Briggs is only one third described when this nose is omitted) and to the family resemblance between the whole visage of Mr. English and that of the best-looking but most unprincipled of Mr. Barnum's baboons?

It will not be supposed, from anything here said, that I myself attach any importance to this series of papers. The public, however, is the best judge of its own taste; and that the spasms of one or two enemies have given the articles a notoriety far surpassing their merit or my expectation — is, possibly, no fault of mine. In a preface their very narrow scope is defined. They are loosely and inconsiderately written — aiming at nothing beyond the gossip of criticism — unless, indeed, at the relief of those "*necessities*" which I have never blushed to admit and which the editor of "The Mirror" — the quondam associate of gentlemen — has, in the same manner, never blushed publicly to insult and to record.

But let me return to Mr. English's attack — and, in so returning, let me not permit any profundity of disgust to induce, even for an instant, a violation of the dignity of truth. What is *not false*, amid the scurrility of this man's statements, it is not in my nature to brand as false, although oozing from the filthy lips of which

a lie is the only natural language. The errors and frailties which I deplore, it cannot at least be asserted that I have been the coward to deny. Never, even, have I made attempt at *extenuating* a weakness which is (or, by the blessing of God, *was*) a calamity, although those who did not know me intimately had little reason to regard it otherwise than as a crime. For, indeed, had my pride, or that of my family permitted, there was much — very much — there was everything — to be offered in extenuation. Perhaps, even, there was an epoch at which it might not have been wrong in me to hint — what by the testimony of Dr. Francis and other medical men I might have demonstrated, had the public, indeed, cared for the demonstration — that the irregularities so profoundly lamented were the *effect* of a terrible evil rather than its cause. — And now let me thank God that in redemption from the physical ill I have forever got rid of the moral.

It is not, then, my purpose to deny any part of the conversation represented to have been held *privately* between this person and myself. I scorn the denial of *any* portion of it, because *every* portion of it *may* be true, by a very desperate possibility, although uttered by an English. I pretend to no remembrance of anything which occurred — with the exception of having wearied and degraded myself, to little purpose, in bestowing upon Mr. E. the "fisticuffing" of which he speaks, and of being dragged from his prostrate and rascally carcase by Professor Thomas Wyatt, who, perhaps with good reason, had his fears for the vagabond's life. The *details* of the "conversation," as asserted, I shall not busy myself in attempting to understand. The "celebrated authoress" is a mystery. With the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Stephens, Mrs.

Welby, and Miss Gould — three ladies whose acquaintance I yet hope to have the honor of making — there is *no* celebrated authoress in America with whom I am not on terms of perfect amity at least, if not of cordial and personal friendship. That I "offered" Mr. English "my hand" is by no means impossible. I have been too often and too justly blamed by those who have a right to impose bounds upon my intimacies, for the weakness of "offering my hand," without thought of consequence, to any one whom I see *very* generally reviled, hated, and despised.

Through this mad quixotism arose my first acquaintance with Mr. English, who introduced himself to me in Philadelphia — where, for one or two years, I remained under the impression that his real name was Thomas *Done Brown*.

I shall not think it necessary to maintain that I am *no* "coward." On a point such as this a man should speak only through the acts, moral and physical, of his whole private life and his whole public career. But it is a matter of common observation that your *real* coward never fails to make it a primary point to accuse all his enemies of cowardice. A poltroon charges his foe, by instinct, with precisely that vice or meanness which the pricking of his (the poltroon's) conscience, assures him would furnish the most probable and therefore the most terrible ground of.[1] . . .

Now, the origin of the nickname, "Thomas Done Brown," is, in Philadelphia, quite as thoroughly un-

[1] Illegible.

derstood as Mr. English could desire. With even the inconceivable amount of brass in his possession, I doubt if he *could*, in that city, pronounce aloud that simple word, "coward," if his most saintly soul depended upon the issue.

> "Some have beaten till they know
> What wood a cudgel's of, by the blow —
> Some kicked until they could tell whether
> A shoe were Spanish or neat's leather."

These lines in "Hudibras" have reference to the case of Mr. English. His primary thrashing, of any note, was bestowed upon him, I believe, by Mr. John S. DuSolle, the editor of "The Spirit of the Times," who could not very well get over acting with this indecorum on account of Mr. E.'s amiable weakness — a propensity for violating the privacy of a publisher's MSS. I have not heard that there was any resentment on the part of Mr. English. It is said, on the contrary, that he shed abundant tears, and took the whole thing, in its proper light — as a sort of favor. His second chastisement I cannot call to mind in all its particulars. His third I was reduced to giving him myself, for indecorous conduct at my house. His fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, followed in so confused a manner and in so rapid a succession that I have been unable to keep an account of them; they have always affected me as a difficult problem in mathematics. His eleventh was tendered him by the Hon. Sandy Harris, who (also for an insult to ladies at a private house) gave him such a glimpse of a Bowie knife as saved the trouble of a kick — having even more vigorous power of propulsion. For his twelfth lesson in this course, I have always heard him express his gratitude to Mr. Henry

B. Hirst. Mr. English *could* not help stealing Mr. Hirst's poetry. For this reason Mr. Hirst (who gets out of temper for trifles) threw, first, a pack of cards in Mr. English's face; then knocked that poet down; then pummeled him for not more than twenty minutes; (in Mr. E.'s case it cannot be *well* done under twenty-five, on account of callosity — the result of too frequent friction on the parts pummeled); then picked him up, set him down, and wrote him a challenge, to come off on the following morning. Of course, this challenge Mr. English *accepted;* — the fact is he *accepts* everything, from a kick to a piece of gingerbread — the smallest favors thankfully received. At the hour appointed Mr. Hirst was on the ground. In regard to Mr. English's whereabouts on the occasion I never could put my hand upon a record that was at all precise. It must be said, however, in his defence, that there is not a better shot in all America than Mr. Hirst. With a pistol, at fifty yards, I once saw him hit a *chicken* in full flight. Mr. English *may* have witnessed this identical exploit — if so, as a "bird of a feather" he was excusable in staying at home. My own opinion, nevertheless, is, that he would have been at the rendezvous without fail, if his breakfast could have been got ready for him in time.

I do not think that Mr. English was ever afterwards flogged, or even challenged, in Philadelphia — but I cannot hope that he would ever "take me by the hand" again, were I to omit mention of that last and most important *escapade* which induced him at length to desert, in disgust, the city of his immense forefathers.

There are, no doubt, one or two persons who have heard of one Henry A. Wise. At all events *Mr.*

English had heard of him, and he resolved that nobody else should *ever* hear of him — this Mr. Wise — or even *think* of him, again. That Mr. Wise had never heard of Mr. English (probably on account of his being always called Mr. Brown) was no concern of Mr. English's. He wrote an "article" — I *saw* it. He put "the magic of his name" — his three names — at the bottom of it. He printed it. He handed it for inspection to all the inhabitants of Philadelphia. He then buttoned up his coat — took under the tails of it seven revolvers — and despatched the article, duly addressed, with his compliments, to "the Hon. Henry A. Wise," who then resided at the house of the President.

Now, I never could understand precisely how or why it was that the Hon. Henry A. Wise did not repair forthwith from Washington to Philadelphia, with a company of the U. S. Artillery — the loan of which his interest could have obtained of Mr. Tyler — why he did not come, I say, to Philadelphia, engage Mr. English, take him captive, cut off his goatee, put him on a high stool, and insist upon his reading (upside down) the whole of that "Sonnet to Azthene" in which the poet sings about his "dreams" that "seems" and other English peculiarities. The punishment would have been scarcely more than adequate to the offence. The Philippic written by Mr. E. was, in fact, *very* severe. It called Mr. Wise "a poltroon" — an "ass," if I remember — and "a dirty despicable vagabond" — of that I feel particularly sure. There occurs then, of course, a question in metaphysics — "*why* did not the Hon. Henry A. Wise repair to Philadelphia and take Mr. Thomas Dunn Brown by the nose? Perhaps the legislator had a horror of

moustaches. But then neither did he write. Not even *one word did he say* — absolutely *not one* — *nothing!* Mr. Brown's distress was, not altogether that he could not get himself kicked, but that he could not get any kind of a reason for the omission of the kicking.

This affair is to be classed among the "Historical Doubts" — among the insoluble problems of History. However — Mr. Wise felt himself everlastingly ruined, and soon after, as Minister to France, went, a broken-hearted man, into exile.

Mr. Brown abandoned the city of his birth. He has never been the same person since — that is to say he has been a person beside himself. He finds it impossible to recover from a chronic attack of astonishment. When he dies, the coroner's verdict will be "*Taken* by Surprise." This matter will account for Mr. English's inveterate habit of rolling up the whites of his eyes.

About the one or two other *unimportant* points in this gentleman's attack upon myself, there is, I believe, very little to be said. He asserts that I have complimented his literary performances. The sin of having, at one time, attempted to patronize him, is, I fear, justly to be laid to my charge; — but his goatee was so continual a source of admiration to me that I found it impossible ever to write a serious line in his behalf. And then the Imp of Mischief whispered in my ear, telling me how great a charity it would be to the public, if I would only put the pen into Mr. English's own hand, and permit him to kill himself off by self-praise. I listened to this whisper — and the public should have seen the zeal with which the poet labored in the good cause. If in this public's estimation Mr. English did not become at once Phœbus Apollo, at

least it was no fault of Mr. English's. I solemnly say that in no paper of mine did there ever appear one word about this gentleman — unless of the broadest and most unmistakable irony — that was not printed from the MS. of the gentleman himself. The last number of "The Broadway Journal" (the work having been turned over by me to another publisher) was edited by Mr. English. The editorial portion was wholly his, and was one interminable Pæan of his own praises. The truth of all this — if any one is weak enough to care a penny about *who* praises or who damns Mr. English — will no doubt be corroborated by Mr. Jennings, the printer.

I am charged, too, unspecifically, with being a plagiarist on a very extensive scale. He who accuses another of what all the world knows to be *especially* false, is merely rendering the accused a service by calling attention to the *converse* of the fact, and should never be helped out of his ridiculous position by any denial on the part of his enemy. We want a Magazine paper on "The Philosophy of Billingsgate." But I am really ashamed of indulging even in a sneer at this poor miserable fool, on any mere topic of literature alone.

He says, too, that I "seem determined to hunt him down." He said the *very same thing* to Mr. Wise, who had not the most remote conception that any such individual had ever been born of woman. "Hunt him down!" Is it possible that I shall ever forget the paroxysm of laughter which the phrase occasioned me when I first saw it in Mr. English's MS.? "Hunt him down!" What idea *can* the man attach to the term "*down?*" Does he really conceive that there exists a deeper depth of either moral or physical

degradation than that of the hog-puddles in which he has wallowed from his infancy? "Hunt him down!" By Heaven! I should in the first place, be under the stern necessity of hunting him *up* — up from among the dock-loafers and wharf-rats, his cronies. Besides, "hunt" is not precisely the word. "Catch" would do better. We say "hunting a buffalo" — "hunting a lion," and, in a dearth of words, we might even go so far as to say "hunting a pig" — but we say "catching a frog" — "catching a weasel" — "catching an English" — and "catching a flea."

As a matter of course I should have been satisfied to follow the good example of Mr. Wise, when insulted by Mr. English, (if this indeed be the person's name) had there been nothing more serious in the blather-skite's attack than the particulars to which I have hitherto alluded. The two passages which follow, however, are to be found in the article referred to:

"I hold Mr. Poe's acknowledgments for a sum of money which he obtained from me under false pretenses."

And again:

"A merchant of this city had accused him of committing forgery, and as he was afraid to challenge him to the field, or chastise him personally, I suggested a legal prosecution as his sole remedy. At his request I obtained a counsellor who was willing, as a compliment to me, to conduct his suit without the customary retaining fee. But though so eager at first to commence proceedings, he dropped the matter altogether when the time came for him to act — thus virtually admitting the truth of the charge."

It will be admitted by the most patient that these accusations are of such character as to justify me in re-

butting them in the most public manner possible, even when they are found to be urged by a Thomas Dunn English. The charges are criminal, and with the aid of "The Mirror" I can have them investigated before a criminal tribunal. In the meantime I must not lie under these imputations a moment longer than necessary. To the first charge I reply, then, simply that Mr. English is indebted *to me* in what (to me) is a considerable sum — that I owe him nothing — that in the assertion that he holds my acknowledgment for a sum of money under *any* pretence obtained, he lies — and that I defy him to produce such acknowledgment.

In regard to the second charge I must necessarily be a little more explicit. "The merchant of New York" alluded to, is a gentleman of high respectability — *Mr. Edward J. Thomas*, of Broad Street. I have now the honor of his acquaintance, but some time previous to this acquaintance, he had remarked to a common friend that he had heard whispered against me an accusation of forgery. The friend, as in duty bound, reported this matter to me. I called at once on Mr. Thomas, who gave me no very thorough explanation, but promised to make inquiry, and confer with me hereafter. Not hearing from him in what I thought due time, however, I sent him (unfortunately by Mr. English, who was always in my office for the purpose of doing himself honor in running my errands) a note, of which the following is a copy:

OFFICE OF THE BROADWAY JOURNAL, etc.

EDWARD J. THOMAS, Esq.

SIR, — As I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you since our interview at your office, may I ask of you to state to me distinctly, whether I am to con-

sider the charge of *forgery* urged by you against myself, in the presence of a common friend, as originating with yourself or Mr. Benjamin?

Your ob. Serv't.,
(Signed) EDGAR A. POE.

The reply brought me was verbal and somewhat vague. As usual, my messenger had played the bully, and, as *very* usual, had been treated with contempt. The idea of *challenging* a man for a charge of *forgery* could only have entered the head of an owl or an English: — of course I had no resource but in a suit, which one of Mr. E's friends offered to conduct for me. I left town to procure evidence, and on my return found at my house a letter from Mr. Thomas. It ran thus:

NEW YORK, July 5, 1845.

E. A. POE, Esq., New York.

DEAR SIR, — I had hoped ere this to have seen you, but as you have not called, and as I may soon be out of the city, I desire to say to you that, after repeated effort, I saw the person on Friday evening last, from whom the report originated to which you referred in your call at my office. (The contemptuous silence in respect to the communication sent *through Mr. E.* will be observed.) He denies it *in toto* — says he does *not know it* and never said so — and it undoubtedly arose from the misunderstanding of some word used. It gives me pleasure thus to trace it, and still more to find it destitute of foundation in truth, as I thought would be the case. I have told Mr. Benjamin the result of my inquiries, and shall do so to —— (the lady referred to as the common friend) by a very early opportunity — the only two persons who know anything of the matter, as far as I know.

I am, Sir, very truly
Your friend and obed't. st.
(Signed) EDWARD J. THOMAS.

Now, as this note was most satisfactory and most kind — as I neither wished nor could have accepted Mr. Thomas' money — as the motives which had actuated him did not seem to me malevolent — as I had heard him spoken of in the most flattering manner by one whom, above all others, I most profoundly respect and esteem — it does really appear to me hard to comprehend how even so malignant a villain as this English could have wished me to proceed with the suit.

In the presence of witnesses I handed him the letter, and without meaning anything in especial, requested his opinion. In lieu of it he gave me his advice: — *it was that I should deny having received such a letter and urge the prosecution to extremity.* I promptly ordered him to quit the house. In his capacity of hound, he obeyed.

These are the facts which, in a court of justice, I propose to demonstrate — and, having demonstrated them, shall I not have a right to demand of a generous public that it brand with eternal infamy that wretch, who, with a full knowledge of my exculpation from so heinous a charge, has not been ashamed to take advantage of my supposed inability to defend myself, for the purpose of stigmatising me as a felon!

And of the gentleman who (also with a thorough knowledge of the facts, as I can and will show) prostituted his filthy sheet to the circulation of this calumny — of *him* what is it necessary to say? At present — nothing. He heads Mr. English's article with a profession of *pity* for myself. Ah yes, indeed! — Mr. Fuller *is* a *pitiful* man. Much is he to be pitied for his countenance (that of a fat sheep in a reverie) — for his *Providential* escapes — for the unwavering conjugal chivalry which, in a public theatre

— but I pause. Not even in taking vengeance on a Fuller can I stoop to become a Fuller myself.

The fact is, it is difficult to be angry with this man. Let his self-complacency be observed! How absolute an unconsciousness of that proverbial mental imbecility which serves to keep all the little world in which he moves, in one sempiternal sneer or giggle!

Mr. Fuller has fine eyes — but he should put them to use. He should turn them inwardly. — He should contemplate in solemn meditation, that vast arena within his sinciput which it has pleased Heaven to fill with hasty pudding by way of brains. He needs, indeed, *self*-study, *self*-examination — and for this end, he will not think me officious if I recommend to his perusal Heinsius' admirable treatise "*On the Ass.*"

EDGAR A. POE.

A Card,

IN REPLY TO MR. POE'S REJOINDER.

[From "N. Y. Mirror," July 13, 1846.]

Mr. Edgar A. Poe is not satisfied, it would seem. In the "Times," a Philadelphia journal of considerable circulation, there appears a communication headed, — "Mr. Poe's reply to Mr. English and others." As it is dated "27th of June," and the newspaper containing it is dated 10th of July; and as it appears in another city than this, — it is to be inferred that Mr. Poe had some difficulty in obtaining a respectable journal to give currency to his scurrilous article. The following words and phrases, taken at random from the production, will give the public some idea of its style and temper:

"Blackguard," "coward," "liar," "animalcula with moustache for *antennæ*," "block-heads," "quartette of dunderheads," "*brandy-nose*," "best-looking,

but most unprincipled of Mr. Barnum's *baboons*," "filthy lips," "rascally carcase," "inconceivable amount of *brass*," "poor miserable *fool*," "*hog-puddles* in which he has wallowed from infancy," "*by Heaven!*" "dock-loafers and wharf-rats, his cronies," "the *blatherskite's* attack," "hound," "malignant a villain," "wretch," "filthy sheet," "hasty pudding by way of brains."

To such vulgar stuff as this, which is liberally distributed through three columns of what would be, otherwise, tame and spiritless, it is unnecessary to reply. It neither suits my inclination, nor habits, to use language, of which the words I quote make up the wit and ornament. I leave that to Mr. Poe and the ancient and honorable community of fish-venders.

Actuated by the desire for the public good, I charged Mr. Poe with the commission of certain misdemeanors, which prove him to be profligate in habits and depraved in mind. The most serious of these he admits by silence — the remainder he attempts to palliate; and winds up his tedious disquisition by a threat to resort to a legal prosecution. This is my full desire. Let him institute a suit, if he dare, and I pledge myself to make my charges good by the most ample and satisfactory evidence.

To the charlatanry of Mr. Poe's reply; his play upon my name; his proclamation of recent reform when it is not a week since he was intoxicated in the streets of New York; his attempt to prove me devoid of literary attainments; his sneers at my lack of personal beauty; his ridiculous invention of quarrels between me and others, that never took place; his charges of plagiarism, unsupported by example; his absurd story of a challenge accepted and avoided; his attempt to excuse his drunkenness and meanness on the ground of insanity; in short, to the froth, fustian, and vulgarity of his three-column article, I have no reply to make. My character for honor and physical courage needs no defence from even the occasional slanderer — although, if the gentlemen whose names he mentions, will endorse his charges, I shall

then reply to them — much less does it require a shield from one whose habit of uttering falsehoods is so inveterate, that he utters them to his own hurt, rather than not utter them at all; with whom drunkenness is the practice and sobriety the exception; and who, from the constant commission of acts of meanness and depravity, is incapable of appreciating the feelings which animate the man of honor.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection.]

MONDAY, 29 [June, 1846].

MY DEAR MR. DUYCKINCK, — I am about to send the "Reply to English" (accompanying this note) to Mr. Godey — but feel anxious that some friend should read it before it goes. Will you be kind enough to look it over and show it to Mathews? Mrs. C. will then take it to Harnden. The *particulars* of the reply I would not wish mentioned to *any* one: — of course you see the necessity of this.

The no of Littell's Age cont[g] the notice[1] is 106 — so he writes me.

Most truly yours

Poe.

[1] The notice from the Literary Gazette is of Poe's Tales under the title of "American Romance." The notice or review was written on Martin Farquhar Tupper's suggesting that the Literary Gazette had "neglected a volume of very considerable talent and imagination."

POE TO A FRIEND.

[Ingram's Life.]

[Undated.]

I do not well see how I could have otherwise replied to English. You must know him (English) before you can well estimate my reply. He is so thorough a "blatherskite" that to have replied to him with *dignity* would have been the extreme of the ludicrous. The only true plan — not to have answered him at all — was precluded on account of the nature of some of his accusations — forgery, for instance. To such charges, even from the Autocrat of all the Asses, a man is *compelled* to answer. There he had me. Answer him I must. But how? Believe me, there exists no such dilemma as that in which a gentleman is placed when he is forced to reply to a blackguard. If he have any genius, then is the time for its display. I confess to you that I rather *like* that reply of mine, in a literary sense; and so do a great many of my friends. It fully answered its purpose, beyond a doubt. Would to Heaven every work of Art did as much! You err in supposing me to have been "peevish" when I wrote the reply. The peevishness was all "put on" as a part of my argument — of my plan; so was the "indignation" with which I wound up. *How* could I be either peevish or indignant about a matter so well adapted to further my purposes? Were I able to afford so expensive a luxury as personal — especially, as *refutable* — abuse, I would willingly pay any man $2000 per annum to hammer away at me all the year round.

The vagabond, at the period of the suit's coming on, ran off to Washington, for fear of being criminally

prosecuted. The "acknowledgment" referred to was not forthcoming, and the *Mirror* could not get a *a single witness* to testify *one word* against my character. . . . My suit against the *Mirror* was terminated by a verdict of $225 in my favour. The costs and all will make them a bill of $492. Pretty well — considering that there was *no* actual "damage" done to me.

POE TO GODEY.

[Griswold Collection.]

NEW-YORK: July 16, 46.

MY DEAR SIR, — I regret that you published my Reply in "The Times." I should have found no difficulty in getting it printed here, in a *respectable* paper, and gratis. However — as I have the game in my own hands, I shall not stop to complain about trifles.

I am rather ashamed that, knowing me to be as poor as I am, you should have thought it advisable to make the demand *on me* of the $10. I confess that I thought better of you — but let it go — it is the way of the world.

The man, or men, who told you that there was anything wrong in *the tone* of my reply, were either my enemies, or your enemies, or asses. When you see them, tell them so from me. I have never written an article upon which I more confidently depend for *literary* reputation than that Reply. Its merit lay in being *precisely* adapted to its purpose. In this city I have had, upon it, the favorable judgment of the best men. All the error about it was yours. You should have done as I requested — publish it in the "Book."

It is of no use to conceive a plan if you have to depend upon another for its execution.

Please distribute 20 or 30 copies of the Reply in Phil. and send me the balance through Harnden.

What paper, or papers, have copied E's attack?

I have put this matter in the hands of a competent attorney, and you shall see the result. Your charge, $10, will of course be brought before the court, as an item, when I speak of damages.

In perfect good feeling

Yours truly, POE.

It *would* be as well to address your letters to West Farms.

Please put *Miss Lynch* in the next number.

I enclose the Reveillé article. I presume that, ere this, you have seen the highly flattering notices of the "Picayune" and the "Charleston Courier."

MISS LYNCH TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

[Undated.]

MY DEAR MR. POE, — I thank you for your very kind notice of my poems, no less than for your kind and friendly note. Indeed, I thank you more for the last than for the first, for I value literary reputation only for the bread and butter considerations, and friendship to me is invaluable. It is my mental sustenance — as absolutely necessary as the material, and infinitely higher. But I am exceedingly pained at the desponding tone in which you write. Life is too short & there is too much to be done in it, to give one time to *despair*. Exorcise that devil, I beg of you, as speedily as possible. The ancients, I believe, had a saying, that it was essential to have overcome the fear of death before we could attain true greatness.

Now if you have accomplished this, as I dare say you have, what remains to be feared? what to be despaired of? *I* see nothing. Tell me what you see, & ten to one I can prove to you it is a chimera of your own vivid imagination. At all events come over and see me tomorrow evening (Saturday) & we will talk the matter over. "I have thought — long & darkly," but out of the "whirling gulf of phantasy & flame" there has sprung a firm will or resolution to meet the realities of life with an iron energy & I find myself the better for it. So do not give up but come & let me talk to you. — Give my very kindest regards to Mrs. Poe. I intended to have seen her before this time, but I have some friends staying with me from the country & next week I am going to leave town for a few days, so I must defer it till my return. — I hope she will be able to come with you to-morrow night.

Very truly yours,
ANNE C. LYNCH.
[MRS. BOTTA.]

I am sorry I shall not be in town to hear your poem, on Tuesday evening. Can't you bring over & read a few passages? — If you do not come tomorrow eve. I shall be at home on Sunday evening & happy to see you then. — I shall take the Tales with me & read them in the country. Many thanks for them.

SIMMS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

NEW YORK, July 30, 1846.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

DEAR SIR, — I received your note a week ago, and proceeded at once to answer it, but being in daily expectation of a newspaper from the South, to which, in a

Letter, I had communicated a paragraph concerning the matter which you had suggested in a previous letter, I determined to wait until I could enclose it to you. It has been delayed somewhat longer than I had anticipated, and has in part caused my delay to answer you. I now send it you, and trust that it will answer the desired purpose; though I must frankly say that I scarcely see the necessity of noticing the sort of scandal to which you refer. — I note with regret the very desponding character of your last letter. I surely need not tell you how deeply and sincerely I deplore the misfortunes which attend you, — the more so as I see no process for your relief and extrication but such as must result from your own decision and resolve. No friend can help you in the struggle which is before you. Money, no doubt, can be procured; but this is not altogether what you require. Sympathy may soothe the hurts of Self Esteem, and make a man temporarily forgetful of his assailants; — but in what degree will this avail, and for how long, in the protracted warfare of twenty or thirty years? You are still a very young man, and one too largely and too variously endowed, not to entertain the conviction — as your friends entertain it — of a long and manful struggle with, and a final victory over, fortune. But this warfare, the world requires you to carry on with your own unassisted powers. It is only in your manly resolution to use these powers, after a legitimate fashion, that it will countenance your claims to its regards and sympathy; and I need not tell you how rigid and exacting it has been in the case of the poetical genius, or, indeed, the genius of any order. Suffer me to tell you frankly, taking the privilege of a true friend, that you are now perhaps in the most perilous period of your career — just in that position — just at that time of life — when a false step becomes a capital error — when a single leading mistake is fatal in its consequences. You are no longer a boy. "At thirty wise or never!" You must subdue your impulses; &, in particular, let me exhort you to discard all associations

with men, whatever their talents, whom you cannot esteem as men. Pardon me for presuming thus to counsel one whose great natural and acquired resources should make him rather the teacher of others. But I obey a law of my own nature, and it is because of my sympathies that I speak. Do not suppose yourself abandoned by the worthy and honorable among your friends. They will be glad to give you welcome *if you will suffer them.* They will rejoice — I know their feelings and hear their language — to countenance your return to that community — that moral province in society — of which, let me say to you, respectfully and regretfully, — you have been, according to all reports but too heedlessly, and, perhaps, too scornfully indifferent. Remain in obscurity for awhile. You have a young wife — I am told a suffering & an interesting one, — let me entreat you to cherish her, and to cast away those pleasures which are not worthy of your mind, and to trample those temptations under foot, which degrade your person, and make it familiar to the mouth of vulgar jest. You may do all this, by a little circumspection. It is still within your power. Your resources from literature are probably much greater than mine. I am sure they are just as great. You can increase them, so that they shall be ample for all your legitimate desires; but you must learn the worldling's lesson of prudence; — a lesson, let me add, which the literary world has but too frequently & unwisely disparaged. It may seem to you very impertinent, — in most cases it is impertinent — that he who gives nothing else should presume to give counsel. But one gives that which he can most spare, and you must not esteem me indifferent to a condition which I can in no other way assist. I have never been regardless of your genius, even when I knew nothing of your person. It is some years since I counselled Mr. Godey to obtain the contributions of your pen. He will tell you this. I hear that you reproach him. But how can you expect a magazine proprietor to encourage contributions which embroil him with all his

neighbors? These broils do you no good — vex your temper, destroy your peace of mind, and hurt your reputation. You have abundant resources upon which to draw even were there no Grub Street in Gotham. Change your tactics and begin a new series of papers with your publisher. The printed matter which I send you, might be quoted by Godey, and might be ascribed to me. But, surely, I need not say to you that, to a Southern man, the annoyance of being mixed up in a squabble with persons whom he does not know, and does not care to know, — and from whom no Alexandrine process of cutting loose, would be permitted by society — would be an intolerable grievance. I submit to frequent injuries and misrepresentations, content, though annoyed by the slaves [sic], that the viper should amuse himself upon the file, at the expense of his own teeth. As a man, as a writer, I shall always be solicitous of your reputation & success. You have but to resolve on taking and asserting your position, equally in the social and the literary world, and your way is clear, your path is easy, and you will find true friends enough to sympathize in your triumphs.

Very sincerely though sorrowfully, Yr obdt Servt
W. Gilmore Simms.

P. S. If I could I should have been to see you. But I have been and am still drudging in the hands of the printers, kept busily employed night and day. Besides, my arrangements are to hurry back to the South where I have a sick family. A very few days will turn my feet in that direction.

COOKE TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

My dear Sir, — Your letter of Apr. 16th is to this day unanswered! I have however the excuse to make

that I have been a good deal away from home, and whilst *at* home greatly drawn off from literature and its adjuncts by business, social interruptions, &c. This much of explanation, no doubt, will satisfy one so well assured as you must be of my regard & admiration.

You propose that I shall take up your memoir where Lowell drops it, and carry it on to the present date of your publications. I will do so, if my long delay has not thrown the work into the hands of some other friend, with entire pleasure. I, however, have not Graham's Mag. for February 1845, and if you still wish me to continue the memoir you must send that number to me. I some months ago procured your Tales & Poems, and have read them collectively with great pleasure. That is a wonderful poem ending —

> "Hell rising from a thousand thrones
> Shall do it reverence."

"Lenore," too, is a great poem. The closing stanza of "To one in Paradise" (I remember it as published in "The Visionary") is the perfection of melody. "The Raven" is your *best* poem.

John Kennedy, talking with me about your stories, old & recent, said, "the man's imagination is as truth-like and minutely accurate as De Foe's" — and went on to talk of your "Descent into the Maelström," "MS. found in a Bottle," "Gold Bug," &c. I think this last the most ingenious thing I ever read. Those stories of criminal detection, "Murders of the Rue Morgue," &c., a prosecuting attorney in the neighborhood here declares are miraculous. I think your French friend, for the most part, fine in his deductions from over-laid & unnoticed small facts, but sometimes too minute & hair-splitting. The stories are certainly as interesting as any ever written. The "Valdemar Case" I read in a number of your Broadway Journal last winter — as I lay in a Turkey blind, muffled to the eyes in overcoats, &c., and pronounce it without hesitation the most damnable, vraisemblable, hor-

rible, hair-lifting, shocking, ingenious chapter of fiction that any brain ever conceived, or hands traced. That gelatinous, viscous sound of man's voice! there never was such an idea before. That story scared me in broad day, armed with a double-barrel Tryon Turkey gun. What would it have done at midnight in some old ghostly countryhouse?

I have always found some one remarkable thing in your stories to haunt me long after reading them. The *teeth* in Berenice — the changing eyes of Morella — that red & glaring crack in the House of Usher — the pores of the deck in the MS. found in a Bottle — the visible drops falling into the goblet in Ligeia, &c. &c. — there is always something of this sort to stick by the mind — by mine at least.

My wife is about to enter the carriage and as I wish to send this to the P.O. by her, I must wind up rapidly. I *am now* after an interval of months again at work in the preparation of my poems for publication. I am *dragging*, but perhaps the mood will presently come. I bespeak a review of my Book at your hands when I get it out. I have not time now to copy Rosalie Lee. It is in Griswold's last edition. I am grateful to you for the literary prop you afford me; and trust to do something to justify your commendations. I talked recently with a little Lady who has heard a lecture of yours in which you praise my poetry — in New York. She had taken up the notion that I was a great poetic roaring Lion.

Do with my MS. as you choose. What do you design as to the Stylus? Write to me without delay, if you can rob yourself of so much time.

[Signature missing.]

[Philip Pendleton Cooke.]

E. A. Poe, Esq.

Millwood, Clarke Co. Va.

Aug. 4th, 1846.

POE TO COOKE.

[Collection of Mr. F. R. Halsey.]

New York, August 9, 1846.

My Dear Sir, — Never think of excusing yourself (to me) for dilatoriness in answering letters. I know too well the unconquerable procrastination which besets the poet. I will place it all to the account of the turkeys. Were I to be seized by a rambling fit — one of my customary *passions* (nothing less) for vagabonding through the woods for a week or a month together — I would not — in fact I *could* not be put out of my mood, were it even to answer a letter from the Grand Mogul informing me that I had fallen heir to his possessions.

Thank you for the compliment. Were I in a serious humor just now, I would tell you frankly how your words of appreciation make my nerves thrill — not because you praise me (for others have praised me more lavishly) but because I feel that you comprehend and discriminate. You are right about the hair-splitting of my French friend: — that is all done for effect. These tales of ratiocination owe most of their popularity to being something in a new key. I do not mean to say that they are not ingenious — but people think them more ingenious than they are — on account of their method and *air* of method. In the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," for instance, where is the ingenuity of unravelling a web which you yourself (the author) have woven for the express purpose of unravelling? The reader is made to confound the ingenuity of the supposititious Dupin with that of the writer of the story.

Not for the world would I have had any one else to continue Lowell's Memoir until I have heard from you. I wish *you* to do it (if you will be so kind) and nobody else. By the time the book appears you will be famous, (or all my prophecy goes for nothing) and I shall have the *éclat* of your name to aid my sales. But, seriously, I do not think that any one so well enters into the poetical portion of my mind as yourself — and I deduce this idea from my intense appreciation of those points of your own poetry which seem lost upon others.

Should you undertake the work for me, there is one topic — there is one particular in which I have had wrong done me — and it may not be indecorous in me to call your attention to it. The last selection of my Tales was made from about 70, by Wiley and Putnam's reader, Duyckinck. He has what he thinks a taste for ratiocination, and has accordingly made up the book mostly of analytic stories. But this is not *representing* my mind in its various phases — it is not giving me fair play. In writing these Tales one by one, at long intervals, I have kept the book-unity always in mind — that is, each has been composed with reference to its effect as part of *a whole*. In this view, one of my chief aims has been the widest diversity of subject, thought, & especially *tone* and manner of handling. Were all my tales now before me in a large volume and as the composition of another — the merit which would principally arrest my attention would be the wide *diversity and variety*. You would be surprised to hear me say that (omitting one or two of my first efforts) I do not consider any one of my stories *better* than another. There is a vast variety of kinds and, in degree of value, these kinds vary — but

each tale is equally good *of its kind*. The loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination — and, for this reason only, "Ligeia" may be called my *best* tale. I have much improved this last since you saw it and I mail you a copy, as well as a copy of my best specimen of analysis — "The Philosophy of Composition."

Do you ever see the British papers? Martin F. Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," has been paying me some high compliments — and indeed I have been treated more than well. There is one "British opinion," however, which I value highly — Miss Barrett's. She says: — "This vivid writing! — this power *which is felt!* The Raven has produced a sensation — 'a fit horror' here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons *haunted* by the 'Nevermore,' and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a 'bust of Pallas' never can bear to look at it in the twilight. . . . Our great poet Mr. Browning, author of Paracelsus, etc., is enthusiastic in his admiration of the rhythm. . . . Then there is a tale of his which I do not find in this volume, but which is going the rounds of the newspapers, about Mesmerism,[1] throwing us all into most admired disorder or dreadful doubts as to whether it can be true, as the children say of ghost stories. The certain thing in the tale in question is the power of the writer & the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar." Would it be in bad taste to quote these words of Miss B. in your notice?

Forgive these egotisms (which are rendered in some

[1] The Valdemar Case.

measure necessary by the topic) and believe me that I will let slip *no* opportunity of reciprocating your kindness.

Griswold's new edition I have not yet seen (is it out?) but I will manage to find "Rosalie Lee." Do not forget to send me a few personal details of yourself — such as I give in "The N. Y. Literati." When your book appears I propose to review it fully in Colton's "American Review." If you ever write to him, please suggest to him that I wish to do so. I hope to get your volume before mine goes to press — so that I may speak more fully.

I will forward the papers to which I refer *in a day or two* — not by to-day's mail. Touching "The Stylus:" — this is the one great purpose of my literary life. Undoubtedly (unless I die) I will accomplish it — but I can afford to lose nothing by precipitancy. I cannot yet say when or how I shall get to work — but when the time comes I will write you. I wish to establish a journal in which the men of genius may fight their battles, upon some terms of equality, with those dunces the men of talent. But, apart from this, I have *magnificent* objects in view — may I but live to accomplish them!

Most cordially your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

RAMSAY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

STONEHAVEN, SCOTLAND,
Nov. 30, 1846.

SIR, — As a believer in Mesmerism I respectfully take the liberty of addressing you to know, if a pamphlet lately

published in London (by Short & Co., Bloomsbury) under the authority of your name & entitled *Mesmerism, in Articulo-Mortis,* is genuine.

It details an acc't of some *most extraordinary circumstances,* connected with the death of a M M Valdemar under mesmeric influence, *by you.* *Hoax* has been emphatically pronounced upon the pamphlet by all who have seen it here, & for the sake of the Science & of truth a note from you on the subject would truly oblige. In behalf of the Science,

Your very obt Svt

ARCH RAMSAY.

To EDGAR A. POE, Esq.,
New York.

Please address A. RAMSAY,
Stonehaven, Scotland.

POE TO ———.

[Ingram.]

Dec. 15th, 1846.

MY DEAR ———, — By way of beginning this letter, let me say a word or two of apology for not having sooner replied to your letters of June 9th and October 13th. For more than six months I have been ill — for the greater part of that time, dangerously so, and quite unable to write even an ordinary letter. My magazine papers appearing in this interval were all in the publisher's hands before I was taken sick. Since getting better, I have been, as a matter of course, overwhelmed with the business accumulating during my illness.

It always gives me true pleasure to hear from you, and I wish you could spare time to write me more frequently. I am gratified by your good opinion of

my writings because what you say evinces the keenest discrimination. Ten times the praise you bestow on me would not please me half so much, were it not for the intermingled scraps of censure, or of objection, which show me that you well know what you are talking about. . . .

Let me now advert to the points of your two last letters : —

The criticism on Rogers is not mine — although, when it appeared, I observed a similarity to my ordinary manner.

The notice of Lowell's "Brittany" *is* mine. You will see that it was merely a preparatory notice — I had designed repeating it in full, but something prevented me.

The criticism on Shelley is *not* mine ; is the work of Parke Godwin. I never saw it.

The critic alluded to by Willis as connected with the *Mirror*, and as having found a parallel between Hood and Aldrich, *is* myself. See my reply to "Outis," in the early numbers of the *Broadway Journal*.

My reference to L. G. Clark, in spirit but not in letter, is what you suppose. He *abused* me in his criticism — but so feebly — with such a parade of intention and effort, but with so little effect or power, that I — forgave him : — that is to say, I had little difficulty in pardoning him. His strong point was that I ought to write well, because I had asserted that others wrote ill ; and that I *did n't* write well because, although there had been a great deal of fuss made about me, I had written so little — only a small volume of a hundred pages. Why, he had written more himself!

You will see that I have discontinued the "Literati" in Godey's Mag. I was forced to do so, because I found that people insisted on considering them elaborate criticisms, when I had no other design than critical *gossip*. The unexpected circulation of the series, also, suggested to me that I might make a hit and some profit, as well as proper fame, by extending the plan into that of *a book*[1] on American Letters generally, and keeping the publication in my own hands. I am now *at* this — body and soul. I intend to be thorough — as far as I can — to examine analytically, without reference to previous opinions by *anybody* — all the salient points of Literature in general — *e. g.*, Poetry, The Drama, Criticism, Historical Writing, Versification, &c. &c. You may get an idea of the manner in which I propose to write the whole book, by reading the notice of Hawthorne which will appear in the January "Godey," as well as the article on "The Rationale of Verse," which will be out in the March or April No. of Colton's American Magazine or Review.

Do not trust, in making up your library, to the "opinions" in the Godey series. I *meant* "honest" — but my meaning is not so fully made out as I could wish. I thought too little of the series myself to guard sufficiently against haste, inaccuracy, or prejudice. The book will be *true* — according to the best of my abilities.

As regards Dana, it *is* more than possible that I may be doing him wrong. I have not read him since I was a boy, and must read him carefully again. The Frogpondians have badgered me so much that I fear I

[1] The MS. of this work disappeared after Poe's death; all his papers, that had been left in charge of Mrs. Clemm, passed into the possession of Mr. Griswold. — NOTE BY INGRAM.

am apt to fall into prejudices about them. I have used some of their Pundits up, at all events, in "The Rationale of Verse." I will mail you the number as soon as it appears — for I really wish you to tell me what you think of it.

As regards the "Stylus" — that is the grand purpose of my life, from which I have never swerved for a moment. But I cannot afford to risk anything by precipitancy — and I *can* afford to wait — at least, until I finish *the book*. When that is out, I will start the Mag. — and then I will pay you a visit. . . . In the meantime, let me thank you heartily for your name as a subscriber. . . . Truly, your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

WILLIS TO POE.[1]

[Griswold Collection.]

Wednesday.

MY DEAR POE, — The enclosed speaks for itself — the letter, that is to say. Have I done right or wrong in the enclosed editorial? It was a kind of thing I could *only* do *without asking* you, & you *may express anger about it if you like in print*. It will have a good bearing, I think, on your law case. Please write me whether you are suffering or not, & if so, let us do something systematically for you.

In haste

Yours faithfully

N. P. WILLIS.

Kindest remembrance to Mrs Clemm.

[1] This letter is explained by the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt to Mrs. Osgood [Griswold Correspondence], New York, Dec. 20, 1846: —

"The Poes are in the same state of physical and pecuniary suffering — indeed worse, than they were last summer, for now the

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection.]

FORDHAM — Dec. 24. 46.

DEAR DUYCKINCK, — You remember showing me about a year ago, at your house, some English stanzas — by a lady I think — from the rhythm of which Longfellow had imitated the rhythm of the Proem of his "Waif." I wish very much to see the poem — do you think you could loan me the book, or (which will answer as well) give me the title of the book in full, and copy me the 2 first stanzas? I will be greatly obliged if you can.

I am much in need, also, of Gilfillan's "Sketches of Modern Literature," — 2 vols. — published by Appleton. If you could loan me the work (or the vol. containing the sketch of Emerson) I would take it as a great favor.

I am taking great care of your Irving and Arcturus — but, unless you need them, I should like to keep them some time longer — as I have to make constant reference to them.

Truly yours, E. A. POE.

cold weather is added to their accumulation of ills. I went to enquire of Mr. Post [publisher of the Columbian Magazine] about them. He confirmed all that I had previously heard of their condition. Although he says Mrs. Clemm has never told him that they were in want, yet she borrows a shilling often, *to get a letter from the office* — but Mrs. Gove had been to see the Poes and found them living in the greatest wretchedness. I am endeavoring to get up a contribution for them among the editors, and the matter has got into print — very much to my regret, as I fear it will hurt Poe's pride to have his affairs made so public." . . .

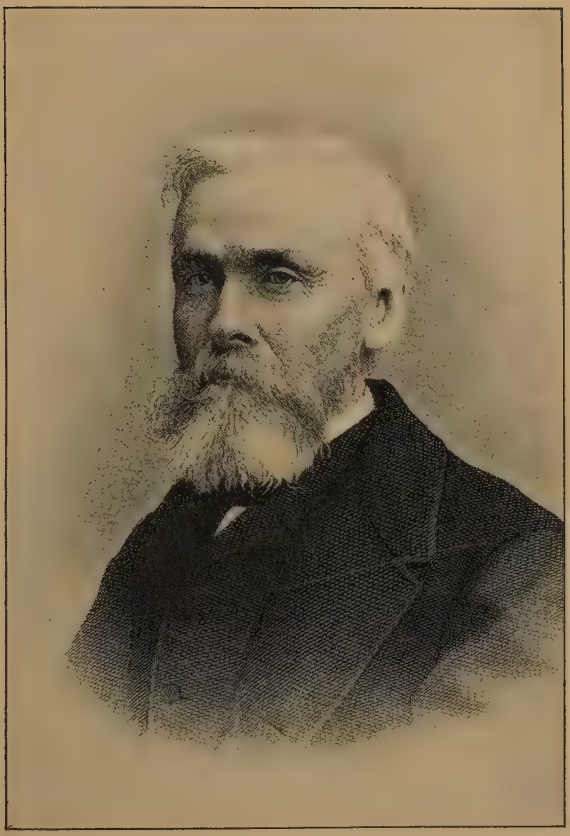
MARY.

POE TO WILLIS.

[Griswold Memoir.]

My Dear Willis, — The paragraph which has been put in circulation respecting my wife's illness, my own, my poverty, etc., is now lying before me; together with the beautiful lines by Mrs. Locke and those by Mrs. ——, to which the paragraph has given rise, as well as your kind and manly comments in "The Home Journal." The motive of the paragraph I leave to the conscience of him or her who wrote it or suggested it. Since the thing is done, however, and since the concerns of my family are thus pitilessly thrust before the public, I perceive no mode of escape from a public statement of what is true and what erroneous in the report alluded to. That my wife is ill, then, is true; and you may imagine with what feelings I add that this illness, hopeless from the first, has been heightened and precipitated by her reception at two different periods, of anonymous letters, — one enclosing the paragraph now in question; the other, those published calumnies of Messrs. ——, for which I yet hope to find redress in a court of justice.

Of the facts, that I myself have been long and dangerously ill, and that my illness has been a well understood thing among my brethren of the press, the best evidence is afforded by the innumerable paragraphs of personal and of literary abuse with which I have been latterly assailed. This matter, however, will remedy itself. At the very first blush of my new prosperity, the gentlemen who toadied me in the old, will recollect themselves and toady me again. You, who know me, will comprehend that I speak of



these things only as having served, in a measure, to lighten the gloom of unhappiness, by a gentle and not unpleasant sentiment of mingled pity, merriment and contempt. That, as the inevitable consequence of so long an illness, I have been in want of money, it would be folly in me to deny — but that I have ever materially suffered from privation, beyond the extent of my capacity for suffering, is not altogether true. That I am "without friends" is a gross calumny, which I am sure *you* never could have believed, and which a thousand noble-hearted men would have good right never to forgive me for permitting to pass unnoticed and undenied. Even in the city of New York I could have no difficulty in naming a hundred persons, to each of whom — when the hour for speaking had arrived — I could and would have applied for aid with unbounded confidence, and with absolutely *no* sense of humiliation. I do not think, my dear Willis, that there is any need of my saying more. I am getting better, and may add — if it be any comfort to my enemies — that I have little fear of getting worse. The truth is, I have a great deal to do; and I have made up my mind not to die till it is done.

Sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

December 30th, 1846.

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection.]

Dec. 30. 46.

DEAR DUYCKINCK, — Mrs Clemm mentioned to me, this morning, that some of the Parisian papers had been speaking about my "Murders in the Rue

Morgue." She could not give me the details — merely saying that you had told her. The "Murders in the R. M." was spoken of in the Paris "Charivari," soon after the first issue of the tale in Graham's Mag: — April 1841. By the enclosed letter from Stonehaven, Scotland, you will see that the "Valdemar Case" still makes a talk, and that a pamphlet edition of it has been published by Short & Co. of London under the title of "Mesmerism in Articulo Mortis." It has fairly gone the rounds of the London Press, commencing with "The Morning Post." "The Monthly Record of Science" &c gives it with the title "The Last Days of M. Valdemar. By the author of the Last Conversation of a Somnambule" — (Mesmeric Revelation).

My object in enclosing the Scotch letter and the one from Miss Barrett, is to ask you to do me a favor which (*just at this moment*) may be of great importance. It is, to make a paragraph or two for some one of the city papers, stating the facts here given, in connexion with what you know about the "Murders in the Rue Morgue." If this will not give you too much trouble, I will be deeply obliged. If you think it advisable, there is no objection to your copying any portion of Miss B's letter. Willis or Morris will put in anything you may be kind enough to write; but as "The Home Journal" has already said a good deal about me, some other paper would be preferable.

Truly yours Poe.

POE TO MRS. SHEW.

[Jan. 27, 1847.]

See page 265 of Biography.

CHAPTER X.

February, 1847–December, 1847.

FORDHAM.

POE TO ———.

[Ingram.]

New York, Feb. 16, '47.

My Dear Sir, — Some weeks ago I mailed you two newspapers which, from what you say in your last letter, I see you have not received. I now enclose some slips which will save me the necessity of writing on painful topics. By and by I will write you more at length.

Please reinclose the slips when read.

What you tell me about the accusation of plagiarism made by the *Phil. Sat. Ev. Post* surprises me. It is the first I heard of it — with the exception of a hint in one of your previous letters — but which I did not then comprehend. Please let me know as many *particulars* as you can remember — for I must see into the charge. Who edits the paper? who publishes it? &c. &c. &c. About what time was the accusation made? I assure you that it is *totally* false. In 1840 I published a book with this title — "The Conchologist's First Book: A System of Testaceous Malacology, arranged especially for the use of Schools, in which the animals, *according to Cuvier*, are given with

the shells, a great number of new species added, and the whole brought up, as accurately as possible, to the present condition of the science. By Edgar A. Poe. With illustrations of 215 shells, presenting a correct type of each genus."

This, I presume, is the work referred to. I wrote it in conjunction with Professor Thomas Wyatt, and Professor McMurtrie, of Philadelphia — my name being put to the work, as best known and most likely to aid its circulation. I wrote the Preface and Introduction, and translated from Cuvier the accounts of the animals, &c. *All* school-books are necessarily made in a similar way. The very title-page acknowledges that the animals are given "according to Cuvier." This charge is infamous, and I shall prosecute for it, as soon as I settle my accounts with "The Mirror." — Truly your friend, E. A. Poe.

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Washington, Ga., Feb. 21st, 1847.

My Dear Friend, — As I have not written to you in a long time, perhaps you would like to hear from me. In the first place, I am well and hearty, and long to see you. I received the paper, containing your letter and the notice of your writings, some time ago. I was delighted with your letter — that is, with the idea that you had got well again — and hope, from the bottom of my heart, that you may remain so. I am sorry for your wife, because she suffers pain — but am sorrier for you, because, from what you say, she is nigh to the Angels, and you are recovering your strength to fight against the Devil, and parley with his emissaries — *fools*. If you

will come to the South to live, I will take care of you as long as you live — although, if ever there was a perfect mystery on earth, you are one — and one of the most *mysterious*. However, come to the South and live with me, and we will talk all these matters over at our leisure. I do not intend this for a letter, but just scratch it down to let you know that I am still in the land of the living — which perhaps, you would just as soon *not* know as to know. What do I care for that — *that* is your own fault, if it be so — *not* mine. By the bye, have you ever seen a little Poem of mine entitled a "*Song to the River Po*," any where? If you have, you have seen a better notice of you than you ever took of me. But what of that? I have something *now* that you will like. If I could get hold of something you have written lately, I should like it. Can't you send me something? I read your tale of the "Spectacles" to some ladies here the other day, and they shouted — particularly at that place where you speak of the old lady's "*Bustle!*" When they heard of the "*Universe of Bustle*" maybe they did n't laugh — "*up to the hearing of the Gods.*"

I sent you a Tale some time ago, entitled, I believe, "*The Return from the Dead*" — or some such title. Well, I wish you to look over it, and correct any error you may see in it, and envelope it as at first, and direct it to *Frederick W. Bartlett, Esq., Atlanta, Ga.* He has written to me for something for his paper, and I have nothing but that, which, perhaps, will suit him. He is a great friend of mine, and the Editor of the "*Atlanta Luminary.*" I will notice your poems in the next No. I have spoken to him of you, and he likes you. Correct whatever error you may detect, and send it to him. I will be in New York next month, and hope to see you. Send me any paper you can get hold of, for, although I get "*Byrons*" now, I want *more*. Believe me the true friend of Edgar A. Poe; and if you don't believe it, it will make no difference — I will still be your friend. Give my sincere respects to your

wife, and tell her, from me, to be in hopes of pleasure here on earth yet, out of sickness; but, that, whatever may be her fate in this life, there is rest in Heaven. There is a Place where the Angels are crying,

> Come, come to the Pure Land lying
> Far up in the sky undying —
> Where is rest forever more.

Yours forever,

E. A. Poe, Esq. Thos. H. Chivers.

P. S. — I do not intend this for a letter, but write to let you know that New York is not the place to live in happiness. I have lived there, and know *all* about it. Come to the South. The stage is coming.

Farewell! T. H. C.

POE TO MRS. LOCKE.[1]

[Griswold Collection: MS.]

New York, March 10, 1847.

My Dear Madam, — In answering your kind letter permit me in the very first place to absolve myself from a suspicion which, under the circumstances, you could scarcely have failed to entertain — in regard to me — a suspicion of discourtesy towards yourself in not having more promptly replied to you. I assure you, madam, that your letter, dated Feb. 21, has only this moment reached me. Although post-marked Lowell &c in the ordinary manner, it was handed to a friend of mine, for me, by Mr. Freeman

[1] This is apparently the corrected draft of a letter from Poe to Mrs. Locke; it is not addressed or signed. It was given incompletely in Griswold's "Memoir." Mrs. Locke was probably the sister-in-law of Mrs. Osgood. — Ed.

Hunt of the Merchants' Magazine, without any explanation of the mode in which it came into his hands or of the cause of its detention. Being still too unwell to leave my room I have been prevented as yet from satisfying myself on these points, and of course cannot now delay replying to your noble and generous words even until I shall have an opportunity of making inquiry.

Your beautiful lines[1] . . . is here at a time when I was indeed very ill, and might never have seen them but for the kindness of Mr. Willis who enclosed them to me — and who knew me too well to suppose as some of my friends did that I would be pained by so sweet an evidence of interest on the part of one of whose writings[2] . . . fervid and generous spirit which they evince he had so often heard me express sympathy.

At the same time I could not help fearing that should you see (in "The Home Journal") my letter to Mr. Willis in which a natural pride which I feel you could not blame impelled me to shrink from public charity even at the cost of those necessities which were but too real — and an illness which I then expected would soon terminate in death — I could not help fearing that should you see this letter you would yourself feel pained at having caused me pain — at having been the means of giving farther publicity to an unfounded report — at all events to the report which (since the world regards wretchedness as a crime) I had thought it prudent so publicly to disavow. In a word, venturing to judge your noble nature by my own, I felt grieved lest my published

1 "Were written" is here crossed out.
2 "With" . . . illegible.

denial may cause you to regret what you had done — and my first impulse was to write you and assure you even at the risk of doing so too warmly of the sweet emotion made up of respect and gratitude alone with which my heart was filled to overflowing. While I was hesitating, however, in regard to the propriety of this step — I was overwhelmed by a sorrow so poignant as to deprive me for several weeks of all power of thought or action.

Your letter now lying before me, tells me that I had not been mistaken in your nature and that I should not have hesitated to address you — but believe me, dear Mrs. Locke, that I am already ceasing to regard those difficulties as misfortune which have led me to even this partial correspondence with yourself.

CHIVERS TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

WASHINGTON, GA., April 4, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I wrote you a kind letter some time ago, but have received no answer to it up to this time. What is the matter? Where are you? Are you in the Cave of Trophonius, or where, that I cannot get the mere scratch of a pen from you? I long to hear from you. What shall I say to induce you to answer my letters? I have been thinking of late that you have never received it. Is it so? If not, why not answer it, and tell me where you are, what you are doing, and what you intend to do?

I had the Home-Journal-Article republished in the "*Atlanta Enterprise*," and ordered Dr. Fouerden to direct the paper to you. He is a fine fellow and a good Poet — a man of fine talents — and wishes to become

acquainted with you. From what I have said to him of you, he is determined to write to you. If he does so, speak to him kindly, as I know you will, for he is a man of real talents, and my *sincere friend.* You must not mind my half sheets of paper. I am not in a City now, and write with the first thing I can get hold of. I know you know my heart, and why should I get thin French paper to tell you how I am, and how I wish you to be? What I feel ought to be engraved on brass with an iron pen. You will have seen before this, perhaps, an account of my newly-invented *Throwstring Mill* for spinning, doubling and twisting silk, about which I wrote you some time ago. I am spinning silk on the one I invented now. I received a letter from Charles J. Peterson today in regard to communications for his "National Magazine." Did you ever see a Poem of mine in Graham, entitled "*Agnus, or, the Little Pet Lamb*?" If you ever have, tell me what you think of it. You will see a poem on you in the next No. of the "*Atlanta Enterprise,*" which will show you what I think of *you.* I wrote you to send "*The Return from the Dead*" to Bartlett of the Luminary; but if you have not sent it to him, send it to Dr. Wm. Henry Fouerden, of the "*Atlanta Enterprise*" — as he has written to me for something for his paper. I have made you an ocean of friends since I saw you last. Write me immediately upon the reception of this. How would you like to come to the South and establish a paper here? Write to me.

"Awake! Arise! or be forever fallen!"

I consider Charles J. Peterson a perfect gentleman in every sense of the term. Do you know him? Write me word how you pronounce this name — Melpomene? Mark the accents. Also Calliope. There has been a dispute here about the *true* pronunciation of them. Don't fail to do so; if you should, you would disappoint many. I know you know, and therefore, will abide by what you say. If you can get hold of the "*Literary World*"

send me a No., as I will not take it until I see a No. of it.

I will not tell you that I wish you well. I will be in New York the first of May; and if you don't write to me before then, you may expect to be passed in the street without ever being recognized by me. Remember! I give you warning; and if it should be the case, you can't blame *me* — for it's your own doings. In great haste,

Yours forever,

THOS. H. CHIVERS.

E. A. POE, Esqr.

RAMSAY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

STONEHAVEN, KINCARDINSHIRE, SCOTLAND,
14 April, 1847.

DEAR SIR, — I was duly honored with your kind favor of the 30 Decr last & have to apologise for my ingratitude in not sooner returning my best thanks for the trouble you had taken in replying to my enquiry regarding the case of M. Valdemar but I delayed from time to time in expectation of being able to find out the parties you enquire about of the name of Allan. I am however sorry to say that all my endeavors have been in vain.

There are a good number of the name here & hereabout, & I have made enquiry at all of them I could find but none of them appear to be connected with the families or place you mention.

If you can give me any other clue by which they might be traced I shall be most happy to do anything in my power to find them.

The Pamphlet on Valdemar is published in your name as *the sole conductor & operator in the case* so that I thought you could at once affirm or deny it, but from

the tenor of your letter to me this appears not to be the fact.

I am Dear Sir
Very Respectfully
Your much obliged & obdt Svt
ARCH RAMSAY
Druggist

POE TO ———.

[Ingram.]

[Undated.]

The editor of the *Weekly Universe* speaks kindly, and I find no fault with his representing my habits as "shockingly irregular." He could not have had the "personal acquaintance" with me, of which he writes, but has fallen into a very natural error. The fact is thus: — My *habits* are rigorously abstemious, and I omit nothing of the natural regimen requisite for health — *i.e.*, I rise early, eat moderately, drink nothing but water, and take abundant and regular exercise in the open air. But this is my private life — my studious and literary life — and of course escapes the eye of the world. The desire for society comes upon me only when I have become excited by drink. Then *only* I go — that is, at these times only I *have been* in the practice of going among my friends; who seldom, or in fact never, having seen me unless excited, take it for granted that I am always so. Those who *really* know me, know better. In the meantime I shall turn the general error to account. But enough of this — the causes which maddened me to the drinking point are no more, and I am done with drinking for ever. I do *not* know the editors and contributors of the *Universe*, and was not aware of the existence of such a paper. Who are they? or is it a secret?

POE TO ——.

[Aug. 10, 1847.]

See pp. 270, 271, Biography.

POE TO MRS. LEWIS.

[Ingram.]

November 27, 1847.

Dear Mrs. Lewis, — A thousand thanks for your repeated kindness, and, above all, for the comforting and cheering words of your note. Your advice I feel as a command which neither my heart nor my reason would venture to disobey. May Heaven for ever bless you and yours!

A day or two ago I sent to one of the Magazines the sonnet enclosed. Its tone is somewhat too light; but it embodies a riddle which I wish to put you to the trouble of expounding. Will you try?

My best regards, with those of Mrs. Clemm, to Mr. Lewis, and believe me, with all the affection of a brother.

Yours always,

Edgar A. Poe.

CHAPTER XI.

1848.

EUREKA; "MARIE LOUISE;" SARAH HELEN WHITMAN; "ANNIE."

POE TO ——.

[Ingram.]

Jan. 4th, 1848.

You say, "Can you *hint* to me what was the 'terrible evil' which caused the 'irregularities' so profoundly lamented?"[1] Yes, I can do more than hint. This "evil" was the greatest which can befall a man. Six years ago, a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year, the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. . . . Then again — again — and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death — and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive — nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute uncon-

[1] *Vide* the Reply to Thomas Dunn English, p. 239.

sciousness, I drank — God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity. I had, indeed, nearly abandoned all hope of a permanent cure, when I found one in the *death* of my wife. This I can and do endure as becomes a man. It was the horrible never-ending oscillation between hope and despair which I could *not* longer have endured, without total loss of reason. In the death of what was my life, then, I receive a new, but — Oh God! — how melancholy an existence.

[Signature missing.]

POE TO ———.

[Ingram.]

4th of January, 1848.

Good Friend, — Your last, dated July 26th, ends with — "Write, will you not?" I have been living ever since in a constant state of intention to write, and finally concluded not to write at all, until I could say something definite about the *Stylus* and other matters. You perceive that I now send you a Prospectus. But before I speak farther on this topic, let me succinctly reply to various points in your letter.

1. "Hawthorne" is out. How do you like it?

2. "The Rationale of Verse" was found to come down too heavily (as I forewarned you it did) upon some of poor Colton's friends in Frogpondium — the "pundits," you know; so I gave him "a song" for it and took it back. The song was "Ulalume — a Ballad," published in the December number of the

American Review. I enclose it, as copied by the *Home Journal* (Willis's paper), with the editor's remarks. Please let me know how you like "Ulalume." As for the "Rat. of Verse," I sold it to "Graham" at a round advance on Colton's price, and in Graham's hands it is still — but not to remain even there; for I mean to get it back, revise or rewrite it (since "Evangeline" has been published), and deliver it as a lecture when I go South and West on my Magazine expedition.

3. I have been "so still" on account of preparation for the Magazine campaign; also, have been working at my book — nevertheless I have written some trifles not yet published — some which have been.

4. My health is better — best. I have never been so well.

. . . . . .

6. The "common friend" alluded to is Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, the poetess.

7. I agree with you only in part, as regards Miss Fuller.[1] She has some general, but no particular, critical powers. She belongs to a *school* of criticism — the Göthean, æsthetic, eulogistic. The creed of this school is that, in criticising an author, you must imitate him, ape him, out Herod Herod. . . . For example, she abuses Lowell (the best of our poets, perhaps) on account of a personal quarrel with him. She has omitted all mention of me, for the same reason — although, a short time before the issue of her book, she praised me highly in the *Tribune*. I enclose you her criticism, that you may judge for yourself. She praised "Witchcraft," because Mathews . . . wrote

[1] Margaret Fuller, afterwards Countess D'Ossoli. — NOTE BY INGRAM.

it. In a word, she is an ill-tempered and very inconsistent *Old Maid* — avoid her. . . .

And now, having replied to all your queries, let me refer to the *Stylus*. I am resolved to be my own publisher. To be controlled is to be ruined. My ambition is great. If I succeed, I put myself (within two years) in possession of a fortune and infinitely more. My plan is to go through the South and West, and endeavor to interest my friends so as *to commence with a list of at least five hundred subscribers*. With this list, I can take the matter into my own hands. There are some of my friends who have sufficient confidence in me to advance their subscription — but, at all events, succeed *I will*. Can you or will you help me? I have room to say no more.

Truly yours,

E. A. Poe.

POE TO H. D. CHAPIN.

[Ingram.]

Fordham — Jan. 17——48.

My dear Sir, — Mrs. Shew intimated to me, not long ago, that you would, perhaps, lend me your aid in my endeavour to re-establish myself in the literary world; and I now venture to ask your assistance. When I last spoke with you, I mentioned my design of going to see Mr. Neal at Portland, and there, with his influence, deliver a Lecture — the proceeds of which might enable me to take the first steps towards my proposed Magazine: — that is to say, put, perhaps, $100 in my pocket; which would give me the necessary outfit and start me on my tour. But, since our conversation, I have been thinking that a better

course would be to make interest among my friends here — in N. Y. city — and deliver a Lecture, in the first instance, at the Society Library. With this object in view, may I beg of you so far to assist me as to procure for me the use of the Lecture Room? The difficulty with me is that payment for the Room is demanded *in advance* and I have no money. I believe the price is $15. I think that, without being too sanguine, I may count upon an audience of some 3 or 4 hundreds — and if even 300 are present, I shall be enabled to proceed with my plans.

Should you be so kind as to grant me the aid I request, I should like to engage the Room for the *first Thursday in February*.

Gratefully yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

I am deeply obliged to you for your note of introduction to Col. Webb. As yet I have not found an opportunity of presenting it — thinking it best to do so when I speak to him about the Lecture.

POE TO WILLIS.

[Ingram.]

FORDHAM, January 22, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. WILLIS, — I am about to make an effort at re-establishing myself in the literary world, and *feel* that I may depend upon your aid.

My general aim is to start a Magazine, to be called the *Stylus;* but it would be useless to me, even when established, if not entirely out of the control of a publisher. I mean, therefore, to get up a Journal which shall be *my own*, at all points. With this end in view,

I must get a list of, at least, five hundred subscribers to begin with : — nearly two hundred I have already. I propose, however, to go South and West, among my personal and literary friends — old College and West Point acquaintances — and see what I can do. In order to get the means of taking the first step, I propose to lecture at the Society Library, on Thursday, the 3rd of February — and, that there may be no cause of *squabbling*, my subject shall *not be literary* at all. I have chosen a broad text — "The Universe."

Having thus given you *the facts* of the case, I leave all the rest to the suggestions of your own tact and generosity.

Gratefully, *most* gratefully, your friend always,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO GEO. E. ISBELL.

[Feb. 29, 1848.]

See pp. 277, 278, Biography.

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Ingram.]

[Undated.]

I have already told you that some few casual words spoken of you by —— ——, were the first in which I had ever heard your name mentioned. She alluded to what she called your "eccentricities," and hinted at your sorrows. Her description of the former strangely arrested — her allusion to the latter enchained and rivetted my attention.

She had referred to thoughts, sentiments, traits, *moods*, which I knew to be my own, but which,

until that moment, I had believed to be my own solely — unshared by any human being. A profound sympathy took immediate possession of my soul. I cannot better explain to you what I felt than by saying that your unknown heart seemed to pass into my bosom — there to dwell for ever — while mine, I thought, was translated into your own.

From that hour I loved you. Since that period I have never seen nor heard your name without a shiver, half of delight, half of anxiety. — The impression left upon my mind was that you were still a wife, and it is only within the last few months that I have been undeceived in this respect.

For this reason I shunned your presence and even the city in which you lived. You may remember that once when I passed through Providence with Mrs. Osgood I positively refused to accompany her to your house, and even provoked her into a quarrel by the obstinacy and seeming unreasonableness of my refusal. I dared neither go nor say why I could not. I dared not speak of you — much less see you. For years your name never passed my lips, while my soul drank in, with a delirious thirst, all that was uttered in my presence respecting you.

The merest whisper that concerned you awoke in me a shuddering sixth sense, vaguely compounded of fear, ecstatic happiness and a wild inexplicable sentiment that resembled nothing so nearly as a consciousness of guilt.

Judge, then, with what wondering, unbelieving joy, I received, in your well-known MS., the Valentine which first gave me to see that you knew me to exist.

The idea of what men call Fate lost then in my

eyes its character of futility. I felt that nothing hereafter was to be doubted, and lost myself for many weeks in one continuous, delicious dream, where all was a vivid, yet indistinct bliss. —

Immediately after reading the Valentine, I wished to contrive some mode of acknowledging — without wounding you by seeming directly to acknowledge — my sense — oh, my keen — my exulting — my ecstatic sense of the honour you had conferred on me. To accomplish as I wished it, precisely *what* I wished, seemed impossible, however ; and I was on the point of abandoning the idea, when my eyes fell upon a volume of my own poems ; and then the lines I had written, in my passionate boyhood, to the first purely ideal love of my soul — to the Helen Stannard of whom I told you — flashed upon my recollection. I turned to them. They expressed all — *all* that I would have said to you — so fully — so accurately and so exclusively, that a thrill of intense superstition ran at once through my frame. Read the verses and then take into consideration the peculiar need I had, at the moment, for just so seemingly an unattainable mode of communication with you as they afforded. Think of the absolute appositeness with which they fulfilled that need — expressing not only all that I would have said of your person, but all that of which I most wished to assure you, in the lines commencing —

"On desperate seas long wont to roam."

Think of the rare agreement of name, and you will no longer wonder that to one accustomed as I am to the Calculus of Probabilities, they wore an air of positive miracle. . . . I yielded at once to an overwhelming sense of Fatality. From that hour I have never been

able to shake from my soul the belief that my Destiny, for good or for evil, either here or hereafter, is in some measure interwoven with your own.

Of course I did not expect, on your part, any acknowledgment of the printed lines "To Helen;" and yet, without confessing it even to myself, I experienced an indefinable sense of sorrow in your silence. At length, when I thought you had time fully to forget me (if, indeed, you had ever really remembered) I sent you the anonymous lines in MS. I wrote, first, through a pining, burning desire to communicate with you in *some* way — even if you remained in ignorance of your correspondent. The mere thought that *your* dear fingers would press — *your* sweet eyes dwell upon characters which *I* had penned — characters which had welled out upon the paper from the depths of so devout a love — filled my soul with a rapture, which seemed, then, all sufficient for my human nature. It *then* appeared to me that merely this one thought involved so much of bliss that here on earth I could have no right ever to repine — no room for discontent. If ever, *then*, I dared to picture for myself a richer happiness, it was always connected with your image in Heaven. But there was yet another idea which impelled me to send you those lines: — I said to myself the sentiment — the holy passion which glows in my bosom *for her*, is of Heaven, heavenly, and has no taint of the earth. Thus then must lie in the recesses of her own pure bosom, at least the germ of a reciprocal love, and if this be indeed so, she will need no earthly clue — she will instinctively feel who is her correspondent — In this case, then, I may hope for some faint token at least, giving me to understand that the source of the poem

is known and its sentiment comprehended even if disapproved.

O God! — how long — *how long* I waited in *vain* — hoping against hope — until, at length, I became possessed with a spirit far sterner — far more reckless than despair — I explained to you — but without detailing the vital influences they wrought upon my fortune — the singular additional, yet seemingly trivial fatality by which you happened to address your anonymous stanzas to Fordham instead of New York — by which my aunt happened to get notice of their being in the West Farm post-office. But I have not yet told you that your lines reached me in Richmond on the very day in which I was about to enter on a course which would have borne me far, far away from *you*, sweet, sweet Helen, and from this divine dream of your love. [Signature missing.]

POE TO ——.

[Ingram.]

June 10th, 1848.

Do you know Mrs. Whitman? I feel deep interest in her poetry and character. I have never seen her — never but once. —— ——, however, told me many things about the romance of her character which singularly interested me and excited my curiosity. Her poetry is beyond question *poetry* — instinct with genius. Can you not tell me something about her — anything — everything you know — and *keep my secret* — that is to say, let no one know that I have asked you to do so? *May* I *trust* you? I can and will. — Believe me truly your friend,

Edgar A. Poe.

POE TO MRS. SHEW.

[Griswold Collection.]

Sunday Night.

My Dear Friend Louise, — Nothing for months has given me so much real pleasure as your note of last night. I have been engaged all day on some promised work, otherwise I should have replied immediately, as my heart inclined. I sincerely hope you may not drift out of my sight before I can thank you. How kind of you to let me do even *this small service* for you, in return for the great debt I owe you! Louise! my brightest, most unselfish of all who ever loved me! . . . I shall have so much pleasure in thinking of you and yours in that music-room and library. Louise, I give you great credit for taste in these things, and I know I can please you in the purchases. During my first call at your house after my Virginia's death, I noticed with so much pleasure the large painting over the piano, which is a masterpiece indeed; and I noticed the size of all your paintings, the scrolls instead of set figures of the drawing-room carpet, the soft effect of the window shades, also the crimson and gold. . . . I was charmed to see the harp and piano uncovered. The pictures of Raphael and the "The Cavalier" I shall never forget — their softness and beauty! The guitar with the blue ribbon, music-stand and antique jars! I wondered that a little country maiden like you had developed so classic a taste and atmosphere. Please present my kind regards to your uncle, and say that I am at his service any or every day this week; and ask him, please, to specify time and place.

Yours sincerely,

Edgar A. Poe.

POE TO MRS. SHEW.

[Ingram.]

[June, 1848.]

Can it be true, Louise, that you have the idea fixed in your mind to desert your unhappy and unfortunate friend and patient? You did not say so, I know, but for months I have known you were deserting me, not willingly, but none the less surely — my destiny —

> "Disaster, following fast and following faster, till his song one burden bore —
> Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore —
> Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

So I have had premonitions of this for months. I repeat, my good spirit, my loyal heart! must this follow as a sequel to all the benefits and blessings you have so generously bestowed? Are you to vanish like all I love, or desire, from my darkened and "lost soul"? I have read over your letter again and again, and cannot make it possible, with any degree of certainty, that you wrote it in your right mind. (*I know you did not without tears of anguish and regret.*) Is it possible your influence is lost to me? Such tender and true natures are ever loyal until death; but you are not dead, you are full of life and beauty! Louise, you came in . . . in your floating white robe — "Good morning, Edgar." There was a touch of conventional coldness in your hurried manner, and your attitude as you opened the kitchen-door to find Muddie,[1] is *my last remembrance of you*. There was love, hope, and *sorrow* in your smile, instead of love, hope, and *courage*, as ever before. O Louise, how

[1] Mrs. Clemm's pet name at home.

many sorrows are before you! Your ingenuous and sympathetic nature will be constantly wounded in its contact with the hollow, heartless world; and for me, alas! unless some true and tender, and pure womanly love saves me, I shall hardly last a year longer alive! A few short months will tell how far my strength (physical and moral) will carry me in life here. How can I believe in Providence when *you* look coldly upon me? Was it not you who renewed my hopes and faith in God? . . . and in humanity? Louise, I heard your voice as you passed out of my sight leaving me . . .; but I still listened to your voice. I heard you say with a sob, "Dear Muddie." I heard you greet *my Catarina*, but it was only as a memory . . . nothing escaped *my ear*, and I was convinced it was not your generous self. . . . repeating words so foreign to your nature — to your tender heart! I heard you sob out your sense of duty to my mother, and I heard her reply "Yes, Loui . . . yes." . . . Why turn your soul from its true work for the desolate to the thankless and miserly world? . . . I felt my heart stop, and I was sure I was then to die before your eyes. Louise, it is well — it is fortunate — you looked up with a tear in your dear eyes, and raised the window, and talked of the guava you had brought for my sore throat. Your instincts are better than a *strong man's reason for me* — I trust they may be for *yourself*. Louise, I feel I shall not prevail — a shadow has already fallen upon your soul, and is reflected in your eyes. It is *too late* — you are floating away with the cruel tide . . . it is not a common trial — it is a fearful one to me. Such rare souls as yours so beautify this earth! so relieve it of all that is repulsive and sordid. So brighten its

toils and cares, it is hard to lose sight of them even for a short time . . . but you must know and *be assured* of my regret and my sorrow if aught I have ever written has hurt you. *My heart never wronged you.* I place you in *my esteem* — in *all solemnity* — beside the friend of my boyhood — the mother of my schoolfellow, of whom I told you, and as I have repeated in the poem . . . as the truest, tenderest of this world's most womanly souls, and an angel to my forlorn and darkened nature. I will not say "lost soul" again, for your sake. I will try to overcome my grief for the sake of your unselfish care of me in the past, and in life or death, I am ever yours gratefully and devotedly, EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

[Ingram.]

DEAR SIR, — In your paper of July 29, I find some comments on "Eureka," a late book of my own; and I know you too well to suppose, for a moment, that you will refuse me the privilege of a few words in reply. I feel, even, that I might safely claim, from Mr. Hoffman, the right, which every author has, of replying to his critic *tone for tone* — that is to say, of answering your correspondent, flippancy by flippancy and sneer by sneer — but, in the first place, I do not wish to disgrace the "World"; and, in the second, I feel that I should never be done sneering, in the present instance, were I once to begin. Lamartine blames Voltaire for the use which he made of (*ruse*) misrepresentations, in his attacks on the priesthood; but our young students of Theology do not seem to be

aware that in defence, or what they fancy to be defence, of Christianity, there is anything wrong in such gentlemanly peccadillos as the deliberate perversion of an author's text — to say nothing of the minor *indecora* of reviewing a book without reading it and without having the faintest suspicion of what it is about.

You will understand that it is merely the *misrepresentations* of the *critique* in question to which I claim the privilege of reply: — the mere *opinions* of the writer can be of no consequence to me — and I should imagine of very little to himself — that is to say if he knows himself, personally, so well as *I* have the honour of knowing him. The first misrepresentation is contained in this sentence: — "This letter is a keen burlesque on the Aristotelian or Baconian methods of ascertaining Truth, both of which the writer ridicules and despises, and pours forth his rhapsodical ecstacies in a glorification of a third mode — the noble art of *guessing*." What I *really* say is this: — "That there is no absolute *certainty* either in the Aristotelian or Baconian process — that, for this reason, neither Philosophy is so profound as it fancies itself — and that neither has a right to sneer at that *seemingly* imaginative process called Intuition (by which the great Kepler attained his laws); since 'Intuition,' after all, is but the conviction arising from those *in*ductions or *de*ductions of which the processes are so shadowy as to escape our consciousness, elude our reason, or defy our capacity of expression." The second misrepresentation runs thus: — "The development of electricity and the formation of stars and suns, luminous and non-luminous, moons and planets, with their rings, &c., is deduced, very much according to the nebular theory

of Laplace, from the principle propounded above." Now the impression intended to be made here upon the reader's mind, by the "Student of Theology," is, evidently, that my theory may be all very well in its way, but that it is nothing but Laplace over again, with some modifications that he (the Student of Theology) cannot regard as at all important. I have only to say that no gentleman can accuse me of the disingenuousness here implied; inasmuch as, having proceeded with my theory to that point at which Laplace's theory *meets it*, I then *give Laplace's theory in full*, with the expression of my firm conviction of its absolute truth *at all points*. The *ground* covered by the great French astronomer compares with that covered by my theory, as a bubble compares with the ocean on which it floats; nor has he the slightest allusion to "the principle propounded above," the principle of Unity being the source of all things — the principle of Gravity being merely the Reaction of the Divine Act which irradiated all things from Unity. In fact, *no* point of *my* theory has been even so much as alluded to by Laplace. I have not considered it necessary, here, to speak of the astronomical knowledge displayed in the "stars *and* suns" of the Student of Theology, nor to hint that it would be better grammar to say that "development and formation" *are*, than that development and formation *is*. The third misrepresentation lies in a footnote, where the critic says, "Further than this, Mr. Poe's claim that he can account for the existence of all organised beings, man included, merely from those principles on which the origin and present appearance of suns and worlds are explained, must be set down as mere bald assertion, without a particle of evidence. In other words, we should term it *arrant*

fudge." The perversion at this point is involved in a wilful misapplication of the word "principles." I say "wilful," because, at page 63, I am *particularly* careful to distinguish between the principles proper, Attraction and Repulsion, and those merely resultant *sub*-principles which control the universe in detail. To these sub-principles, swayed by the immediate spiritual influence of Deity, I leave, without examination, *all that* which the Student of Theology so roundly asserts I account for on the *principles* which account for the constitution of suns, &c. . . .

Were these "misrepresentations" (*is* that the name for them?) made for any less serious a purpose than that of branding my book as "impious," and myself as a "pantheist," a "polytheist," a Pagan, or a God knows what (and indeed I care very little so it be not a "Student of Theology"), I would have permitted their dishonesty to pass unnoticed, through pure contempt for the boyishness — for the *turn-down-shirt-collarness* of their tone: — but, as it is, you will pardon me, Mr. Editor, that I have been compelled to expose a "critic," who, courageously preserving his own *anonymosity*, takes advantage of my absence from the city to misrepresent, and thus vilify me, *by name*.

EDGAR A. POE.

FORDHAM, September 20, 1848.

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Ingram.]

[Undated.]

I have pressed your letter again and again to my lips, sweetest Helen [1] — bathing it in tears of joy, or of a "divine despair." But I — who so lately, in your presence, vaunted the "power of words" — of what avail are mere words to me now? *Could* I believe in the efficiency of prayer to the God of Heaven, I would indeed kneel — humbly kneel — at this the most earnest epoch of my life — kneel in entreaty for words — *but* for words that should disclose to you — that might enable me to lay bare to you my whole heart. All thoughts — all passions seem now merged in that one consuming desire — the mere wish to make you comprehend — to make you see *that* for which there is no human voice — the unutterable fervour of my love for you: — for so well do I know your poet nature, that I feel sure if you could but look down *now* into the depths of my soul with your pure spiritual eyes you *could* not refuse to speak to me what, alas! you still resolutely leave unspoken — you would *love* me if only for the greatness of my love. Is it not something in this cold, dreary world *to be loved?* Oh, if I could but burn into your spirit the deep — the *true* meaning which I attach to those three syllables underlined! but, alas! the effort is all in vain and "I live and die unheard." . . .

Could I but have held you close to my heart and whispered to you the strange secrets of its passionate history, then indeed you would have seen that it was

[1] See poem "To Helen." — Ed.

not and never could have been in the power of any other than yourself to move me as I am now moved — to oppress me with this ineffable emotion — to surround and bathe me in this electric light, illumining and enkindling my whole nature — filling my soul with glory, with wonder, and with awe. During our walk in the cemetery I said to you, while the bitter, bitter tears sprang into my eyes, "Helen, I love now — now — for the first and only time." I said this, I repeat, in no hope that you could believe me, but because I could not help feeling how unequal were the heart riches we might offer each to each: — I, for the first time, giving my all at once and for ever, even while the words of your poem were yet ringing in my ears.

Ah, Helen, *why* did you show them to me? There seemed, too, so very especial a purpose in what you did. Their very beauty was cruelty *to me*. . . .

And now, in the most simple words I can command, let me paint to you the impression made upon me by your personal presence. As you entered the room, pale, hesitating, and evidently oppressed at heart; as your eyes rested for one brief moment upon mine, I felt, for the first time in my life, and tremblingly acknowledged, the existence of spiritual influences altogether out of the reach of the reason. I saw that you were *Helen* — *my* Helen — the Helen of a thousand dreams. . . . She whom the great Giver of all good had prëordained to be mine — mine only — if not now, alas! then hereafter and *for ever* in the Heavens. — You spoke falteringly and seemed scarcely conscious of what you said. I heard no words — only the soft voice more familiar to me than my own. . . .

Your hand rested within mine and my whole soul

shook with a tremulous ecstacy: and then, but for the fear of grieving or wounding you, I would have fallen at your feet in as pure — in as real a worship as was ever offered to Idol or to God.

And when, afterwards, on those two successive evenings of all-heavenly delight, you passed to and fro about the room — now sitting by my side, now far away, now standing with your hand resting on the back of my chair, while the preternatural thrill of your touch vibrated even through the senseless wood into my heart — while you moved thus restlessly about the room — as if a deep sorrow or a most pronounced joy haunted your bosom — my brain reeled beneath the intoxicating spell of your presence, and it was with no merely human senses that I either saw or heard you. It was my soul only that distinguished you there. . . .

Let me quote to you a passage from your letter: — . . . "Although my reverence for your intellect and my admiration for your genius make me feel like a child in your presence you are not perhaps aware that I am many years older than yourself." . . . But grant that what you urge were even true. Do you not feel in your inmost heart of hearts that the "Soul love" of which the world speaks so often and so idly is, in this instance, at least, but the veriest — the most absolute of realities? Do you not — I ask it of your reason, *darling*, not less than of your heart — do you not perceive that it is my diviner nature — my spiritual being which burns and pants to commingle with your own? Has the soul age, Helen? Can Immortality regard Time? Can that which began never and shall never end consider a few wretched years of its incarnate life? Ah, I could *almost* be angry with

you for the unwarranted wrong you offer to the sacred reality of my affection.

And how *am* I to answer what you say of your personal appearance? Have I not *seen* you, Helen? Have I not heard the more than melody of your voice? Has not my heart ceased to throb beneath the magic of your smile? Have I not held your hand in mine and looked steadily into your soul through the crystal Heaven of your eyes? Have I done all these things? — Or do I dream? — Or am I mad?

Were you indeed all that your fancy, enfeebled and perverted by illness, tempts you to suppose you are, still, life of my life! I would but love you — but worship you the more. But as it is what can I — what *am* I to say? *Who* ever spoke of you without emotion — without praise? Who *ever* saw you and did not love?

But now a deadly terror oppresses me; for I too clearly see that these objections, so groundless — so futile. . . . I tremble lest they but serve to mask others more real, and which you hesitate — perhaps in pity — to confide to me.

Alas! I too distinctly perceive, also, that in no instance you have ever permitted yourself to say that you loved me. You are aware, sweet Helen, that on my part there are insuperable reasons forbidding me to urge upon you my love. Were I not poor — had not my late errors and reckless excesses justly lowered me in the esteem of the good — were I wealthy, or could I offer you worldly honours — ah then — then — how proud would I be to persevere — to *plead* with you for your love. . . .

Ah, Helen! my soul! — what is it that I have been saying to you? — to what madness have I been urging

you? — I, who am *nothing* to you — *you* who have a dear mother and sister to be blessed by your life and love. But ah, darling! if I *seem* selfish, yet believe that I truly, *truly* love you, and that it is the most spiritual love that I speak, even if I speak it from the depths of the most passionate of hearts. Think — oh, think for *me*, Helen, and for yourself. . . .

I would comfort you — soothe you — tranquillize you. You would rest from care — from all worldly perturbation. You would get better and finally well. And if *not*, Helen — if you *died* — then, at least, I would clasp your dear hands in death, and willingly — oh, *joyfully* — *joyfully* go down with you into the night of the grave.

Write soon — soon — oh soon! — but not *much*. Do not weary or agitate yourself for *my* sake. Say to me those coveted words that would turn Earth into Heaven. [Signature missing.]

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

18th October, 1848.

You do not love me, or you would have felt too thorough a sympathy with the sensitiveness of my nature, to have so wounded me as you have done with this terrible passage of your letter: —

"How often I have heard it said of you, 'He has great intellectual power, but no principle — no moral sense.'"

Is it possible that such expressions as these could have been repeated to me — to me — by one whom I loved — ah, whom I *love!* . . .

By the God who reigns in Heaven, I swear to you that my soul is incapable of dishonor — that, with the

exception of occasional follies and excesses which I bitterly lament but to which I have been driven by intolerable sorrow, and which are hourly committed by others without attracting any notice whatever — I can call to mind no act of my life which would bring a blush to my cheek — or to yours. If I have erred at all in this regard, it has been on the side of what the world would call a Quixotic sense of the honorable — of the chivalrous. The indulgence of this sense has been the true voluptuousness of my life. It was for this species of luxury that in early youth I deliberately threw away from me a large fortune rather than endure a trivial wrong. Ah, how profound is my love for you, since it forces me into these egotisms, for which you will inevitably despise me! . . .

For nearly three years I have been ill, poor, living out of the world; and thus, as I now painfully see, have afforded opportunity to my enemies to slander me in private society without my knowledge, and thus with impunity. Although much, however, may (and, I now see, must) have been said to my discredit, during my retirement, those few who, knowing me well, have been steadfastly my friends, permitted nothing to reach my ears — unless in one instance of such a character that I could appeal to a court of justice for redress.

I replied to the charge fully in a public newspaper — afterwards suing the *Mirror* (in which the scandal appeared), obtaining a verdict and recovering such an amount of damages as, for the time, completely to break up that journal. And you ask me *why* men so *misjudge* me — *why* I have enemies. If your knowledge of my character and of my career does not afford you an answer to the query, at least it does not become

me to suggest the answer. Let it suffice that I have had the audacity to remain poor that I might preserve my independence — that, nevertheless, in letters, to a certain extent and in certain regards, I have been "successful" — that I have been a critic — an unscrupulously honest and no doubt in many cases a bitter one — that I have uniformly attacked — where I attacked at all — those who stood highest in power and influence — and that — whether in literature or society, I have seldom refrained from expressing, either directly or indirectly, the pure contempt with which the pretensions of ignorance, arrogance, or imbecility inspire me. And you who know all this — *you* ask me *why* I have enemies. Ah, I have a hundred friends for every individual enemy, but has it ever occurred to you that you do not live among my friends?

Had you read my criticisms generally, you would see why all those whom you know best know me least and are my enemies. Do you not remember with how deep a sigh I said to you . . . "My heart is heavy, for I see that your friends are not my own"? . . .

But the cruel sentence in your letter would not — *could* not so deeply have wounded me, had my soul been first strengthened by those assurances of your love which I so wildly — so vainly — and, I now feel, so presumptuously entreated. That our souls are one, every line which you have ever written asserts — but our hearts do *not* beat in unison.

That many persons, in your presence, have declared me wanting in honor appeals irresistibly to an instinct of my nature — an instinct which *I feel* to be honor, let the dishonorable say what they may, and forbids

me, under such circumstances, to insult you with my love. . . .

Forgive me, best and only-beloved Helen, if there be bitterness in my tone. Towards *you* there is no room in my soul for any other sentiment than devotion. It is Fate only which I accuse. It is my own unhappy nature. . . . [Signature missing.]

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Ingram.]

[Undated.]

Dearest Helen, — I have *no* engagement, but am *very* ill — so much so that I must go home if possible — but if you say "Stay," I will try and do so. If you cannot see me — write me *one word* to say that you *do* love me and that, *under all circumstances*, you will be mine.

Remember that these coveted words you have never yet spoken — and, nevertheless, I have not reproached you. If you can see me, even for a few moments, do so — but if not, write or send some message which will comfort me. [Signature missing.]

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Ingram.]

November 14, 1848.

My own dearest Helen, — *So* kind, so true, so generous — so unmoved by all that would have moved one who had been less than angel: — beloved of my heart, of my imagination, of my intellect — life of my life — soul of my soul — dear, dearest Helen, how shall I ever thank you as I ought.

I am calm and tranquil, and but for a strange shadow of coming evil which haunts me I should be happy. That I am not supremely happy, even when I feel your dear love at my heart, terrifies me. What can this mean ?

Perhaps, however, it is only the necessary reaction after such terrible excitements.

It is five o'clock, and the boat is just being made fast to the wharf. I shall start in the train that leaves New York at 7 for Fordham. I write this to show you that I have not *dared* to break my promise to you. And now dear, dearest Helen, be true to me. . . .

[Signature missing.]

POE TO "ANNIE."[1]

[Griswold Collection ?]

FORDHAM, November 16, 1848.

Oh, Annie, Annie! what cruel thoughts . . . must have been torturing your heart during the last terrible fortnight in which you have heard *nothing* from me — not even one little word to say that I still lived. . . . But, Annie, I know that you *felt* too deeply the nature of my love for you to doubt *that*, even for one moment, and this thought has comforted me in my bitter sorrow. I could bear that you should imagine *every other evil except that one* — that my soul had been untrue to yours. Why am I not *with* you now, that I might press your dear hand in mine, and look deep into the clear heaven of your eyes ; so that the words which I now can only *write* might

[1] "Annie" was Mrs. Richmond, a lady with whom Mrs. Clemm lived near Lowell, Mass., some time after Poe's death. See the poem "For Annie." — ED.

sink into your heart, and make you comprehend what it is that I would say. . . . But, oh, my own sweet *sister* Annie, my pure beautiful angel . . . how shall I explain to you the *bitter, bitter* anguish which has tortured me since I left you? You saw, you *felt* the agony of grief with which I bade you farewell — you remember my expression of gloom — of a dreadful, horrible foreboding of Ill. Indeed — *indeed* it seemed to me that Death approached me even then, and that I was involved in the shadow which went before him. . . . I said to myself — "it is for the last time, until we meet in Heaven." I remember nothing distinctly from that moment until I found myself in Providence. I went to bed and wept through a long, long, hideous night of Despair — when the day broke, I arose and endeavored to quiet my mind by a rapid walk in the cold, keen air — but all *would* not do — the Demon tormented me still. Finally, I procured two ounces of laudanum, and, without returning to my hotel, took the cars back to Boston. When I arrived I wrote you a letter, in which I opened my whole heart to you — to *you*. . . . I told you how my struggles were more than I could bear. . . . I then reminded you of that holy promise which was the last I exacted from you in parting — the promise that, under all circumstances, you would come to me on my bed of death. I implored you to come *then*, mentioning the place where I should be found in Boston. Having written this letter, I swallowed about half the laudanum, and hurried to the Post Office — intending not to take the rest until I saw you — for, I did not doubt for one moment, that Annie would keep her sacred promise. But I had not calculated on the strength of the laudanum, for, before

I reached the Post Office my reason was entirely gone, and the letter was never put in. Let me pass over — my darling *sister* — the awful horrors which succeeded. A friend was at hand, who aided and (if it can be called saving) saved me, but it is only within the last three days that I have been able to remember what occurred in that dreary interval. It appears that, after the laudanum was rejected from the stomach, I became calm, and — to a casual observer, sane — so that I was suffered to go back to Providence. . . . It is not *much* that I ask, *sweet sister Annie* — my mother and myself would take a small cottage at —— oh, *so* small — so *very* humble — I should be far away from the tumult of the world — from the ambition which I loathe — I would labor day and night, and with industry, I could accomplish *so* much. Annie! it would be a Paradise beyond my wildest hopes — I could see some of your beloved family *every* day, and you often. . . . Do not these pictures touch your inmost heart? . . . I am at home now with my dear mother who is endeavoring to comfort me — but the sole words which soothe me are those in which she speaks of Annie — she tells me that she has written you, begging you to come on to Fordham. Ah, Annie, *is it not possible?* I am so *ill* — so terribly, hopelessly *ill* in body and mind, that I CANNOT live, unless I can feel your sweet, gentle, loving hand pressed upon my forehead — oh, my *pure, virtuous, generous, beautiful sister* Annie! Is it not POSSIBLE for you to come — if only for one little week? Until I subdue this fearful agitation, which, if continued, will either destroy my life or drive me hopelessly mad.

Farewell — *here and hereafter — forever your own*

EDDY.

POE TO VALENTINE.

[From MS. belonging to Rev. E. Valentine Jones.]

New York, Nov. 20 — 1848.

Dear Sir, — After a long and bitter struggle with sickness, poverty and the thousand evils which attend them, I find myself at length in a position to establish myself permanently, and to triumph over all difficulties, if I could but obtain from some friend a very little pecuniary aid.

In looking around me for such a friend, I can think of no one, with the exception of yourself, whom I see the least prospect of interesting in my behalf — and even, as regards yourself, I confess that my hope is feeble.

In fact, I have been *so long* depressed that it will be a most difficult thing for me to rise — and rise I never can without such aid as I now entreat at your hands.

I call to mind, however, that, during my childhood, you were very kind to me, and, I believe, very fond of me. For this reason and because I really do *not* know where else to turn for the assistance I so *much* need at this moment, I venture to throw myself upon your generosity and ask you to lend me $200.

With this sum I should be able to take the first steps in an enterprise where there can be no doubt of my success, and which, if successful, would, in one or two years ensure me fortune and very great influence. I refer to the establishment of a Magazine, for which I have already a good list of subscribers, and of which I send you a Prospectus.

If for the sake of "auld lang syne" you will advance me the sum needed, there are no words which can express my gratitude.

Most sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

EDWARD VALENTINE, Esq.

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Ingram.]

[Undated.]

Without well understanding *why*, I had been led to fancy you ambitious. . . . It was then only — then when I thought of *you* — that I dwelt exultingly upon what I felt that I could accomplish in Letters and in Literary influence — in the widest and noblest field of human ambition. . . . When I saw you, however — when I touched your gentle hand — when I heard your soft voice, and perceived how greatly I had misinterpreted your womanly nature — these triumphant visions melted sweetly away in the sunshine of a *love* ineffable, and I suffered my imagination to stray with you, and with the few who love us both, to the banks of some quiet river, in some lovely valley of our land.

Here, not *too* far secluded from the world, we exercised a taste controlled by no conventionalities, but the sworn slave of a natural art, in the building for ourselves of a cottage which no human being could ever pass without an ejaculation of wonder at its strange, weird, and incomprehensible yet most simple beauty. Oh, the sweet and gorgeous, but not often rare flowers in which we half buried it! the grandeur of the magnolias and tulip-trees which stood guarding

it — the luxurious velvet of its lawn — the lustre of the rivulet that ran by the very door — the tasteful yet quiet comfort of the interior — the music — the books — the unostentatious pictures, and above all, the love — the love that threw an unfading *glory* over the whole ! . . . Alas ! all is now a dream.

[Signature missing.]

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Ingram.]

22d of November, 1848.

I wrote you yesterday, sweet Helen, but through fear of being too late for the mail omitted some things I wished to say. I fear, too, that my letter must have seemed cold — perhaps even harsh or selfish — for I spoke nearly altogether of my own griefs. Pardon me, *my* Helen, if not for the love I bear you, at least for the sorrows I have endured — more I believe than have often fallen to the lot of man. How much have they been aggravated by my consciousness that, in too many instances, they have arisen from my own culpable weakness or childish folly! My sole hope now is *in you*, Helen. As you are true to me or fail me, so do I live or die. . . .

Was I right, dearest Helen, in my first impression of you? — you know I have implicit faith in first impressions — was I right in the impression that you are ambitious ? If so, and *if you will have faith in me*, I can and will satisfy your wildest desires. It would be a glorious triumph, Helen, for *us* — for *you and me*.

I dare not trust my schemes to a letter — nor indeed have I time to hint at them here. When I see

you I will explain all — as far, at least, as I dare explain *all* my hopes even to you.

Would it *not* be "glorious," darling, to establish, in America, the sole unquestionable aristocracy — that of intellect — to secure its supremacy — to lead and to control it? All this I can do, Helen, and will — if you bid me — and aid me.

[Signature missing.]

POE TO "ANNIE."

[Griswold Collection?]

[Undated.]

. . . ANNIE! . . . It seems to me *so* long since I have written you that I feel condemned, and almost tremble lest you should have evil thoughts of . . . Eddie. . . . But no, you will never doubt me under *any* circumstances — will you . . . ? . . . It seems to me that Fate is against our meeting again *soon* — but oh, we *will not* let distance diminish our affection, and by-and-by all will go right. Oh, Annie, in spite of so many worldly sorrows — in spite of all the trouble and *misrepresentation* (so hard to bear) that Poverty has entailed on me for so long a time — in spite of *all* this I am *so* — so happy to think that you *really* love me. If you had lived as long as I, you would understand *fully* what I mean. Indeed, indeed, Annie, there is *nothing* in this world worth living for except love — love *not* such as I once thought I felt for Mrs. ——, but such as burns in my very soul for *you* — so pure — so unworldly — a love which would make *all* sacrifices for your sake. . . . Could I have accomplished what I wished, *no* sacrifice would

have seemed to me too great, I felt so burning, so *intensely passionate* a longing to show you that I loved you. . . . Write to me . . . whenever you can spare time, if it be only a line. . . . I am beginning to do very well about money as my spirits improve, and soon — *very* soon, I hope, I shall be *quite* out of difficulty. You can't think how industrious I am. I am resolved to *get rich* — to triumph — for your sweet sake. . . . Kiss dear Sarah for me — tell her I will write to her soon — we talk *so much* about her. When you write tell me something about B——. Has he gone to Richmond? or what is he doing? Oh, if I could only be of service to him in *any* way! Remember me to *all* — to your father and mother and dear little Caddy, and Mr. R—— and Mr. C——. And now good-by, my own dear sister Annie!

[Signature missing.]

POE TO "SARAH."[1]

[Griswold Collection?]

FORDHAM, November 23, 1848.

DEAR SARAH, — My own dear *sister* Sarah. If there is any pity in your heart, reply immediately to this, and let me know *why* it is I do not hear from Annie. If I do not hear from her soon, I shall surely die. I fancy everything evil: sometimes I even think that I have offended her, and that she no longer . . . cares for me. I wrote her a long letter eight days ago, inclosing one from my mother, who wrote again on the 19th. Not one word has reached us in reply. Oh, Sarah, if I did not love your sister with the *purest*

[1] "Annie's" sister.

and most unexacting love, I would not dare confide in you — but you do know how truly, how *purely* I love her, and . . . you know also how impossible it is to see and not to love her. In my wildest dreams I have never fancied any being so totally lovely — *so good* — *so true* — *so noble* — *so pure* — *so virtuous* — her silence fills my whole soul with terror. Can she have received my letter? If she is angry with me, dear Sarah, say to her, that on my knees I beseech her to pardon me — tell her that I am her *slave* in all things — that whatever she bids me do, I will do — if even she says I must never see her again, or write to her. Let me but hear from her *once more*, and I can bear whatever happens. Oh, Sarah, you would pity me, if you knew the agony of my heart, as I write these words. *Do not fail to answer me at once.*

God bless you, my sweet sister —

EDGAR.

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Ingram.]

Nov. 25, 1848.

In little more than a fortnight, dearest Helen, I shall once again clasp you to my heart: — until then I forbear to agitate you by speaking of my wishes — of my hopes, and especially of my fears. You say that all depends on my own firmness. If this be so, all is safe — for the terrible agony which I have so lately endured — an agony known only to my God and to myself — seems to have passed my soul through fire and purified it from all that is weak. Henceforward I am strong: — this those who love me shall see — as well as those who have so relentlessly endeavoured to

ruin me. It needed only some such trials as I have just undergone, to make me what I was born to be, by making me conscious of my own strength. — But all does *not* depend, dear Helen, upon my firmness — all depends upon the sincerity of your love.

You allude to your having been "tortured by reports which have all since been explained to your entire satisfaction." On this point my mind is fully made up. I will rest neither by night nor by day until I bring those who have slandered me into the light of day — until I expose them, *and their motives* to the public eye. I *have* the means and I will ruthlessly employ them. On one point let me caution you, *dear* Helen. No sooner will Mrs. E —— hear of my proposals to yourself, than she will set in operation every conceivable chicanery to frustrate me : — and, if you are not prepared for her arts, she will *infallibly* succeed — for her whole study, throughout life, has been the gratification of her malignity by such means as any other human being would die rather than adopt. You will be sure to receive anonymous letters so skilfully contrived as to deceive the most sagacious. You will be called on, possibly, by persons whom you never heard of, but whom she has instigated to call and vilify me — without even *their* being aware of the influence she has exercised. I do not know *any* one with a more *acute* intellect about such matters than Mrs. Osgood — yet even she was for a long time completely blinded by the arts of this fiend, and simply because her generous heart could not conceive how any woman could stoop to machinations at which the most degraded of the fiends would shudder. I will give you here but one instance of her baseness, and I feel that it will suffice. . . .

If you value your happiness, Helen, beware of this woman! She did not cease her persecutions here. My poor Virginia was continually tortured (although not deceived) by her anonymous letters, and on her deathbed declared that Mrs. E —— had been her murderer. Have I not a right to hate this fiend and to caution you against her? You will now comprehend what I mean in saying that the *only* thing for which I found it impossible to forgive Mrs. Osgood was her reception of Mrs. E.

Be careful of your health, dearest Helen, and perhaps all will yet go well. Forgive me that I let these wrongs prey upon me — I did not so bitterly feel them until they threatened to deprive me of you . . . but for your dear sake I will endeavor to be calm.

Your lines "To Arcturus" are truly beautiful.

[Signature missing.]

POE TO "ANNIE."

[Ingram.]

Thursday Morning —— 28.

Annie, — My own dear Mother will explain to you how it is that I cannot write to you in full — but I *must* write only a few words to let you *see* that I am well, lest you suspect me to be ill. *All* is right! . . . I *hope* that I distinguished myself at the Lecture — I *tried* to do so, for your sake. There were 1800 people present, and such applause! I did so much better than I did at Lowell. If *you* had only been there. . . . Give my dearest love to all —

Eddy.

for the terrible agony which I have so lately endured —
an agony known only to my God and to myself — seems to
have passed my soul through fire and purified it from
all that is weak Henceforward I am strong :— thus those who
love me shall see — as well as those who have so relentlessly
endeavored to ruin me It needed only some such trials as
I have just undergone, to make me what I was born to
be. By making me conscious of my own strength. —

POE TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Ingram.]

[Undated.]

No amount of provocation shall induce me to speak ill of *you*, even in my own defence. If to shield myself from calumny, however undeserved, or however unendurable, I find a need of resorting to explanations that might condemn or pain you, most solemnly do I assure you that I will patiently endure such calumny, rather than avail myself of any such means of refuting it. You will see, then, that so far I am at your mercy — but in making you such assurances, have I not a right to ask of you some forbearance in return? . . . That *you* have in any way countenanced this pitiable falsehood, I do not and cannot believe — some person, equally your enemy and mine, has been its author — but what I beg of you is, to write me at once a few lines in explanation — you know, of course, that by reference either to Mr. Pabodie or . . . I can disprove the facts stated in the most satisfactory manner — but there can be no need of disproving what I feel confident was never asserted *by you* — your simple disavowal is all that I wish — You will, of course, write me immediately on receipt of this. . . . Heaven knows that I would shrink from wounding or grieving you! . . . May Heaven shield you from all ill! . . . Let my letters and acts speak for themselves. It has been my intention to say simply that our marriage was postponed simply on account of your ill-health. Have you really said or done anything which can preclude our placing the rupture on such footing? If not, I shall persist in the statement and thus this unhappy matter will die quietly away.

[Signature missing.]

MISS TALLEY TO POE.

[Griswold Collection.]

Miss Talley[1] will take pleasure in complying with Mr. Poe's request so far as she is herself concerned & cannot but feel gratified at the trust reposed in her by one whose genius she has ever regarded with so profound an admiration. Mr. Valentine will be in Richmond in the course of a week or two, & Miss Talley prefers waiting till then, to forwarding Mr. Poe's letter immediately ; but lest this delay should cause Mr. Poe some apprehension as to his letters being miscarried or neglected, Miss Talley writes to assure him of the contrary. She has little doubt of the success of his application, & need not assure Mr. Poe that his communication will be made known to Mr. Valentine only. Miss Talley hopes that she may be permitted to express the interest with which she regards Mr. Poe's enterprise, wishing him all possible success therein.

Richmond, Nov. 29. — 48.

POE TO WILLIS.

Dec. 8, 1848.

Under date of Dec. 8th, Poe wrote to Willis thanking him for his kind words of the previous month and sending him an "American Review" in which was his ballad Ulalume, published without

[1] The poetess, who later, as Mrs. Susan Archer Talley Weiss, wrote the interesting "Last Days of Edgar Allan Poe" for "the Century Magazine," March, 1878. She is still living.

The letter referred to is the one addressed to Edward Valentine, printed on a previous page — so the editor was informed by Mrs. Weiss.

his name. Poe did not at that time wish to be known as its author, but would be indebted to Willis if he would copy it into his paper, the "Home Journal," asking who wrote it — all this of course being dependent upon Willis's thinking the verses worth the reproduction, a thing of which Poe was not sure.

CHAPTER XII.

January, 1849–March, 1849.

THE "ANNIE" LETTERS CONTINUED; "THE BELLS;" "ANNABEL LEE."

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

[Without date, but appears to have been written early in 1849.]

Dear Griswold, — Your uniform kindness leads me to hope that you will attend to this little matter of Mrs. L——, to whom I truly think you have done less than justice. I am ashamed to ask favors of you, to whom I am so much indebted, but I have promised Mrs. L—— this. They lied to you, (if they told — what he says you told him,) upon the subject of my forgotten Lecture on the American Poets, and I take this opportunity to say that what I have always held in conversations about you, and what I believe to be entirely true, as far as it goes, is contained in my notice of your "Female Poets of America," in the forthcoming "Southern Literary Messenger." By glancing at what I have published about you, (Aut. in Graham, 1841; Review in Pioneer, 1843; Notice in B. Journal, 1845; Letter in Int., 1847; and the Review of your Female Poets,) you will see

that I have never hazarded my own reputation by a disrespectful word of you, though there were, as I long ago explained, in consequence of —— 's false imputation of that beastly article to you, some absurd jokes at your expense in the Lecture at Philadelphia. Come up and see me: the cars pass within a few rods of the New York Hotel, where I have called two or three times without finding you in.

Yours truly,

Poe.

POE TO "ANNIE."

[Ingram.]

[About Jan. 23.]

Faithful "Annie!" How shall I ever be grateful enough to God for giving me, in all my adversity, so true, so beautiful a friend! I felt *deeply* wounded by the cruel statements of your letter — and yet I had anticipated nearly all. . . . From the bottom of my heart I forgive her all, and would forgive her even more. Some portions of your letter I do not fully understand. If the reference is to my having violated my promise *to you*, I simply say, Annie, that I have not, and by God's blessing never will. Oh, if you *but* knew how happy I am in keeping it for *your* sake, you *could* never believe that I would violate it. The reports — if any such there be — may have arisen, however, from what I did, in Providence, on that terrible day — you know what I mean: — Oh — I shudder even to think of it. That . . . her friends will speak ill of me is an inevitable evil — I must bear it. In fact, "Annie," I am beginning to grow wiser, and do not care so much as I did for the opinions of a world in which I see, with my own eyes, that to act

generously is to be considered as designing, and that to be poor is to be a villain. I must get rich — rich. Then all will go well — but *until* then I must submit to be abused. I deeply regret that Mr. R. should think ill of me. If you can, disabuse him — and at all times act for me as *you* think best. I put my honor, as I would my life and soul, implicitly in your hands; but I would *rather* not confide my purposes, *in that one regard*, to any one but your dear sister.

I enclose you a letter for Mrs. Whitman. Read it — show it only to those in whom you have faith, and then *seal* it with wax and mail it from Boston. When her answer comes I will send it to you: that will convince you of the truth. If she refuse to answer I will write to Mr. Crocker. By the by, if you know the exact name and address send it to me. . . . But as long as you and yours love me, what need *I* care for this cruel, unjust, calculating world? . . . In all my present anxieties and embarrassments, I still feel in my inmost soul a *divine joy* — a happiness inexpressible — that nothing seems to disturb. . . .

I hope Mr. C. is well. Remember me to him, and ask him if he has seen my "Rationale of Verse," in the last October and November numbers of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. . . . I am *so* busy, now, and feel so full of energy. Engagements to write are pouring in upon me every day. I had two proposals within the last week *from Boston*. I sent yesterday an article to the *Am. Review*, about "Critics and Criticism." Not long ago I sent one to the *Metropolitan* called "Landor's Cottage:" it has something about "Annie" in it, and will appear, I suppose, in the March number. To the *S. L. Messenger* I have sent fifty pages of "Marginalia," five

pages to appear each month of the current year. I have also made permanent engagements with every magazine in America (except Peterson's *National*) including a Cincinnati magazine, called *The Gentlemen's*. So you see that I have only to keep up my spirits to get out of all my pecuniary troubles. The *least* price I get is $5 per "Graham page," and I can easily average 1½ per day — that is $7½. As soon as "returns" come in I shall be out of difficulty. I see Godey advertises an article by me, but I am at a loss to know what it is. You ask me, Annie, to tell you about some book to read. Have you seen "Percy Ranthorpe" by Mrs. Gore? You can get it at any of the agencies. I have lately read it with deep interest, and derived great *consolation* from it also. It relates to the career of a literary man, and gives a just view of the true aims and the true dignity of the literary character. Read it for my sake.

But of one thing rest assured, "Annie," — from this day forth I shun the pestilential society of *literary women*. They are a heartless, unnatural, venomous, dishonorable *set*, with no guiding principle but inordinate self-esteem. Mrs. Osgood is the *only* exception I know. . . . Kiss little Caddy for me, and remember me to Mr. R. and to *all*.

I have had a most distressing headache for the last two weeks. . . . [Signature missing.]

POE TO GODEY.

[Ingram.]

February, 1849.

To the Editor of the "Lady's Book":

I have the honor of sending you, for your magazine, an article which I hope you will be able to comprehend rather more distinctly than I do myself. It

is a translation by my friend Martin Van Buren Mavis (sometimes called the "Poughkeepsie Seer"), of an odd-looking MS. which I found, about a year ago, tightly corked up in a jug floating in the *Mare Tenebrarum* — a sea well described by the Nubian geographer, but seldom visited, nowadays, except by the transcendentalists and divers for crotchets.

Truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO "ANNIE."

[Ingram.]

Thursday —— 8th.

DEAR "ANNIE," — My mother is just going to town, where, I hope, she will find a sweet letter from you or from Sarah; but, as it is so long since I have written, I *must* send a few words to let you see and *feel* that Eddy, even when silent, keeps you always in his mind and heart — I have been so busy, "Annie," ever since I returned from Providence — six weeks ago. I have not suffered a day to pass without writing from a page to three pages. Yesterday, I wrote five, and the day before a poem considerably longer than the "Raven." I call it "The Bells." How I wish "Annie" could see it! Her opinion is so dear to me on such topics — on *all* it is everything to me — but on poetry in especial. And, Sarah, too. . . . I told her when we were at W——, that I hardly ever knew any one with a keener discrimination in regard to what is *really* poetical. The five prose pages I finished yesterday are called — what do you think? — I am sure you will never guess — "*Hop-Frog!*" Only think of *your* Eddy writing a story with *such* a name as "Hop-Frog!" You would never guess the subject

(which is a terrible one) from the title, I am sure. It will be published in a weekly paper, of Boston, . . . not a very respectable journal, perhaps, in a literary point of view, but one that pays as high prices as most of the magazines. The proprietor wrote to me, offering about $5 a "Graham page," and as I was anxious to get out of my pecuniary difficulties, I accepted the offer. He gives $5 for a sonnet, also; Mrs. Osgood, Park Benjamin, and Mrs. Sigourney are engaged. I think "The Bells" will appear in the *American Review*. I have got no answer yet from Mrs. Whitman. . . . My opinion is that her mother has intercepted the letter and will never give it to her. . . .

Dear mother says she will write you a *long* letter in a day or two, and tell you *how good* I am. She is in high spirits at my prospects and at our hopes of soon seeing "Annie." We have told our landlord that we will not take the house next year. Do not let Mr. R., however, make any arrangements for us in ——, or W——, for, being poor, we are so much the slaves of circumstances. At all events we will both come and see you, and spend a week with you in the early spring or before — but we will let you know some time before. Mother sends her dearest, dearest love to you and Sarah and to *all*. And now good-bye, my *dear* "*Annie*." — Your own EDDY.

POE TO THOMAS.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

FORDHAM, near NEW YORK,
Feb. 14th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND THOMAS, — Your letter dated Nov. 27, has reached me at a little village of the Em-

pire State after having taken at its leisure, a very considerable tour among the P. Offices — occasioned I presume by your endorsement "to forward" wherever I might be — and the fact is where I might not have been for the last three months, is the legitimate question. At all events now that I have your well known MS. before me, it is most cordially welcomed. Indeed it seems an age since I heard from you and a decade of ages since I shook you by the hand — although I hear of you now and then. Right glad am I to find you once more in a true position — "in the field of letters." Depend upon it after all, Thomas, literature is the most noble of professions. In fact, it is about the only one fit for a man. For my own part there is no seducing me from the path. I shall be a *littérateur* at least, all my life; nor would I abandon the hopes which still lead me on for all the gold in California. Talking of gold and of the temptations at present held out to "poor-devil authors" did it ever strike you that all that is really valuable to a man of letters — to a poet in especial — is absolutely unpurchasable? Love, fame, the dominion of intellect, the consciousness of power, the thrilling sense of beauty, the free air of Heaven, exercise of body & mind, with the physical and moral health which result — these and such as these are really all that a poet cares for: — then answer me this — *why* should he go to California? Like Brutus, "I pause for a reply" which like F. W. Thomas, I take it for granted you have no intention of giving me. — I have read the Prospectus of the "Chronicle" and like it much — especially the part where you talk about letting go the finger of that conceited booby, the East — which is by no means the East out of which came the wise men mentioned in Scripture! . . .

[The remainder of this letter which follows is drawn from another source.]

I wish you would come down on the Frogpondians. They are getting worse and worse, and pretend not to be aware that there *are* any literary people out of Boston. The worst and most disgusting part of the matter is, that the Bostonians are really, as a race, far inferior in point of *anything beyond mere talent*, to any other *set* upon the continent of N. A. They are decidedly the most servile imitators of the English it is possible to conceive. I always get into a passion when I think about it. It would be the easiest thing in the world to use them up *en masse*. One really well-written satire would accomplish the business: — but it must not be such a dish of skimmed milk-and-water as Lowell's. I suppose you have seen that affair — the "Fable for Critics" I mean. Miss Fuller, that detestable old maid — told him, once, that he was "so wretched a poet as to be disgusting even to his best friends." This set him off at a tangent and he has never been quite right since: — so he took to writing satire against mankind in general, with Margaret Fuller and her *protégé*, Cornelius Mathews, in particular. It is miserably weak upon the whole, but has one or two good, but by no means original, things — oh, there is "*nothing* new under the sun" & Solomon is right — for once. I sent a review of the "Fable" to the "S. L. Messenger" a day or two ago, and I only hope Thompson will print it. Lowell is a ranting abolitionist and *deserves* a good using up. It is a pity that he is a poet. — I have not seen your paper yet, and hope you will mail me one — regularly if you can spare it. I will send you something whenever I get a chance. — With your coeditor Mr. ——

I am not acquainted personally but he is well known to me by reputation. Eames, I think, was talking to me about him in Washington once and spoke very highly of him in many respects, so upon the whole you are in luck. — The rock on which most new enterprises, in the paper way, split, is namby-pamby-ism. It never did do & never will. No yea-nay journal *ever* succeeded — but I know there is little danger of your making the Chronicle a yea-nay one. I have been quite out of the literary world for the last three years, and have *said* little or nothing, but, like the owl, I have "taken it out in thinking." By and bye I mean to come out of the bush, and then I have *some* old scores to settle. I fancy I see some of my *friends* already stepping up to the Captain's office. The fact is, Thomas, living buried in the country makes a man savage — wolfish. I am just in the humor for a fight. You will be pleased to hear that I am in better health than I ever knew myself to be — full of energy and bent upon success. You shall hear of me again shortly — and it is not improbable that I may soon pay you a visit in Louisville. — If I can do anything for you in New-York, let me know. — Mrs. Clemm sends her best respects — begs to be remembered to your mother's family, if they are with you. You would oblige me very especially if you could squeeze in what follows, editorially. The lady spoken of is a most particular friend of mine, and deserves *all* I have said of her. I will reciprocate the favor I ask, whenever you say the word and show me how. Address me at *N. York City*, as usual, and if you insert the following, please cut it out & enclose it in your letter.

Truly your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Wm. M. Griswold transcript.]

FORDHAM, Feb. 16, 1849.

DEAR DUYCKINCK, — Perhaps in the conversation I had with you in your office about Ulalume, I did not make you comprehend precisely what *was* the request I made: so, to save trouble, I send now the enclosed from the Providence Daily Journal. If you will oblige me by copying the slip as it stands, prefacing it by the words "from the Providence Journal," it will make everything straight.

Sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO "ANNIE."

[Griswold Collection.]

FORDHAM, Feb. 19, Sunday.

MY SWEET FRIEND AND SISTER, — I fear that in this letter, which I write with a heavy heart, you will find much to disappoint and grieve you — for I must abandon my proposed visit to —— and God only knows when I shall see you, and clasp you by the hand. I have come to this determination to-day, after looking over some of your letters to me and my mother, written since I left you. You have not *said* it to me, but I have been enabled to glean from what you *have* said, that Mr. R—— has permitted himself (perhaps without knowing it) to be influenced against me by the malignant misrepresentations of Mr. and Mrs. ——. Now, I frankly own to you, dear Annie,

that *I am proud*, although I have never shown myself proud to you or yours, and never will. You know that I quarrelled with the ——s *solely* on your account and Mr. R——'s. It was obviously my interest to keep in with them; and, moreover, they had rendered me some services which entitled them to my gratitude up to the time when I discovered they had been blazoning their favors to the world. Gratitude, then, as well as interest, would have led me not to offend them; and the insults offered to me individually by Mrs. —— were not sufficient to make me break with them. It was only when I heard them declare . . . that your husband was everything despicable . . . it was only when such insults were offered *to you*, whom I sincerely and most purely loved, and to Mr. R——, whom I had every reason to like and respect, that I arose and left their house, and insured the unrelenting vengeance of that worst of all fiends, "a woman scorned." Now, feeling all this, I cannot help thinking it unkind in Mr. R——, when I am absent and unable to defend myself, that he *will* persist in listening to what these people say to my discredit. I cannot help thinking it, moreover, the most unaccountable instance of weakness — of obtuseness — that ever I knew a *man* to be guilty of: women are more easily misled in such matters. In the name of God, what else had I to anticipate in return for the offence which I offered Mrs. ——'s insane vanity and self-esteem, than that she would spend the rest of her days in ransacking the world for scandal against me (and the falser the better for her purpose), and in fabricating accusations where she could not find them ready-made? I certainly anticipated no other line of conduct on her part; but, on the other hand, I cer-

tainly did not anticipate that any man *in his senses* would ever listen to accusations from so suspicious a source. . . . Not only must I *not* visit you at ——, but I must discontinue my letters, and you yours. I cannot and *will* not have it on my conscience that I have interfered with the domestic happiness of the only being in the whole world whom I have loved at the same time with truth and with purity — I do not *merely* love you, Annie — I admire and respect you even more — and Heaven knows there is no particle of selfishness in my devotion — I ask nothing for myself, but your *own* happiness — with a charitable interpretation of those calumnies which for your sake I am now enduring from this vile woman — and which, for your dear, *dear* sake I would most willingly endure if multiplied a hundredfold — the calumnies, indeed, Annie, do not materially wound me, except in depriving me of your society — for of your affection and respect *I feel* that they never can. As for any injuries the falsehoods of these people can do *me*, make your mind easy about that — it is true that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," but I have encountered such vengeance before, on far higher grounds ; that is to say, for a far less holy purpose, than I feel the defence of your good name to be. I scorned Mrs. E——, simply because she revolted me, and to this day she has never ceased her *anonymous* persecutions. But in what have they resulted ? She has not deprived me of one friend who ever knew me and once trusted me — nor has she lowered me one inch in the public opinion. When she ventured too far, I sued her at once (through her miserable tools), and recovered exemplary damages — as I will unquestionably do, forthwith, in the case of Mr. ——, if ever he shall

muster courage to utter one single *actionable* word. . . . You will now have seen, dear Annie, how and why it is that my Mother and myself cannot visit you as we proposed. . . . It had been my design to ask you and Mr. R—— (or, perhaps, your parents) to board Mother while I was absent at the South, and I intended to start after remaining with you a week — but my whole plans are now disarranged — I have taken the cottage at Fordham for another year — Time, dear Annie, will show all things. Be of good heart, I shall never cease to think of you — and bear in mind the *two* solemn promises I have made you — The one I am religiously keeping, and the other (so help me Heaven !) shall sooner or later be kept.

Always your dear friend and brother,

EDGAR.

POE TO [G. W. EVELETH].

[Ingram.]

29th of February.[1]

I mean to start for Richmond on the 10th March. Everything has gone as I wished it, and my final success is certain, or I abandon all claims to the title of Vates. The only contretemps of any moment, lately, has been Willis's somewhat premature announcement of my project: — but this will only force me into action a little sooner than I had proposed. Let me now answer the points of your last letter.

C—— acted pretty much as all mere men of the world act. I think very little the worse of him for his endeavor to succeed with you at my expense. I always liked him, and I believe he liked me. His "I understand the matter perfectly" amuses me.

[1] Since found to belong to 1848 instead of 1849. — ED.

Certainly, then, it was the only matter he did understand. His intellect was o.

"The Rationale of Verse" will appear in *Graham*, after all. I will stop in Philadelphia to see the proofs.

As for Godey, he is a good little man, and means as well as he knows how. . . .

The "most distinguished of American scholars" is Professor Charles Anthon, author of the "Classical Dictionary."

I presume you have seen some newspaper notices of my late lecture on the Universe. You could have gleaned, however, no idea of what the lecture was, from what the papers said it was. All praised it — as far as I have yet seen — and all absurdly misrepresented it. The only report of it which approaches the truth is the one I enclose — from the *Express* — written by E. A. Hopkins, a gentleman of much scientific acquirement, son of Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont; but he conveys only my general idea, and his digest is full of inaccuracies. I enclose also a slip from the *Courier and Enquirer*. Please return them. To eke out a chance of your understanding what I really *did* say, I add a loose summary of my propositions and results: —

The General Proposition is this — Because Nothing was, *therefore* All Things are.

1. An inspection of the *universality* of Gravitation — *i. e.*, of the fact that each particle tends, *not* to any one common point, but to *every other* particle — suggests perfect totality, or *absolute* unity, as the source of the phenomenon.

2. Gravity is but the mode in which is manifested the tendency of all things to return into their original unity — is but the reaction of the first Divine Act.

3. The *law* regulating the return — *i. e.*, the *law* of Gravitation — is but a necessary result of the necessary and sole possible mode of equable *irradiation* of matter through space: this *equable* irradiation is necessary as a basis for the Nebular Theory of Laplace.

4. The Universe of Stars (contradistinguished from the Universe of space) is limited.

5. Mind is cognizant of Matter *only* through its two properties, attraction and repulsion: therefore Matter *is* only attraction and repulsion: a finally consolidated globe-of-globes, being but one particle, would be without attraction — *i. e.*, gravitation: the existence of such a globe presupposes the expulsion of the separative ether which we know to exist between the particles as at present diffused: thus the final globe would be matter without attraction and repulsion: but these *are* matter: then the final globe would be matter without matter — *i. e.*, no matter at all: it must disappear. Thus Unity is *Nothingness*.

6. Matter, springing from Unity, sprang from Nothingness — *i. e.*, was *created*.

7. All will return to Nothingness, in returning to Unity.

Read these items *after* the Report. As to the Lecture, I am very quiet about it — but, if you have ever dealt with such topics, you will recognize the novelty and *moment* of my views. What I have propounded will (in good time) revolutionise the world of Physical and Metaphysical Science. I say this calmly — but I say it.

I shall not go till I hear from you. — Cordially —

E. A. Poe.

By the by, lest you infer that my views, in detail, are the same with those advanced in the *Nebular*

Hypothesis, I venture to offer a few addenda,[1] the substance of which was penned, though never printed, several years ago, under the head of — "A Prediction." [Signature missing.]

POE TO DUYCKINCK.

[Duyckinck Collection.]

FORDHAM, March 8 [1849].

DEAR SIR, — If you have looked over the Von Kempelen article which I left with your brother, you will have fully perceived its drift. I mean it as a kind of "exercise," or experiment, in the plausible or verisimilar style. Of course, there is *not one* word of truth in it, from beginning to end. I thought that such a style, applied to the gold-excitement, could not fail of effect. My sincere opinion is that nine persons out of ten (even among the best-informed) will *believe* the quiz (provided the design does not leak out before publication) and that thus, acting as a sudden, although of course a very temporary, *check* to the gold-fever, it will create a *stir* to some purpose.

I had prepared the hoax for a Boston weekly called "The Flag" where it will be quite thrown away. The proprietor will give me $15 for it on presentation to his agent here; and my object in referring the article to you is simply to see if you could not venture to take it for the "World." If so, I am willing to take for it $10 — or, in fact, whatever you think you can afford.

I believe the quiz is the first deliberate literary attempt of the kind on record. In the story of Mrs

[1] See "Addenda," Vol. XVI. p. 337, "Virginia Edition" of Poe's Works.

Veal, we are permitted, now and then, to perceive a tone of *banter*. In "Robinson Crusoe" the design was far more to please, or excite, than to deceive by verisimilitude, in which particular merely, Sir. Ed. Seaward's narrative is the more skilful book. In my "Valdemar Case" (which *was* credited by many) I had not the slightest idea that any person should credit it as anything more than a "Magazine-paper" — but here the whole strength is laid out in verisimilitude.

I am *very* much obliged to you for your reprint of "Ulalume."

Truly Yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, Esq.

P. S. If you feel the least *shy* about the article, make no hesitation in returning it, of course: — for I willingly admit that it is not a paper which every editor would like to "take the responsibility" of printing — although merely as a contribution with a known name: — but if you decline the quiz, please *do not let out the secret.*

POE TO "ANNIE."

[Ingram.]

March 23, 1849.

Will not "Annie" confide the secrets about Westford? Was it anything *I* did which caused you to "give up hope"? Dear Annie, I am so happy in being able to afford Mr. R. proof of something in which he seemed to doubt me. You remember that Mr. and Mrs. L—— strenuously denied having spoken ill of you to me, and I said "then it must remain a simple question of veracity between us, as I had no witness

—" but I observed afterwards — "Unfortunately I have returned Mrs. L—— her letters (which were filled with abuse of you both), but, if I am not mistaken, my mother has some in her possession that will prove the truth of what I say." Now, Annie, when we came to look over these last, I found, to my extreme sorrow, that *they* would not corroborate me. I say "to my extreme sorrow;" for, oh, it is so painful to be doubted when we *know* our own integrity. Not that I fancied, even for one moment, that *you* doubted me, but then I saw that Mr. R—— and Mr. C—— *did*, and perhaps even your brother. Well! what *do* you think? Mrs. L—— has again written my mother, and I enclose her letter. Read it! you will find it thoroughly *corroborative of all I said.* The verses *to me* which she alludes to, I have not seen. You will see that she admits having cautioned me against you, as I said, and in fact admits all that I accused her of. Now you distinctly remember that they both loudly denied having spoken against you: —this, in fact, was the sole point at issue. I have marked the passages alluded to. I wish that you would write to your relation in Providence and ascertain for me *who* slandered me as you say — I wish to prove the falsity of what has been said (for I find that it will not do to permit such reports to go unpunished), and, especially, obtain for me some *details* upon which I can act. . . . Will you do this? . . . I enclose also some other lines "For Annie" — and will you let me know in what manner they impress you? I have sent them to the *Flag of our Union.* By the way, did you get "Hop-Frog"? I sent it to you by mail, not knowing whether you ever see the paper in ——. I am sorry to say that the *Metropolitan* has stopped and

"Landor's Cottage" is returned on my hands unprinted. I think the lines "For Annie"[1] (those I now send) much the *best* I have ever written; but an author can seldom depend on his own estimate of his own works, so I wish to know what "Annie" *truly* thinks of them — also your dear sister and Mr. C——.

Do not let the verses go *out of your possession* until you see them in print — as I have sold them to the publisher of the *Flag*. . . . Remember me to all.

[Signature missing.]

POE TO MRS. SHEW.

[Ingram.]

Thursday, March 30.

Dearest Louise, — You see that I am not yet off to Richmond as I proposed. I have been detained by some very unexpected and very important matters which I will explain to you when I see you. What *is* the reason that you have not been out? I believe the *only* reason is that you suspect I am really anxious to see you.

When you see Mr. H—— I wish you would say to him that I would take it as an especial favor if he would pay me a visit at Fordham next Sunday. I have something to communicate to him *of the highest importance*, and about which I need his advice. Won't you get him to come — and come with him to show him the way? — Sincerely yours,

Edgar A. Poe.

[1] Beginning, "Thank Heaven! the crisis — the danger — is past." — Ed.

POE TO "ANNIE."

[Ingram.]

[Undated.]

ANNIE, — You will see by this note that I am nearly, if not quite, well — so be no longer uneasy on my account. I was not so ill as my mother supposed, and she is so anxious about me that she takes alarm often without cause. It is not so much *ill* that I have been as depressed in spirits — I cannot express to you how terribly I have been suffering from gloom. . . . You know how cheerfully I wrote to you not long ago — about my prospects — hopes — how I anticipated being soon out of difficulty. Well! all seems to be frustrated — at least for the present. As usual, misfortunes never come single, and I have met one disappointment after another. The *Columbian Magazine*, in the first place, failed — then Post's *Union* (taking with it my principal dependence); then the *Whig Review* was forced to stop paying for contributions — then the *Democratic* — then (on account of his oppression and insolence) I was obliged to quarrel, finally, with ——; and then, to crown all, the "—— ——" (from which I anticipated so much and with which I had made a regular engagement for $10 a week throughout the year) has written a circular to correspondents, pleading poverty and declining to receive any more articles. More than this, the *S. L. Messenger*, which owes me a good deal, cannot pay just yet, and, altogether, I am reduced to Sartain and Graham — both very precarious. No doubt, Annie, you attribute my "*gloom*" to these events — but you would be wrong. It is not in the power of any mere *worldly* considerations, such as these, to depress me. . . . No,

my sadness is *unaccountable*, and this makes me the more sad. I am full of dark forebodings. *Nothing* cheers or comforts me. My life seems wasted — the future looks a dreary blank: but I will struggle on and "hope against hope." . . . What do you think? *I* have received a letter from Mrs. L——, and such a letter! She says she is about to publish a detailed account of *all* that occurred between us, under guise of romance, with fictitious names, &c., — that she will make me appear noble, generous, &c. &c. — nothing bad — that she will "do justice to my motives," &c. &c. She writes to know if "I have any suggestions to make." If I do not answer it in a fortnight, the book will go to press as it is — and, more than all this — she is coming on immediately *to see me at Fordham*. I have not replied — shall I? and what? The "friend" who sent the lines to the "H. J." was the friend who loves *you* best — was myself. The *Flag* so misprinted them that I was resolved to have a true copy. The *Flag* has two of my articles yet — "A Sonnet to my Mother," and "Landor's Cottage." . . . I have written a ballad called "Annabel Lee," which I will send you soon. *Why* do you not send the tale of which you spoke?

[Signature missing.]

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Memoir.]

[Undated.]

Dear Griswold, — I inclose perfect copies of the lines "For Annie" and "Annabel Lee," in hopes that you may make room for them in your new edition. As regards "Lenore," (which you were kind

enough to say you would insert,) I would prefer the concluding stanza to run as here written. . . . It is a point of no great importance, but in one of your editions you have given my sister's age instead of mine. I was born in Dec. 1813; my sister, Jan. 1811.[1] Willis, whose good opinion I value highly, and of whose good word I have a right to be proud, has done me the honor to speak very pointedly in praise of "The Raven." I inclose what he said, and if you could contrive to introduce it, you would render me an essential favor, and greatly further my literary interests, at a point where I am most anxious they should be advanced.

Truly yours,

E. A. Poe.

P. S. — Considering my indebtedness to you, can you not sell to Graham or to Godey (with whom, you know, I cannot with the least self-respect again have anything to do directly) — can you not sell to one of these men, "Annabel Lee," say for $50, and credit me that sum? Either of them could print it before you will need it for your book. *Mem.* The Eveleth[2] you ask about is a Yankee impertinent, who, knowing my extreme poverty, has for years pestered me with unpaid letters; but I believe almost every literary man of any note has suffered in the same way. I am surprised that you have escaped.

[1] The date of his birth to which he refers was printed from his statement in the memoranda referred to in the first of the letters [March 29, 1841] here printed. — Griswold's Note.

[2] See "Addenda to Eureka."

CHAPTER XIII.

APRIL, 1849–SEPTEMBER, 1849.

THE PATTERSON LETTERS; "STELLA;" LECTURES IN RICHMOND.

POE TO PATTERSON.

[Hutchinson Collection].

NEW-YORK: April 1849.

DEAR SIR, — No doubt you will be surprised to learn that your letter dated Dec. 18 has only this moment reached me. I live at the village of Fordham; about 14 miles from New-York on the Harlem Rail-Road — but as there is no Post-Office at the place, I date always from New-York and get all my letters from the city Post-Office. When, by accident or misapprehension, letters are especially directed to me at Fordham, the clerks — some of them who do not know my arrangements — forward them to West-Farms, the nearest Post-Office town, and one which I rarely visit. Thus it happened with *your* letter — on account of the request which you made Mr. Putnam, I presume "to forward it to my residence." I have thought it proper to make you this explanation, lest you may have been all this time fancying me discourteous in not replying to your very flattering proposition.

I deeply regret that I did not sooner receive it; and had it reached me in due season, I would have agreed to it unhesitatingly. In assuming "originality" as the "keystone of success" in such enterprises, you are right; and not only right, but, in yourself, almost "original" — for there are none of our publishers who have the wit to perceive this vital truth. What the public seek in a Magazine is *what they cannot elsewhere procure.*

Should you not have changed your mind on the subject, I should be pleased to hear from you again. I do not think — (in fact I am perfectly sure of the contrary) — that a Magazine could succeed, to any great extent, under the precise form, title, and general plan which (no doubt hurriedly) you have suggested; but your idea of the duplicate publication, East & West, strikes me forcibly.

Experience, not less than the most mature reflection on the topic, assures me that no *cheap* Magazine can ever again prosper in America. We must aim high — address the intellect — the higher classes — of the country (with reference, also, to a certain amount of foreign circulation) and put the work at $5: — giving about 112 pp. (or perhaps 128) with occasional wood-engravings in the first style of art, but only in obvious illustration of the text. Such a Mag. would begin to pay after 1000 subscribers; and with 5000 would be a fortune worth talking about: — but there is no earthly reason why, under proper management, and with energy and talent, the work might not be made to circulate, at the end of a few years — (say 5) 20,000 copies — in which case it would give a clear income of 70 or 80,000 dollars — even if conducted in the most expensive manner, paying the highest

European prices for contributions & designs. I need not add that such a Mag. would exercise a literary and other influence never yet exercised in America. — I presume you know that during the second year of its existence, the "S. L. Messenger" rose from less than 1000 to 5000 subs., and that "Graham," in 18 months after my joining it, went up from 5000 to 52,000. I do not imagine that a $5 Mag. could ever be forced into so great a circulation as this latter; but, under certain circumstances, I would answer for 20,000. The whole income from Graham's 52,000 never went beyond 15,000 $: — the proportional expenses of the $3 Mags. being so very much greater than those of the $5 ones.

My plan, in getting up such a work as I propose, would be to take a tour through the principal States — especially West & South — visiting the small towns more particularly than the large ones — lecturing as I went, to pay expenses — and staying sufficiently long in each place to interest my personal friends (old College & West Point acquaintances scattered all over the land) in the success of the enterprise. By these means I would guarantee, in 3 months (or 4) to get 1000 subs. in advance, with their signatures — nearly all pledged to pay on the issue of the first number. Under such circumstances, success would be certain. I have now about 200 names pledged to support me whenever I venture on the undertaking — which perhaps you are aware I have long had in contemplation — only awaiting a *secure* opportunity.

If you will write me your views on the subject — as much in detail as possible — and if they accord in any degree with mine — I will endeavor to pay you a visit at Oquawka, or meet you at any place you sug-

gest, where we can talk the matter over with deliberation. Please direct your reply simply to New-York City. Very Respy.

Yr Ob. St.

Edgar A. Poe.

E. H. N. Patterson Esq.

POE TO WILLIS.

[Ingram.]

Fordham, April 20, 1849.

My dear Willis; — The poem which I enclose, and which I am so vain as to hope you will like, in some respects, has been just published in a paper for which sheer necessity compels me to write now and then. It pays well — as times go — but unquestionably it ought to pay ten prices; for whatever I send it I feel I am consigning to the tomb of the Capulets. The verses accompanying this, may I beg you to take out of the tomb, and bring them to light in the *Home Journal?* If you can oblige me so far as to copy them, I do not think it will be necessary to say "From the *Flag*," — that would be too bad: — and, perhaps, "From a late ——— paper" would do.

I have not forgotten how a "good word in season" from you made "The Raven," and made "Ulalume," (which, by-the-way, people have done me the honor of attributing to you) — therefore I *would* ask you (if I dared), to say something on these lines — if they please you. Truly yours ever,

Edgar A. Poe.

PATTERSON TO POE.

[Hutchinson Collection.]

Oquawka, May 7, 1849.

Dear Sir, — Yours of April is before me, and I hasten to reply. I feared that my letter had never reached you (*and had contempl.*), or that other engagements had prevented your replying. You ask me to give (*me*) you my views upon the subject of our present correspondence "as much in detail as possible;" this I shall proceed briefly and concisely to do. (*Your remarks, especially as they are strong.*) Your opinions, strengthened as they have been by experience, have had their weight in convincing me that it would probably be better to establish at the outset a high-priced, and correspondingly high-toned periodical, which would, without doubt, win a generous and extended patronage from a genius-appreciating public. When I wrote you before, I had not given the subject that consideration (*necessary to*) which it deserved, — my principal object at that time being to enlist your sympathies and interests in a periodical (*to be published by me*), the literary contents of which should be *exclusively* under your control, believing that such an enterprise would prove successful, not doubting that even a cheap Magazine, under *your* editorial control, could be made to pay well, and at the same time exert a beneficial influence upon American Literature. But I certainly think that a Magazine (*upon*) such as you suggest, would yield a handsome income — probably a "fortune worth talking about" — and also subserve the interests of Literature to a much greater extent.

Our Literature is, just now, sadly deficient in the department of criticism. The Boston Reviewers are, generally, too (*contracted in their views*) much affected by local prejudices to give impartial criticisms; the Philadelphia Magazines (*are*) have become mere monthly

bulletins for booksellers ; Willis does not, with his paper, succeed, *even tolerably*, as a critic ; in fact, I seldom find any (*review*) critique so nearly according with my own idea of the *true aim* and *manner* of criticism as were yours, while you had charge of that department in *Graham's* and *Burton's*. I wish and (am not alone in the wish) to see you at the head of an influential periodical, where you saw (*speak at*) —

As you do not appear to be pleased with the (*plan*) name suggested by me, I will leave to you the task of selecting an appropriate name, and would suggest that you make it unique — something that will be at once *taking* and will sound well. Make out a list of contributors and write a prospectus, and forward to me as soon as you can, so that I may at once commence operations — or, if it would be more consonant with your views, I will visit New York if possible by the first of August, prepared to purchase suitable materials to (*comm*) fulfill my part of the work, and then consult with you more deliberately upon minutiæ.

My plan then (with certain modifications which we may agree upon) is thus :

I will furnish an office, and take upon myself the sole charge and expense of Publishing a Magazine (name to be suggested by you) to be issued in monthly numbers at Oquawka, Illinois, containing, in every number, 96 pages, of the same size of those of *Graham's Magazine*, on good paper and new bold-face long primer (*literary* critical reviews to be set in smaller type) at the rate of (*five*) $5 per annum. Of this magazine you are to have the entire editorial control, furnishing, at your expense, matter for its pages, which can be transmitted to me by mail or as we may hereafter agree upon. (*The profits none.*) You can make your own bargains with authors whose contributions you secure, and I am to publish upon the best terms I can — each incurring the expenses consequent upon his own department — and we are to share the receipts equally — the books to be faithfully kept in

the publication office at Oquawka, and one-half of all receipts from subscriptions, and private and agency sales to be forwarded to you monthly, by mail or as you may otherwise direct.

If one thousand subscribers can be secured in advance (and I have your assurance that they can), I am desirous of publishing a Magazine of this character. Your plan for procuring subscribers strikes me as having been happily conceived, and from its very "originality," exclusive of your own extended personal popularity, must succeed admirably. On my part, I think my influence probably would extend to probably 500 subs., but I depend mainly upon your name, which (whatever may be the title you may propose) must form a part thereof. The fact of your editorship must also be well displayed in the prospectus.

Oquawka is comparatively an unimportant point, but I think that such being the case would not injure at all the circulation of the Magazine. Those who would become subscribers, would be induced to do so by their confidence in the abilities of the Editor, and the names of the contributors — and after the appearance of the first number I would guarantee that none will be disposed to cavil at the style or manner of publication. Here I can, situated as I now am, do my work at a less outlay, do it as neatly, and enjoy every mail advantage that I could at St. Louis, being but 30 hours' travel from that city, and being situated immediately upon the Mississippi, with daily connection with the Northern Canal and St. Louis, and directly upon the great daily mail line from the East, through Penn., Ohio, and Indiana. In short, I could have no advantage in St. Louis that I may not avail myself of here — while here my expenses would not be so great as they would there, at least not in the beginning; — when the Magazine circulates five thousand copies it may be to our interests to publish it elsewhere — time will tell.

I have decided upon 96 pages — exclusive of cover ; thinking that we had better begin with a work of this size. If, at the end of the first year, our circulation should justify, we can make a favorable impression as regards the stability of the work by enlarging to 112 pages or perhaps even to 128 pp.

I should expect you to be at one-half the cost of printing, say, 100 (perhaps a somewhat larger number) copies sent to editors in payment of insertion of prospectus.

If my plan accords with your views, you will immediately select a title, write me to that effect, and we will both commence operations. I will visit you at New York during the latter part of July or 1st of August, when we can settle minutiæ and write out prospectus. We ought to put out the first number early in January next. Let me hear from you immediately.

And now that business is over — a word in your private ear. In conversing with a gentleman from Boston last year, upon the relative merits of some of our leading writers, I mentioned your name, and was surprised that he did not at once agree with me in my estimate of your poetic powers. He confessed that he had read a review of some of your poems and concluded that they were scarcely worth his attention. He had not even seen the "Raven." I lent him this, besides several fugitive pieces of yours in my possession — "William Wilson," "Murders of the Rue Morgue," &c., and afterwards "Eureka," a copy of which (the last in the city) I had just a little while before procured in St. L. The *preface* of this work he said was sufficient, if he had never read another of your writings, to convince him that Edgar A. Poe was a man of gigantic mind. I was thus the humble instrument in removing for the

. . . . . .

Note. — This is a memorandum, rather than a letter, and is copied verbatim, including italicized parentheses, which are in many cases obscure, but seem to involve alternate modes of expression. The text is copied from the publication of the Caxton Club. — Ed.

POE TO PATTERSON.

[Hutchinson Collection.]

New-York — May 23 — 49.

My dear Sir, — Your letter of the 7th. came to hand in due course of mail; but I have delayed my reply for a week, that I might deliberate well upon your proposition. You will comprehend the caution with which I feel it necessary to act, when you refer to my former letter, in which I endeavored to explain to you the ambition of my views and the importance I assign to *success* in the Magazine enterprise. If we attempt it we *must* succeed — for, so far as concerns myself individually, all my prospects, pecuniary as well as literary, are involved in the project — but I shrink from making any attempt which *may* fail. For these reasons, I have thought long and carefully on what you propose; and I confess that some serious difficulties present themselves. They are not insuperable, however, and, if we bring a proper energy to the task, they may be even readily overcome. Your residence at Oquawka is certainly one of the most serious of these difficulties; and I submit to you whether it be not possible to put on our title-page "Published simultaneously at New-York & *St Louis*" — or something equivalent.

However, these are points to be discussed when we meet — for, upon the whole, I say *Yes* to your proposition. Enclosed, you will find a title-page designed by myself about a year ago: — your joining me will, of course, necessitate some modifications — but the *title* &c should, for many reasons (to be explained hereafter) be adhered to.

We will find the 7 months between now and January brief enough for our preparations. It will be absolutely necessary that we begin at once. To-day I am going to Boston & Lowell, to remain a week; and immediately afterwards I will start for Richmond, where I will await your answer to this letter. Please direct to me *there*, under cover, or to the care of John R. Thompson, Ed^r. of the "South. Lit. Messenger." On receipt of your letter (should you still be in the mind you now are) I will proceed to St. Louis & there meet you. We can then visit N. York together, or I can continue the tour, as may be agreed on. In the meantime I will do what I can in Boston & Virginia — without involving your name in the enterprise until I hear from you.

I fancy that I shall be able to meet the current expenses of the tour by lecturing as I proceed; but there is something required in the way of outfit; and as I am not overstocked with money (what poor-devil author is?) I must ask you to advance half of the sum I need to begin with — about $100. Please, therefore, enclose $50 in your reply, which I will get at Richmond.

If these arrangements suit you, you can announce the agreement &c to your friends & proceed as if all was signed and sealed.

I enclose a poem from Willis's "Home Journal" & would be obliged to you if you could have it copied (with Willis's editorial prefix) in some paper either in S^t Louis or Oquawka: — enclosing me the copy when you write.

Cordially yours,

Edgar A. Poe.

E. H. N. Patterson, Esqr.

POE TO "ANNIE."

[Ingram.]

FORDHAM, —— June 16.

You asked me to write before I started for Richmond, and I was to have started last Monday (the 11th) — so, perhaps, you thought me gone, and without having written to say "good-bye" — but indeed, Annie, I *could not* have done so. The truth is, I have been on the point of starting every day since I wrote — and so put off writing until the last moment — but I have been disappointed — and can no longer refrain from sending you, at least, a few lines to let you see *why* I have been so long silent. *When* I can go now is uncertain — but, perhaps, I may be off tomorrow, or next day: — all depends upon circumstances beyond my control. Most probably, I will not go until I hear from Thompson (of the *S. L. Messenger*), to whom I wrote five days ago — telling him to forward the letter from Oquawka, instead of retaining it until he sees me. The reason of the return of my draft on *Graham's Magazine* (which put me to such annoyance and mortification while I was with you) was, that the articles I sent (by mail) did not come to hand. No insult (as I had half anticipated) was meant — and I am sincerely glad of this; for I did not wish to give up writing for *Graham's Magazine* just yet — I enclose the publisher's reply to my letter of enquiry. The Postmaster here is investigating the matter, and, in all probability, the articles will be found, and the draft paid by the time you get this. So all this will be right. . . .

You see I enclose you quite a budget of papers: the letter of Mrs. L—— to Muddy — Mrs. L——'s long MS. poem — the verses by the "Lynn Bard,"[1] which you said you wished to see, and also some lines to me (or rather about me), by Mrs. Osgood, in which she *imagines me writing to her*. I send, too, another notice of "Eureka," from Greeley's *Tribune*. The letter of Mrs. L—— you can retain if you wish it.

Have you seen the "Moral for Authors," a new satire by J. E. Tuel? — who, in the name of Heaven, *is* J. E. Tuel? The book is miserably stupid. He has a long parody of the "Raven" — in fact, nearly the whole thing seems to be aimed at me. If you have not seen it and wish to see it, I will send it. . . . No news of Mrs. L—— yet. If she comes here I shall refuse to see her. Remember me to your parents, Mr. R——, &c. — And now Heaven for ever bless you — EDDIE.

I enclose, also, an autograph of the Mr. Willis you are so much in love with. Tell Bardwell I will send him what I promised very soon. . . . My mother sends you her dearest — most devoted love.

POE TO MRS. LEWIS.[2]

[Ingram.]

June 21.

I have been spending a couple of hours most pleasantly . . . in reading and re-reading your "Child of

[1] "Lines to Edgar A. Poe," in the *Lady's Book*, April 1847. — INGRAM'S NOTE.

[2] "Stella."

the Sea." When it appears in print — less enticing to the eye, perhaps, than your own graceful MS. — I shall endeavor to do it critical justice in full; but in the meantime permit me to say, briefly, that I think it well conducted as a whole — abounding in narrative passages of unusual force — but especially remarkable for the boldness and poetic fervor of its sentimental portions, where a very striking *originality* is manifested. The descriptions, throughout, are warmly imaginative. The versification could scarcely be improved. The conception of Zamen is unique — a *creation* in the best poetic understanding of the term. I most heartily congratulate you upon having accomplished a work which will *live*. — Yours most sincerely,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO ———.

[Ingram.]

NEW YORK, June 26, 49.

On the principle of "better late than never" I avail myself of a few moments' leisure to say a word or two in reply to your last letter — the one from Brunswick.

You have had time to form an opinion of "Eureka." Let me know, frankly, how it impresses you. It is accomplishing all that I prophesied — even more.

In respect to D——. By a singular coincidence, he is the chief of the very sect of Hogites to whom I refer as "the most intolerant and intolerable set of bigots and tyrants that ever existed on the face of the Earth." A merely perceptive man, with no intrinsic

force — no power of generalisation — in short, a pompous nobody. He is aware (for there have been plenty to tell him) that I intend *him* in "Eureka."

I do not comprehend you about my being the "autobiographer of *Holden's Magazine*." I occasionally hear of that work, but have never seen a number of it.

"The Rationale of Verse" appeared in the last November and December numbers of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. In the February number I published (editorially) a review of "The Fable for Critics" — It is not much. Lowell might have done better.

I have never written any poem called "Ullahana." What makes you suppose I have? I enclose the last poem (of any length) which I have published (*i. e.*, "For Annie"). How do you like it? You know I put much faith in your poetical judgments. It is from Willis's *H. Journal.* Do you ever see the *Literary World?*

Touching the *Stylus:* Monk Lewis once was asked how he came, in one of his acted plays, to introduce *black* banditti, when, in the country where the scene was laid, black people were quite unknown. His answer was: "I introduced them because I truly anticipated that blacks would have more *effect* on my audience than whites — and if I had taken it into my head that, by making them sky-blue the effect would have been greater, why sky-blue they should have been." To apply this idea to the *Stylus* — I am awaiting the *best opportunity* for its issue; and if by waiting until the day of judgment I perceive still increasing chances of ultimate success, why until the day of judgment I will patiently wait. I am now

going to Richmond to "see about it" — and *possibly* I may get out the first number next January.

Write soon and more frequently. I always receive your letters with interest. Cordially your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

Please re-enclose the verses.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Collection.]

NEW YORK, June 28 — 49.

DEAR GRISWOLD, — Since I have more critically examined your "Female Poets" it occurs to me that you have not *quite* done justice to our common friend, Mrs. Lewis; and if you could oblige me so far as to substitute, for your no doubt hurried notice, a somewhat longer one prepared by myself (subject, of course, to your emendations) I would reciprocate the favor when, where, and *as* you please. If you *could* agree to this, give me a hint to that effect, and the MS. is ready. I will leave it sealed with Mrs. L. who is unaware of my design — for I would rather she should consider herself as indebted to *you* for the favor, at all points. By calling on Mrs. L., and asking for a package to your address, you can at any moment get it. I would not, of course, put you to any *expense* in this matter: — all cost shall be promptly defrayed.

Truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO PATTERSON.

[Hutchinson Collection.]

RICHMOND, July 19.

MY DEAR SIR, — I left New York six weeks ago on my way to this place, but was arrested in Philadelphia by the Cholera, from which I barely escaped with life. I have just arrived in Richmond and your letter is only this moment received — or rather your two letters with the enclosures ($50. etc.) I have not yet read them and write now merely to let you know that they are safe. In a few days — as soon as I gather a little strength — you shall hear from me in full.

Truly Yours ever,

EDGAR A. POE.

E. H. N. PATTERSON, Esq.

POE TO PATTERSON.

[Hutchinson Collection.]

RICHMOND, Aug. 7, 49.

MY DEAR SIR, — The date of your last letter was June 7 — so that two months have elapsed since you wrote it, and I am only just now sitting down to reply. The fault, Heaven knows, has not been mine. I have suffered worse than death — not so much from the Cholera as from its long-continued consequences in debility and congestion of the brain — the latter, possibly, attributable to the calomel taken.

I have at length, however, been able to give your propositions full consideration — and I confess that I

hesitate. "To fail" would be ruinous — at least to me; and a $3 Magazine (however well it might succeed (temporarily) under the guidance of another) would inevitably fail under mine. I could not undertake it *con amore*. My heart would not be in the work. So far as regards all *my* friends and supporters — so far as concerns all that class to whom *I* should look for sympathy and nearly all of whom I propose to see personally — the mere idea of a "$3 Magazine" would suggest namby-pamby-ism & frivolity. Moreover, even with a far more diminished circulation than you suggest, the *profits* of a $5 work would exceed those of a $3 one.

I most bitterly lament the event which has detained me from St. Louis — for I cannot help thinking that, in a personal interview, I could have brought you over to my plans. I fear that *now* it is too late. But a Mag. might be issued *in July* very well — and if you think it *possible* that your views might be changed, I will still visit you at St. L. As yet, I am too feeble to travel; but by the time your reply to this reaches me, I shall have gained sufficient strength to set out. It is not *impossible*, indeed, that, with energy, the first number might yet be issued in January. I will, therefore, await, in Richmond, your answer to this.

Very cordially yours

Edgar A. Poe.

PATTERSON TO POE.

[Hutchinson Collection.]

OQUAWKA, ILL., Aug. 21, 1849.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 7th inst. was received last night, and I hasten to reply. I am truly glad to hear that you are recovering your health, and trust that it will soon be fully restored. You cannot enter into the joint publication of a $3 Mag. with "your heart in the work." Well, what say you to this? —

In publishing a $5 magazine, of 96 pp., monthly, — page same size as *Graham's* — in bourgeois or brevier (instead of long primer and brevier, as first proposed), it would be necessary for me to make an outlay of at least $1,100 (this amount including a supply of paper for three months for 2,000 copies). Now, if you are sure that, as you before thought, 1,000 subscribers can be obtained who will pay upon receipt of the first number, then you may consider me pledged to be with you in the undertaking.

If this proposition meets your approval, you may immediately commence your journey to St. Louis — making easy stages through the South and operating on your way — so as to reach that city by the middle of October (say the 15th), keeping me advised of your progress, as you proceed, by letter, say every two weeks. I will meet you at St. Louis, by the time mentioned, at which time I shall be more at leisure than before, and can then settle on arrangements. You may associate my name with your own in the matter, the same as if I had met you in person.

Adopt your own title. I leave this matter to you as belonging peculiarly to your department. (Remember, however, published simultaneously at New York and St. Louis.) The first number can be issued in July — it is

now too late to do it in January, and it would not be advisable to commence at any time other than the beginning or the middle of the year. I will try to be in St. Louis on the 15 of October, if your answer to this be favorable; until which time I bid you God-speed, and beg leave to sign myself,

Most truly yours,
ED. H. N. PATTERSON.

P. S. — I send this via St. Louis and Vincennes, and will make a duplicate via Chicago to-morrow.

Yours,
E. H. N. P.

POE TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

RICHMOND, VA.,
Tuesday — Sep. 18 — 49.

MY OWN DARLING MUDDY, — On arriving here last night from Norfolk I received both your letters, including Mrs. Lewis's. I cannot tell you the joy they gave me — to learn at least that you are well & hopeful. May God forever bless you, my *dear*, *dear* Muddy ——. Elmira [1] has just got home from the country. I spent last evening with her. I think she loves me more devotedly than any one I ever knew & I cannot help loving her in return. Nothing is as yet definitely settled — and it will not do to hurry matters. I lectured at Norfolk on Monday & cleared enough to settle my bill here at the Madison House with $2, over. I had a highly fashionable audience, but Norfolk is a small place & there were 2 exhibitions the same night. Next Monday I lecture again

[1] Mrs. Shelton.

here & expect to have a large audience. On Tuesday I start for Phil[a] to attend to Mrs. Loud's poems — & *possibly* on Thursday I may start for N. York. If I do I will go straight over to Mrs. Lewis's & send for you. It will be better for me not to go to Fordham. — don't you think so? Write immediately in reply & direct to Phil[a] For fear I should not get the letter sign no name & address it to *E. S. T. Grey, Esq[re]*. *If possible* I will get married before I start — but there is no telling. Give my dearest love to Mrs. L. My poor, poor Muddy I am still unable to send you even one dollar — but keep up heart — I hope that our troubles are nearly over. I saw John Beatty in Norfolk.

God bless & protect you, my own darling Muddy. I showed your letter to Elmira and she says "it is such a darling precious letter that she loves you for it already."

Your own EDDY.

Don't forget to write immediately to Phil[a] so that your letter will be there when I arrive.

The papers here are praising me to death — and I have been received every where with enthusiasm. Be sure & preserve all the printed scraps I have sent you & keep up my file of the Lit. World.

POE TO MRS. CLEMM.

[Griswold Collection.]

[September, 1849.]

[Fragment.]

. . . . . .

possible. Everybody says that if I lecture again & put the tickets at 50 cts. I will clear $100. I *never* was received with so much enthusiasm. The papers have done nothing but praise me before the lecture & since. I enclose one of the notices — the only one in which the slightest word of disparagement appears. It is written by Daniel — the man whom I challenged when I was here last year. I have been invited out a great deal — but could seldom go, on account of not having a dress coat. To-night Rose[1] & I are to spend the evening at Elmira's. Last night I was at Poitiaux's — the night before at Strobia's, where I saw my dear friend Eliza Lambert (Gen. Lambert's sister). She was ill in her bed-room, but insisted upon our coming up, & we stayed until nearly 1 o'clock. In a word, I have received nothing but kindness since I have been here, & could have been quite happy but for my dreadful anxiety about you. Since the report of my intended marriage, the McKenzies have overwhelmed me with attentions. Their house is so crowded that they *could* not ask me to stay. — And now, my own precious Muddy, the very moment I get a definite answer about everything, I will write again & tell you what to do. Elmira talks about visiting Fordham — but I do not know whether that would do.

[1] Poe's sister.

I think, perhaps, it would be best for you to give up everything there & come on here in the Packet. Write immediately & give me your advice about it — for you know best. Could we be happier in Richmond or Lowell? — for I suppose we could never be happy at Fordham — and, Muddy, I *must* be somewhere where I can see Annie. — Did Mrs. L. get the Western Quarterly Review? Thompson is constantly urging me to write for the Messenger, but I am so anxious that I cannot — Mr. Loud, the husband of Mrs. S^t^ Leon Loud, the hostess of Philadelphia, called on me the other day and offered me $100 to edit his wife's poems. Of course, I accepted the offer. The whole labor will not occupy me 3 days. I am to have them ready by Christmas. — I have seen Bernard often. Eliza is expected but has not come. — When I repeat my lecture here, I will then go to Petersburg & Norfolk. — A Mr. Taverner lectured here on Shakespeare, a few nights after me, and had 8 persons, including myself & the doorkeeper. — I think, upon the whole, dear Muddy, it will be better for you to say that I am ill, or something of that kind, and break up at Fordham, so that you may come on here. Let me know immediately what you think best. You know we could easily pay off what we owe at Fordham & the place is a beautiful one — but I want to live *near Annie*. — And now, dear Muddy, there is one thing I wish you to pay particular attention to. I told Elmira, when I first came here, that I had one of the pencil-sketches of her, that I took a long while ago in Richmond; and I told her that I would write to you about it. So when you write, just copy the following words in your letter:

I have looked again for the pencil-sketch of Mrs. S.

but cannot find it anywhere. I took down all the books and shook them one by one, and unless Eliza White has it, I do not know what has become of it. She was looking at it the last time I saw it. The one you spoilt with Indian Ink ought to be somewhere about the house. I will do my best to (find — torn) it.

I got a sneaking letter to-day from Chivers. — Do not tell me anything about Annie — I cannot bear to hear it now — unless you can tell me that Mr. R. is dead. — I have got the wedding ring. — and shall have no difficulty, I think, in getting a dress-coat.

Wednesday Night.

. . . . . .

[Remainder of letter torn away, except]

also the letter. *Return the letter when you write.*

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS RELATING TO POE.

COMMENDATORY LETTERS IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.[1]

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., 20th Apl. 1829.

Edgar Poe, late Serg't Major in the 1st Art'y, served under my command in H. Company 1st Reg't of Artillery, from June, 1827, to Jan'y, 1829, during which time his conduct was unexceptionable. He at once performed the duties of company clerk and assistant in the Subsistent Department, both of which duties were promptly and faithfully done. His habits are good, and intirely free from drinking.

J. HOWARD,
Lieut. 1st Artillery.

In addition to the above I have to say that Edgar Poe was appointed Sergeant Major of the 1" Art'y on the 1" of Jan'y, 1829, and up to this date, has been

[1] This group of letters concerns Poe's application for a cadet's warrant to enter the United States Military Academy at West Point, after his resignation from the army. He had entered the army under the assumed name of Edgar A. Perry.

We take our copies from the originals — verified at the War Department through the courtesy of Prof. E. R. Rawson.

exemplary in his deportment, prompt & faithful in the discharge of his duties, and is highly worthy of confidence.

H. W. Griswold,
Bt. Capt. & Adjt. 1st Arty.

Fortress Monroe, April 20th, 1829.

I have known & had an opportunity of observing the conduct of the above mentioned Serg't-Maj. Poe some three months, during which his deportment has been highly praiseworthy & deserving of confidence. His education is of a very high order and he appears to be free from bad habits, in fact the testimony of Lt. Howard & Adjt. Griswold is full to that point. Understanding he is thro' his friends an applicant for cadet's warrant, I unhesitatingly recommend him as promising to acquit himself of the obligations of that station studiously and faithfully.

W. J. Worth,
Lt. Col. Comd'g Fortress Monroe.

Richmond, May 6th, 1829.

Dr Sir, — The youth who presents this is the same alluded to by Lt. Howard, Capt. Griswold, Col. Worth, our representative & the speaker, the Hon'ble Andrew Stevenson, and my friend Major Jno. Campbell.

He left me in consequence of some gambling at the University at Charlottesville, because (I presume) I refused to sanction a rule that the shopkeepers & others had adopted there, making Debts of Honor of all indiscretions. I have much pleasure in asserting that he stood his examination at the close of the year with

great credit to himself. His history is short. He is the grandson of Quartermaster Gen'l Poe of Maryland, whose widow, as I understand, still receives a pension for the services or disability of her husband. Frankly, Sir, do I declare that he is no relation to me whatever; that I have many whom I have taken an active interest to promote theirs; with no other feeling than that, every man is my care, if he be in distress; for myself I ask nothing but I do request your kindness to aid this youth in the promotion of his future prospects. And it will afford me great pleasure to reciprocate any kindness you can show him. Pardon my frankness; but I address a soldier.

Yr ob'd't se'v't,

The Hon'ble JOHN ALLAN.
JOHN H. EATON,
Sec'y of War,
Washington City.

RICHMOND, VA., May 13th, 1829.

SIR, — Some of the friends of young Mr. Edgar Poe have solicited me to address a letter to you in his favor believing that it may be useful to him in his application to the Government for military service. I know Mr. Poe and am acquainted with the fact of his having been born under circumstances of great adversity. I also know from his own productions and other undoubted proofs that he is a young gentleman of genius and talents. I believe he is destined to be distinguished, since he has already gained reputation for talents and attainments at the University of Virginia. I think him possessed of feeling and character peculiarly intitling him to public patronage. I am entirely satisfied

that the salutary system of military discipline will soon develope his honorable feelings, and elevated spirit, and prove him worthy of confidence. I would not write in his recommendation if I did not believe that he would remunerate the Government at some future day, by his services and talents, for whatever may be done for him.

I have the honor to be
Very respectfully,
Your obt. serv't,

Major John Eaton, James P. Preston.
Sec'y of War,
Washington.

ORDER COURT-MARTIALLING POE.

[Ingram.]

Military Academy
Order No. 7.

Engineer Department,
Washington, February 8, 1831.

At the General Court-Martial, of which Lieutenant Thomas J. Leslie, of the Corps of Engineers, is President, convened at West Point, New York, on the 5th ult., in virtue of Military Academy Order No. 46 dated the 31st December 1830, was arraigned and tried. . . .

Cadet E. A. Poe.

The Court next proceeded to the trial of Cadet E. A. Poe of the U. S. Military Academy on the following charges and specifications: —

Charge 1st. — Gross neglect of duty.

Specification 1st. — In this, that he, the said Cadet Poe, did absent himself from the following parades and

roll-calls between the 7th January and 27th January 1831, viz., absent from evening parade on the 8th, 9th, 15th, 20th, 24th, and 25th January 1831; absent from *reveillé* call on the 8th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 25th, and 26th January 1831; absent from class parade on the 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 24th, and 25th January 1831; absent from guard-mounting on the 16th January 1831, and absent from church parade on the 23rd January 1831; all of which at West Point, New York.

Specification 2nd. — In this, that he, the said Cadet E. A. Poe, did absent himself from all his Academical duties between the 15th and 27th January 1831. . . .

Charge 2nd. — Disobedience of orders.

Specification 1st. — In this, that he, the said Cadet Poe, after having been directed by the officer of the day to attend church on the 23rd January 1831, did fail to obey such order; this at West Point, New York.

Specification 2nd. — In this, that he, the said Cadet Poe, did fail to attend the Academy on the 25th January 1831, after having been directed so to do by the officer of the day; this at West Point, New York.

To which charges and specifications the prisoner pleaded as follows: — To the 1st specification of the 1st charge, "Not Guilty;" to the 2nd specification of the 1st charge, "Guilty;" and "Guilty" to the 2nd charge and its specifications. . . .

The Court, after mature deliberation on the testimony adduced, find the prisoner "Guilty" of the 1st specification, 1st charge, and confirm his plea to the remainder of the charges and specifications, and adjudged that he, Cadet E. A. Poe, be *dismissed* the service of the United States. . . .

The proceedings of the General Court-Martial. . . . in the cases of Cadets ——, ——, E. A. Poe, ——, ——, have been laid before the Secretary of War and are approved. . . .

Cadet Edgar A. Poe will be *dismissed* the service of the United States, and cease to be considered a member of the Military Academy after the 6th March, 1831.

MRS. CLEMM TO GEORGE POE.

[From MS. belonging to Miss A. F. Poe.]

Richmond, Feb. 21, 1836.

Dear Sir, — I have received to day from my nephew E. A. Poe the sum of one hundred dollars and which I learn I am to attribute to you. I beg you will accept my sincere gratitude and I now hope I may be enabled to surmount difficulties with which I have had to contend for a long time — particularly since my mother's death. Myself & daughter are under the protection of Edgar — he is the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger and bids fair to be an honour to our name — he desires me to say any influence you may be able to exercise in behalf of the Messenger will be to his immediate advantage — he desires his respects to you.

Most gratefully
Yours
Maria Clemm.

PAULDING TO WHITE.

[Griswold Collection.]

New York, March 3, 1836.

Dear Sir, — I duly received the Book containing the Tales by Mr. Poe heretofore published in the "Messenger," and have delayed writing to you on the subject until I could communicate the final decision of the Messrs. Harpers as to their republication. By the way, you are entirely mistaken in your idea of my influence over these gentlemen in the transactions of their business. They have a Reader, by whose judgment they are guided in their publications, and like all other traders are governed by their anticipations of profit or loss, rather than any intrinsic merit of a work or its author. I have no influence in this respect, and indeed ought to have none, for my taste does not exactly conform to that of the Public at present. I placed the work in their hands, giving my opinion of it, which was such as I believe I have heretofore expressed to you more than once, leaving them to their own decision.

The[y] have finally declined republishing it for the following reasons: They say that the stories have so recently appeared before the Public in the "Messenger" that they would be no novelty — but most especially they object that there is a degree of obscurity in their application, which will prevent ordinary readers from comprehending their drift, and consequently from enjoying the fine satire they convey. It requires a degree of familiarity with various kinds of knowledge which they do not possess, to enable them to relish the joke: the dish is too refined for them to banquet on.

They desire me, however, to state to Mr. Poe that if he will lower himself a little to the ordinary comprehension of the generality of readers, and prepare a series of original Tales, or a single work, and send them to the Publishers, previous to their appearance in the "Messenger," they will make such arrangements with him as will be liberal and satisfactory.

I regret this decision of the Harpers, though I have not opposed it, because I do not wish to lead them into any measure that might be accompanied by a loss, and felt as I would feel for myself in a similar case. I would not press a work of my own on them, nor do I think Mr. Poe would be gratified at my doing so with one of his.

I hope Mr. Poe will pardon me if the interest I feel in his success should prompt me to take this occasion to suggest to him to apply his fine humor, and his extensive acquirements, to more familiar subjects of satire; to the faults and foibles of our own people, their peculiarities of habits and manners, and above all to the ridiculous affectations and extravagancies of the fashionable English Literature of the day, which we copy with such admirable success and servility. His quiz on Willis, and the Burlesque of "Blackwood," were not only capital, but what is more, were understood by all. For Satire to be relished, it is necessary that it should be leveled at something with which readers are familiar. My own experience has taught me this, in the failure of some efforts of my own formerly.

Be good enough to let me know what disposition I shall make of the work.

I am respectfully,
Your friend and Servant,
J. K. Paulding.

MRS. CLEMM TO WILLIAM POE.

[Mrs. W. Y. Dill: MS.]

RICHMOND, Oct. 7, 1836.

DEAR COUSIN, — Edgar received a letter from you yesterday and requested me to answer it for him, as he is at present so much engaged, which I do with much pleasure. He will write himself the first spare moment he has. We arrived here on Saturday evening last. Edgar went on to Baltimore for us. I do indeed hope we will be happier here. My health is at present so bad that I have had no opportunity of seeing the place, but I think that I will like it, at all events, I am determined to be contented. Here myself & daughter know that we have some to love & care for us, there we had no one. We are boarding & it takes nearly all he can make to answer that demand, but poor fellow he is willing to do all in his power for us. Next year if God spares us he will receive more salary and then we will be more comfortable. He does not wish me to engage in any kind of business until my health is better. As you appear to be anxious to know something about our family I will try to tell you all I know which I know to be correct, for since my earliest infancy I have always heard it spoken of. Our grandparents came to this country about 90 years ago. Our grandmother was Jane, the daughter of Jas. Admiral McBride. She had a brother an Admiral also. She was an extremely proud, but a well educated lady. John our grandfather and herself brought with them two sons, my father David aged 18 months and George about 6 weeks. They settled near Lancaster in Pennsyl-

vania and there they had 8 more children, which made in all ten — David, George, Robert, Samuel, Jane, Hester, John, Mary, James, & William, your father. Hester married in Pa. & died soon after, leaving no children. Jane died many years since & left one son who is also dead. Mary married & had a daughter who died last winter. My father had seven children of whom I am the last. Our uncle George had three children — Jacob who resides in Frederick Co. & George who is cashier of the bank at Mobile. They both have children. The Poes you mentioned in a former letter to Edgar must be very distantly related to us if at all. My father had only three of his children married, David the father of Edgar, Eliza the wife of Mr. Herring of Baltimore, & myself. David left three children, Henry, Edgar & Rosalie. Henry died about four years since & Rosalie lives here. Eliza died 12 years ago leaving 5 lovely children. My daughter Virginia is with me here and we are entirely dependent on Edgar. He is, indeed a son to me & has always been so. He will I am sure do all in his power to make us happy. He requests me to say that he is obliged to you for the subscribers you procured him and says that all that you can obtain for the Messenger will be to his advantage. It will give me sincere pleasure to hear from you occasionally and I wish you to remember me affectionately to your family and your brother Robert — will he not write to me? We are very closely connected & there are not many of us left, therefore we surely ought to keep up a correspondence. And now my dear Cousin I have endeavored to tell you something of our family, because I thought it would be gratifying to you and certainly anything I could do for you I ought, for

out of all that are left, you have been my best friend & are best entitled to my gratitude. The God whom I trust will help you for your kindness to me. Oh that I had it in my power to oblige you. Edgar & my daughter Virginia desire me to remember them to you & believe me to be sincerely your affectionate cousin,

MARIA CLEMM.

To WM. POE
Augusta, Ga.

DOW TO CLARKE.

[Gill.]

WASHINGTON, March 12, 1843.

DEAR SIR, — I deem it to be my bounden duty to write you this hurried letter in relation to our mutual friend E. A. P.

He arrived here a few days since. On the first evening he seemed somewhat excited, having been overpersuaded to take some Port wine.

On the second day he kept pretty steady, but since then he has been, at intervals, quite unreliable.

He exposes himself here to those who may injure him very much with the President, and thus prevents us from doing for him what we wish to do and what we can do if he is himself again in Philadelphia. He does not understand the ways of politicians, nor the manner of dealing with them to advantage. How should he?

Mr. Thomas is not well and cannot go home with Mr. P. My business and the health of my family will prevent me from so doing.

Under all the circumstances of the case, I think it

advisable for you to come on and see him safely back to his home. Mrs. Poe is in a bad state of health, and I charge you, as you have a soul to be saved, to say not one word to her about him until he arrives with you. I shall expect you or an answer to this letter by return of mail.

Should you not come, we will see him on board the cars bound to Phila., but we fear he might be detained in Baltimore and not be out of harm's way.

I do this under a solemn responsibility. Mr. Poe has the highest order of intellect, and I cannot bear that he should be the sport of senseless creatures who, like oysters, keep sober, and gape and swallow everything.

I think your good judgment will tell you what course you ought to pursue in this matter, and I cannot think it will be necessary to let him know that I have written you this letter; but I cannot suffer him to injure himself here without giving you this warning.

Yours respectfully,

J. E. Dow.[1]

To Thomas C. Clarke, Esq.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

LONGFELLOW TO GRAHAM.[2]

[Graham's Magazine, May, 1845.]

Cambridge, February 19, 1845.

Dear Sir, — Perhaps you may remember that, a year or two ago, I published in your Magazine a trans-

[1] Then editor of the "Daily Madisonian," a Tyler organ.

[2] This letter to George R. Graham of "Graham's Magazine" is in reply to an accusation of plagiarism brought against Longfellow by Poe. — Ed.

lation from the German of O. L. B. Wolf, entitled "The Good George Campbell." Within a few days I have seen a paragraph in a newspaper, asserting, in very discourteous language, that this was not a translation from the German, but a plagiarism from a Scotch ballad published in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy." My object in writing you is to deny this charge, and to show that the poem I sent you is what it pretended to be.

As I was passing up the Rhine, in the summer of 1842, a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted on board the steamer put into my hands a collection of German poems, entitled *Deutscher Sänger-Saal*, edited by Gollmich. In this collection I found "The Good George Campbell." It there appeared as an original poem by Wolf, and I was so much struck with its simplicity and beauty that I immediately wrote a translation of it, with a pencil, in my pocket-book; and the same evening, at Mayence, made a copy of the German, which I enclose.

Soon after my return to this country my version was published in your Magazine. At that time I had not the slightest suspicion that the German poem was itself a translation, nor was I aware of the fact till Mr. Griswold, then one of the editors of the Magazine, wrote to me upon the subject, and sent me a copy of the Scotch ballad from which he supposed the German poem to have been taken. I had never before seen it, and I could not but smile at my own ignorance, which had thus led me to re-translate a translation. I immediately answered Mr. Griswold's note, but as he did not publish my answer I thought no more of the matter.

My attention being called to the subject by the para-

graph alluded to above, and the ballad from Motherwell's Collection, which was printed with it, and which I do not remember to have seen before, I turned to Mr. Griswold's letter, and found that his version of the poem differed very materially from Motherwell's and seemed to be but a fragment of some longer ballad. It is as follows : —

HAME NEVER CAME HE.

Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,
A plume at his helmet, a sword at his knee ;
But torn cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he.

Down cam' his gray father, sabbin' sae sair,
Down cam' his auld mither, tearin' her hair,
Down cam' his sweet wife, wie bonnie bairns three,
Ane at her bosom an' twa at her knee.

There stood the fleet steed, al foamin' an' hot,
There shrieked his sweet wife, an' sank on the spot ;
There stood his gray father, weepin' sae free, —
Sae hame cam' his steed, but hame never cam' he.

Having with some difficulty procured a copy of Motherwell's "Minstrelsy," I find the following note prefixed to the ballad. "Bonnie George Campbell" is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlievat, stricken on Thursday, the third day of October, 1594 years. (*Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland.*) Of this ballad Mr. Finlay had only recovered three stanzas, which he has given in the preface to his "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," page 33, introduced by the following remarks — "There is another fragment still remaining, which appears to have belonged to a ballad of adventure, perhaps of real history. I

am acquainted with nō poem, of which the lines, as they stand, can be supposed to have formed a part." The words and the music of this Lament are published in the fifth volume of the "Scottish Minstrelsy." The other "fragment still remaining" is probably the poem sent by Mr. Griswold.

Since I have seen the Scotch ballad in Motherwell I have detected, by means of it, a misprint in the German poem. The last word of the second line is *Tag* (day) instead of *Tay*, the name of the river. I translated the word as it stood, and thus the accidental misprint of a single letter has become an unimpeachable witness of the falsity of the charge brought against me.

Will you have the goodness to publish this letter and the several versions of the poem inclosed?[1]

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MISS BARRETT TO HORNE.

[From Horne's Letters of E. B. Browning.]

50 WIMPOLE STREET,
May 12th, 1845.

. . . Your friend, Mr. Poe, is a speaker of strong words "in both kinds." But I hope you will assure him from me that I am grateful for his reviews, and in no complaining humour at all. As to the "Raven" tell me what you shall say about it! There is certainly a power — but it does not appear to me the natural expression of a sane intellect in whatever mood;

[1] Here follow Motherwell's "Bonnie George Campbell," and Wolf's German translation "Der Gute George Campbell."

and I think that this should be specified in the title of the poem. There is a fantasticalness about the "sir or madam," and things of the sort, which is ludicrous, unless there is a specified insanity to justify the straws. Probably he — the author — intended it to be read in the poem, and he ought to have intended it. The rhythm acts excellently upon the imagination, and the "nevermore" has a solemn chime with it. Don't get me into a scrape. The "pokerishness" (just gods! what Mohawk English!) might be found fatal, peradventure. Besides, — just because I have been criticised, I would not criticise. And I am of opinion that there is an uncommon force and effect in the poem.

I am delighted at the prospect of "Orion's" being republished in New York. I love the Americans, and think they deserve your "Orion." A noble and cordial people, for all their "pokerishness" — save the mark! But Mr. Poe seems to me in a great mist on the subject of metre. You yourself have skipped all the philosophy of the subject in your excellent treatise on "Chaucer Modernized," and you shut your ears when I tried to dun you about it one day. But Chaucer wrote on precisely the same principles (eternal principles) as the Greek poets did, I believe unalterably; and you, who are a musician, ought to have sung it out loud in the ears of the public. There is no "pedantic verbiage" in Longinus. But Mr. Poe, who attributes the "Œdipus Colonœus" to Æschylus (*vide* review on me), sits somewhat loosely, probably, on his classics.

Yours truly ever,

E. B. B.

MISS BARRETT TO HORNE.

[Griswold Collection.]

58 Wimpole Street,
May 12th 1845.

You will certainly think me mad, dear Mr. Horne, in treading upon my own heels (room for the bull!) in another letter. But I am uncomfortable about my message to Mr. Poe, lest it should not be grateful enough in the sound of it. Will you tell him, what is quite the truth, — that, in my own opinion, he has dealt with me most generously, and that I thank him for his candour as for a part of his kindness. Will you tell him also that he has given my father pleasure, which is giving it to *me*, more than twice. Also, the review is very ably written, — and the reviewer has so obviously & thoroughly *read* my poems, as to be a wonder among critics. Will you tell Mr. Poe this, . . . or to this effect, dear Mr. Horne — all but part of the last sentence, which peradventure may be somewhat superfluous.

I heard from dear Miss Mitford this morning, & she talks delightfully of taking lodgings in London soon; of coming, not for a day only, . . . nor for a week only.

HOFFMAN TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Correspondence.]

New York, July 11, 1845.

My Dear Doctor, — . . . The Broadway Journal stopped for a week to let Briggs step ashore with his luggage, and they are now getting up steam to drive it ahead under Captains Poe and Watson. I think it

will soon stop again to land one of these. Let me tell you a good joke. Poe and Tuckerman met for the first time last night, — and how? They each, upon invitation, repaired to the Rutgers institute, where they sat alone together as a Committee upon young ladies' compositions. Odd, isn't it, that the women, who divide so many, should bring these two together! . . .

H.

[Charles Fenno Hoffman.]

LOWELL TO C. F. BRIGGS.

[Lowell's Letters, edited by C. E. Norton.[1]]

Elmwood, Aug. 21, 1845.

My dear Friend, —. . . Poe, I am afraid, is wholly lacking in that element of manhood which, for want of a better name, we call character. It is something quite distinct from genius — though all great geniuses are endowed with it. Hence we always think of Dante Alighieri, of Michael Angelo, of Will Shakespeare, John Milton — while of such men as Gibbon and Hume we merely recall the works, and think of them as the author of this and that. As I prognosticated, I have made Poe my enemy by doing him a service. In the last Broadway Journal he has accused me of plagiarism, and misquoted Wordsworth to sustain his charge.

> "Armour rustling on the walls,
> On the blood of Clifford calls,"

he quotes, italicizing "rustling" as the point of resemblance. The word is really "rusting" — you will find the passage in Wordsworth's "Song Sung at Brougham

[1] Permission of Harper & Bros.

Castle," etc. My metaphor was drawn from some old Greek or Roman story which was in my mind, and which Poe, who makes such a scholar of himself, ought to have known. There is a similar incident in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," probably from the same source. Any one who had ever read the whole of Wordsworth's poem would see that there was no resemblance between the two passages. Poe wishes to kick down the ladder by which he rose. He is welcome. But he does not attack me at a weak point. He probably cannot conceive of anybody's writing for anything but a newspaper reputation, or for posthumous fame, which is but the same thing magnified by distance. I have quite other aims. . . .

HOLMES TO J. T. FIELDS.

[Griswold Correspondence.]

My dear Sir, — I hope you will do whatever you can to favor Mr. Poe in the matter of which he spoke to you in his letter. I suppose you will send him a copy of my poems and one of "Urania," and refer him for the little facts of my outward existence to the preface to my volume and to Mr. Griswold's book. I cannot think that he would be much interested to know that I have a little family growing up about me since friend Rufus posted up my history. This is almost the only change in my circumstances which has occurred since that date. But if there is anything about me which a friend might say and a well-wisher publish, say it and trust to Mr. Poe's discretion. I really believe, however, that I have nothing at present to show for the last half a dozen years of my life, which how-

ever have not been idle, and may some time or other bear their fruit.

I have always thought Mr. Poe entertained a favorable opinion of me since he taught me how to scan one of my own poems. And I am not ashamed, though it may be very unphilosophical, to be grateful for his good opinion, and even venture to hope that he may find something to approve in one or two of my last poems — in the one you will send him and in the Pilgrim of last year if he ever sees it. . . .

Yours very truly,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BOSTON, Dec. 29, 1846.

MRS. CLEMM TO MRS. SHEW.

[Ingram.]

Friday Evening [1847].

MY DEAR SWEET FRIEND, — I write to say that the medicines arrived the next train after you left to-day, and a kind friend brought them up to us that same hour. The cooling application was very grateful to my poor Eddie's head, and the flowers were lovely — not "frozen," as you feared they would be. I very much fear this illness is to be a serious one. The fever came on at the *same time* to-day (as you said it would), and I am giving the sedative mixture. He did not rouse up to talk to Mr. C——, as he would naturally do to so kind a friend. . . . Eddie made me promise to write you a note about the wine (which I neglected to tell you about this morning). He desires me to return the last box of wine you sent my sweet Virginia (there being some left of the first package, which I will

put away for any emergency). The wine was a great blessing to us while *she needed* it, and by its cheering and tonic influence we were enabled to keep her a few days longer with us. The little darling always took it smiling, even when difficult to get it down. But for your timely aid, my dear Mrs. S., we should have had no last word — no loving messages — no *sweet farewells*, for she ceased to speak (from weakness) but with her beautiful eyes! . . . Eddie has quite set his heart upon the wine *going back to you*, thinking and hoping you may find it useful for the *sick artist* you mentioned "as convalescent and in need of delicacies." God bless you, my sweet child, and come soon to your sorrowing and desolate friend,

MARIA CLEMM.

P. S. — We look for you in an early train to-morrow, and hope you will stay as long as possible. What we should do without you now is fearful to think of. Eddie says you promised Virginia to come every other day for a long time, or until he was able to go to work again. I hope and believe *you will not fail him;* and I pray that every blessing may be yours, and may follow you in life, as your angelic tenderness and compassion deserve.

Mr. C—— will tell you of our condition, as he is going to call for this note in an hour's time; and, until we see you, farewell.

MRS. CLEMM TO "ANNIE."

[Ingram.]

MY DEAR ANNIE, — God has heard my prayers and once more returned my poor, darling Eddy to me. But

how changed! I scarcely knew him. I was nearly distracted at not hearing from him. I knew *something* dreadful had occurred. And oh! how near I was losing him! But our good and gracious God *saved* him. The blood about my heart becomes cold when I think of it. I have read his letter to you, and have told him I think it very selfish, to wish you to come; for I know, my darling child, it would be inconvenient. . . . Eddy has told me of all your kindness to him. God bless you for it, my own darling. *I beg* you will write often. He raved all night about you, but is now more composed. I too am very sick, but will do all I can to cheer and comfort him. How much I felt for you, *dearest*, when I read the awful account of your poor cousin's death. Have you heard anything of Mrs. L—— since her tragic performance? I never liked her, and said so from the first. Do tell me all about her.

Good-bye, dearest, your own

M. C.

Nov. 16, 1848.

MRS. CLEMM TO "ANNIE."

[Griswold Collection?]

January 11, 1849.

. . . Our dear Eddy . . . is writing most industriously, and I have every hope that he will, in a short time, surmount most of our difficulties. He writes from ten until four every day. . . . We have found out who wrote those verses that we attributed to Grace Greenwood; they were written by Mrs. Welby of Kentucky. Have you a copy of them? If so, Eddy says he will be so much obliged to you for them. . . . Eddy wrote a tale, and sent it to the publisher, and in

it was a description of *you* with the name of the lady, "darling Annie." It will be published about the 20th of next month, and then I will send it to you. . . . Did you see the lines to Eddy in a new magazine just come out, called the *Metropolitan?* They are by Mrs. Osgood, and very beautiful. . . . Have you seen Lowell's "Satire," and Mrs. Osgood's letter about the lines? Something about Eddy in both.

MRS. CLEMM TO "ANNIE."

[Ingram.]

July 9, 1849.

Eddy has been gone ten days, and I have not heard one word from him. Do you wonder that I *am distracted?* I fear everything. . . . Do you wonder that he has so little confidence in any one? Have we not suffered from the blackest treachery? . . . Eddy was obliged to go through Philadelphia, and how much I fear he has got into some trouble there; he promised me *so* sincerely to write thence. I ought to have heard last Monday, and now it is Monday again and not one word. . . . Oh, if any evil has befallen *him*, what can comfort me? The day after he left New York, I left Mrs. Lewis and started for home. I called on a rich friend who had made many promises, but never knew our situation. I frankly told her. . . . She proposed to me to leave Eddy, saying he might very well do for himself. . . . Any one to propose to *me* to leave my Eddy — what a cruel insult! No one to console and comfort him but me; no one to nurse him and take care of him when he is sick and helpless! Can I ever forget that dear sweet face, so tranquil, so pale, and

those dear eyes looking at me so sadly, while she said, "Darling, darling Muddy, you will console and take care of my poor Eddy — you will *never*, *never* leave him? Promise me, my dear Muddy, and then I can die in peace." And *I did promise*. And when I meet her in heaven, I can say, "I have kept my promise, my darling." . . . If Eddy gets to Richmond safely and can succeed in what he intends doing, we will be relieved of part of our difficulties; but if he comes home in trouble and sick, I know not what is to become of us.

MRS. CLEMM TO GRISWOLD.

[Century Magazine.]

New York, August 27, 1849.

Dear Mr. Griswold, — I feel you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, but the extreme urgency of my situation compels me to do so. Mr. Poe has been absent from home for some weeks; he is now in Richmond and has been very ill, and unable to send me any money since he left, and is much distressed for fear of my suffering. Indeed I *have suffered*. I have been very sick, and entirely unable to make the least exertion. I have been without the necessaries of life for many days, and would not apply to any one, in hopes that I would soon receive some aid from my poor Eddy. He writes me that he is getting better, and hopes he will be soon able to attend to business. I confide in you, dear sir, and beg you to loan me a small sum until I can receive some from him. I have not the means to go to the city, but a note addressed to Mrs. Maria Clemm, care of E. A. Poe, New York, will reach me.

A gentleman in the neighborhood asks every day for me at the post-office. You have no idea how distressing it is to my feelings to make this request, but I think you will feel for my situation.

Respectfully,

MARIA CLEMM.

MRS. CLEMM TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Collection.]

NEW YORK, Sep. 4, '49.

DEAR MR. GRISWOLD, — I have tried so long to see you without success, that I have taken the liberty of addressing this note to you. I understand from Mrs. Lewis you received the package Mr. Poe left at her house for you. I wish you to publish it exactly as he has written it. If you will do so I will promise you a favorable review of your books as they appear. You know the influence I have with Mr. Poe — Not that I think he will need any urging to advance your interest. I have just heard from him, he writes in fine spirits and says his prospects are excellent — will you be so kind as to let me know if you receive this? — Please direct to me at N. Y., care of E. A. Poe.

Respectfully,

MARIA CLEMM.

I will call on Saturday at 10 o'clock at your room if you will please meet me there.

"ELMIRA" TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. belonging to Miss A. F. Poe.]

RICHMOND, September 22nd, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. CLEMM, — You will no doubt be much surprised to receive a letter from one whom you have never seen, although I feel as if I were writing to one whom I love very devotedly, and whom to *know*, is to *love*. . . . Mr. Poe has been very solicitous that I should write to you, and I do assure you, it is with emotions of pleasure that I now do so. I am fully prepared to *love* you, and I do sincerely hope that our spirits may be congenial. There shall be nothing wanting on my part to make them so.

I have just spent a very happy evening with your dear Edgar, and I know it will be gratifying to you to know that he is all that you could desire him to be, sober, temperate, moral, & much beloved. He showed me a letter of yours, in which you spoke affectionately of me, and for which I feel very much gratified & complimented. . . . Edgar speaks frequently & very affectionately of your daughter & his Virginia, for which I love him but the more. I have a very dear friend, (to whom I am much attached,) by the name of *Virginia Poe*. She is a lovely girl in character, tho' not as beautiful in person as your beloved one.

I remember seeing Edgar, & his lovely wife, very soon after they were married.

. . . . . .

Edgar's lecture a few weeks since, on the Poetic Principle, was very beautiful. He had quite a full, and

very fashionable audience. He will repeat his lecture on Monday next, when I sincerely hope he may be patronized by a very large attendance. It is needless (I know) for me to ask you to take good care of him when he is (as I trust he soon will be) again restored to your arms.

"I trust a kind Providence" will protect him, and guide him in the way of truth, so that his feet slip not. I hope, my dear friend, that you will write to me, and as Edgar will perhaps reach you as soon as this does, he will direct your letter.

It has struck 12 o'clock, and I am encroaching on the Sabbath, and will therefore conclude. "Good night, Dear Friend," may Heaven bless you and shield you, and may your remaining days on earth be peaceful and happy — and your eternity glorious and blissful.

Thus prays your attached tho' unknown friend

ELMIRA.[1]

MRS. CLEMM TO NEILSON POE.[2]

[From MS. belonging to Miss A. F. Poe.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 9, '45 ['49.[3]]

DEAR NELSON, — I have heard this moment of the death of my dear son Edgar — I cannot believe it, [illegible] have written to you, to try and ascertain the

[1] This letter from "Elmira" (Mrs. Shelton) seems to clinch the fact that she was now in good faith engaged to Poe.

[2] Neilson Poe (afterwards Judge Poe) was Poe's second cousin and had married Virginia Poe's half-sister.

[3] In her agitation Mrs. Clemm writes "'45" for the year date instead of '49, and "Nelson" for Neilson.

fact and particulars — he has been at the South for the last three months, and was on his way home — the paper states he died in Baltimore yesterday — If it is true God have mercy on me, for he was the last I had to cling to and love, will you write the *instant* you receive this, and relieve this dreadful uncertainty — My mind is prepared to *hear all* — conceal nothing from me.

Your afflicted friend,

MARIA CLEMM.

"ANNIE" TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. belonging to Miss A. F. Poe.]

Oct., 1849,
Wednesday morning.

Oh my mother, my darling, darling mother oh, what shall I say to you — how can I comfort you — oh mother it seems more than I can bear — and when I think of you, his mother, who has lost her all, I feel that it must not, no, it cannot be — oh if I could but see you, do, I implore you, come to Annie soon as possible — come, dear mother, and I will be indeed a daughter to you — oh if I could only have laid down my life for his, that he might have been spared to you — but mother it is the will of God, and we must submit; and Heaven grant us strength, to bear it, — we shall soon (at longest), meet the loved and lost to us here, in that blessed world where there are no partings — your letter has this moment reached me, but I had seen a notice of his death, a few moments previous in the paper — oh, mother, when I read it, I said, no, no, it is not true, my Eddie can't be dead, no, it is not so,

I could not believe it, until I got your letter,[1] even now, it seems impossible, for how can it be — how can I bear it — and oh, how can his poor, poor mother bear it and live — oh God, is it not too much forgive me mother, but I cannot bear to submit without a murmur, I know it is wrong, but mother I cannot — had my own been taken, I could have been reconciled and comforted, for I have kind parents, brother, and sister left, but he was her all — God, in mercy comfort and sustain her, for it is more than she can bear — pardon me if I add one pang to your grief, dear mother, but my own heart is breaking, and I cannot offer you consolation that I would, now, but mother, I will pray for you, and for myself, that I may be able to comfort you — Mr. R. begs that you will come on here, soon as you can, and stay with us long as you please — do, dear mother, gather up all his papers and books, and take them and come to your own Annie who will do everything in her power to make you comfortable and reconciled to the bitter lot Heaven has ordained for you — do not deny me this privilege, dear mother, my heart will nearly break if you do not come — write me if but one word, soon as you get this — the mail closes in 10 minutes. I must stop — my darling, darling mother, God in heaven bless and sustain you, and bring you safely to your own

Faithful ANNIE.[2]

1 See Biography, p. 338.

2 This pathetic letter with all its incoherence has been left in its original punctuation by the editor.

NEILSON POE TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

BALTIMORE, Oct. 11, 1849.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I would to God I could console you with the information that your dear son Edgar A. Poe is still among the living. The newspapers, in announcing his death, have only told a truth, which we may weep over & deplore, but cannot change. He died on Sunday morning, about 5 o'clock, at the Washington Medical College, where he had been since the Wednesday preceding. At what time he arrived in this city, where he spent the time he was here, or under what circumstances, I have been unable to ascertain.

It appears that, on Wednesday, he was seen & recognized at one of the places of election in old town, and that his condition was such as to render it necessary to send him to the College, where he was tenderly nursed until the time of his death. As soon as I heard that he was at the College, I went over, but his physicians did not think it advisable that I should see him, as he was very excitable. The next day I called & sent him changes of linen, &c. And was gratified to learn that he was much better, & I was never so much shocked, in my life, as when, on Sunday morning, notice was sent to me that he was dead. Mr. Herring & myself immediately took the necessary steps for his funeral, which took place on Monday afternoon at four o'clock. He lies alongside his ancestors in the Presbyterian burying ground on Green Street.

I assure you, my dear madam, that, if I had known where a letter would reach you, I would have communicated the melancholy tidings in time to enable you to attend his funeral — but I was wholly [illegible] how to address you. The body was followed to the grave by Mr. Herring, Dr. Snodgrass, Mr. Z. Collins Lee (an old classmate), and myself. The service was performed by the Rev. Wm. T. D. Clemm, a son of James T. Clemm. Mr. Herring & myself have sought, in vain, for the trunk & clothes of Edgar. There is reason to believe that he was robbed of them, whilst in such a condition as to render him insensible of his loss.

I shall not attempt the useless task of consoling you under such a bereavement. Edgar has seen so much of sorrow — had so little reason to be satisfied with life — that, to him, the change can scarcely be said to be a misfortune. If it leaves you lonely in this world of trouble, may I be allowed the friendly privilege of expressing the hope that, in the contemplation of the world to which he has gone & to which we are all hastening, you will find consolations enduring & all sufficient. I shall be glad, at all times, to hear from you, & to alleviate, in every way in my power, the sorrows which this dispensation may expose you. I only wish my ability was equal to my disposition.

My wife unites with me in expressions of sympathy.

Truly your friend & servant

Neilson Poe.

Mrs. Maria Clemm.

"ANNIE" TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

Monday Morning, Oct. 14.

My darling Mother, —Your precious letter has this moment reached me, and oh how much it has comforted me! I am so thankful to have you say that you will come, I had so much feared your N. York friends would prevail on you to stay with them until spring, but thank Heaven the blessed privilege of your dear society this winter will be mine — and dear mother will you not bring all of our darling precious Eddie's papers with you, all that you do not have to give up to the publishers, and his printed works too? There is so little here, that can be obtained of his — the "S. L. Messenger," "Literary World," "Broadway Journal" &c, &c, we never get, they do not come here at all. — If you will get a trunk and put them all in, and bring them on, it shall be no expense to you dear mother — do grant me this, for everything he has written, is so dear to me, and my only comfort now. Oh mother darling darling mother, is it possible, that he will never never write to me again? I have waited so long, and now, to know it never can be, oh mother, is it wrong, I cannot bear it calmly, I cannot yet see, why, or how, it is all for the best, God grant I may. — I am so thankful to see those kind notices of him, for my heart has been so pained, oh mother, it is so cruel, for those who envied him while living, to speak so harshly of him now that he is gone — but as you say, what matters it, he will never know it, and his friends will only love his memory more. — Do write me what day you will be here, so I can meet you at the

cars, mother dear. — I have a little sum, laid aside for you, — shall I keep it, until you come, or shall I send it to you in a letter? Tell me darling mother when you answer this. — Do come soon as possible, I have a little room all ready for you where you can have a fire all to yourself, and I will try to make you so comfortable — come prepared to stay a long time won't you — bring all you care for, everything, I have plenty of store room; do not part with anything you wish to keep, fearing it will discommode me, for nothing can if you will only come. Mr. R. sends his kindest love to you, — he is waiting to carry this to the office. Heaven bless you my darling darling mother!

Your own loving and faithful

ANNIE.

P. S. If you have any letters of Mrs. Locke's either to you or yours, do not destroy them, but be sure and bring them with you for a very particular reason, that I will give, when I see you. — Don't forget to write whether you will have the money sent to you and when you will be here.

THOMPSON TO PATTERSON.

[Hutchinson Collection.]

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 9, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter making inquires of a personal nature concerning poor Poe has been lying on my table some days. I avail myself of the first leisure moment to reply to it.

My first acquaintance with the deceased was in the spring of 1848, when I accidentally learned that a per-

son calling himself Edgar A. Poe had been, for a fortnight, in a debauch, in one of the lowest haunts of vice upon the wharves in this City. If you have ever visited Richmond, you may perhaps know that the business portion of the town and the sites occupied by residences exclusively are distant from the shipping by a mile and a half, so that very few persons not actually engaged in commercial affairs ever visit the landing at all. As soon as I heard the name Poe in this connection my worst suspicions were excited, and I at once took a carriage and went to seek him. It was a very warm day in the latter part of May or early in June. When I reached the purlieus of this abandoned quarter, I learned that such a person had indeed been there, drunk, for two weeks, and that he had gone a few hours previous, without hat or coat, to the residence of Mr. John MacKenzie, some three miles distant in the country, alone and on foot. It was Poe. The next day he called on me with Mr. MacKenzie. From that time until his death we were much together and in constant correspondence. I did all I could to restrain his excesses and to relieve the pressure of his immediate wants (for he was extremely indigent), but no influence was adequate to keep him from the damnable propensity to drink, and his entire residence in Richmond of late was but a succession of disgraceful follies. He spoke of himself as the victim of a pre-ordained damnation, as *l'âme perdue*, a soul lost beyond all hope of redemption. For three weeks previous to his departure from Richmond he had been sober — a Son of Temperance. But no confidence could be placed in him in any relation of life, least of all in antagonism to his fatal weakness. He died, indeed, in delirium from drunkenness; the shadow of infamy beclouded his last moments

And his soul from out that shadow
Shall be lifted never more !

But who shall judge harshly of the dead? Mercy benignantly tempers the divine Justice, and to this Justice we commit his spirit.

Poe had spoken to me of your design with reference to the literary enterprise of which you speak. You were fortunate, I think, in not having embarked in it, for a more unreliable person than he could hardly be found. I have not, as yet, recovered his trunk, so that I cannot tell you whether or no he left any unpublished MSS. The day before he went North from Richmond, I advanced him a small sum of money for a prospective article which he probably never wrote. His complete works will be brought out by the Rev. Dr. Griswold.

With much regard, I am, Sir, yours,

JNO. R. THOMPSON.[1]

E. H. N. PATTERSON, Esq.

GRISWOLD TO MRS. WHITMAN.

[Gill.]

NEW YORK, December 17, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. WHITMAN, — I have been two or three weeks in Philadelphia, attending to the remains which a recent fire left of my library and furniture, and so did not receive your interesting letter in regard to our departed acquaintance until to-day. I wrote, as you suppose, the notice of Poe in "The Tribune," but

[1] John R. Thompson, the poet, was editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger" for several years, succeeding Dr. B. B. Minor in 1847; afterwards literary editor of the "New York Evening Post." — ED.

very hastily. *I was not his friend, nor was he mine,* as I remember to have told you. I undertook to edit his writings to oblige Mrs. Clemm, and they will soon be published in two thick volumes, of which a copy shall be sent to you. I saw very little of Poe in his last years. . . . I cannot refrain from begging you to be very careful what you say or write to Mrs. Clemm, who is not your friend, nor anybody's friend, and who has no element of goodness or kindness in her nature, but whose heart and understanding are full of malice and wickedness. I confide in you these sentences for your own sake only, for Mrs. C. appears to be a very warm friend to me. Pray destroy this note, and at least act cautiously, till I may justify it in a conversation with you.

I am yours very sincerely,
RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

LONGFELLOW TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Collection.]

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 28, 1850.

SIR,—I think you must be mistaken in saying that I "showed you a series of papers" in reference to "The Haunted Palace," and "The Beleaguered City;" for I do not remember that I ever had any such papers in my possession, nor that Mr. Poe ever accused me of taking my poem from his.

I do remember showing you two letters from him to me, (dated May & June 1841) proving the different tone he assumed towards me in private and in public. Nothing is said in these letters about the

point now at issue; and these are the only ones I ever received from him.

With regard to "The Beleaguered City," it was written on the nineteenth of September, 1839. I marked the date down at the time. It was first published in the "Southern Literary Messenger," November, 1839. I sent it to M.r White, the Editor of that work, who had solicited a contribution from me. I do not believe M.r Poe ever saw it till it was published; for he was not then, I think, connected with the Messenger, and could not have had this manuscript in his hands, for M.r White did not, probably, receive it before the first of October; and it is the first article in the November No. of the Messenger.

"The Beleaguered City" is founded on an old tradition, which you will find mentioned somewhere in the Notes of Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." I do not recollect in which volume.

When Mr. Poe's poem was written, and first published, I do not know. I am quite sure I never saw it, till long, long after mine was written. It certainly never before occurred to me that there was any resemblance between the two; and upon reading them now I do not see any sufficient ground to justify a charge of plagiarism on either side, though you and Mr. Poe seem to think otherwise.

If you should resume this subject in print, (I mean the subject of Mr. Poe and his writings), — I wish you would contrive to leave me entirely out of it. I dislike all controversy and violent discussion; and never have taken part in any, and never intend to do so.

I remain Your Obt. Svt.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DR. CHIVERS TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Collection.]

No. 116, Leonard St., March 28th, 1851.

Dear Sir,— When I wrote you from Stamford for the letters which were handed to you after the death of Edgar A. Poe, it was because I *wanted* them, and *not* to "insult you," as I understand you suppose. The remarks which I made were founded upon what Poe told me.

If Poe ever left any letter in which he speaks ill of me, the fault was *his own* — *not* mine — and he will have to answer to God for the injustice. He, no doubt, felt piqued when I accused him of having stolen his "*Raven*" from my Poem "*To Allegra Florence in Heaven*" — which you *know* he did — if you know anything at all about it. The same is true of his Lectures on Poetry — besides many other things.

You are very much mistaken if you suppose that I endorse everything that Poe did. He married the Venus Urania in early life; but afterwards committed adultery with the Venus Pandemos.

Yours truly,

Thos. H. Chivers.

R. W. Griswold, D.D.

PABODIE TO THE "NEW YORK TRIBUNE."

In an article on American Literature in the "Westminster Review" for April, and in one on Edgar A. Poe, in "Tait's Magazine" for the same month, we

find a repetition of certain incorrect and injurious statements in regard to the deceased author, which should not longer be suffered to pass unnoticed. These statements have circulated through half a dozen foreign and domestic periodicals, and are presented with an ingenious variety of detail. As a specimen, we take a passage from Tait, who quotes as his authority, Dr. Griswold's memoir of the poet :

"Poe's life, in fact, during the three years that yet remained to him, was simply a repetition of his previous existence, notwithstanding which, his reputation still increased, and he made many friends. He was, indeed, at one time, engaged to marry a lady who is termed "one of the most brilliant women in New England." He, however, suddenly changed his determination ; and after declaring his intention to break the match, he crossed, the same day, into the city where the lady dwelt, and, on the evening that should have been the evening before the bridal, "committed in drunkenness such outrages at her house as made necessary a summons of the police."

The subject is one which cannot well be approached without invading the sanctities of private life ; and the improbabilities of the story may, to those acquainted with the parties, be deemed an all-sufficient refutation. But in view of the rapidly increasing circulation which this story has obtained, and the severity of comment which it has elicited, the friends of the late Edgar A. Poe deem it an imperative duty to free his memory from this unjust reproach, and to oppose to it their unqualified denial. Such a denial is due, not only to the memory of the departed, but also to the lady whose home is supposed to have been desecrated by these disgraceful outrages.

Mr. Poe was frequently my guest during his stay in Providence. In his several visits to the city I was with him daily. I was acquainted with the circumstances of his engagement, and with the causes which led to its dissolution. I am authorized to say, not only from my personal knowledge, but also from the statements of all who were conversant with the affair, that there exists not a shadow of foundation for the stories above alluded to.

Mr. Poe's friends have no desire to palliate his faults, nor to conceal the fact of his intemperance — a vice which, though never habitual to him, seems, according to Dr. Griswold's published statements, to have repeatedly assailed him at the most momentous epochs of his life. With the single exception of this fault, which he has so fearfully expiated, his conduct, during the period of my acquaintance with him, was invariably that of a man of honor and a gentleman; and I know that, in the hearts of all who knew him best among us, he is remembered with feelings of melancholy interest and generous sympathy.

We understand that Dr. Griswold has expressed his sincere regret that these unfounded reports should have been sanctioned by his authority; and we doubt not, if he possesses that fairness of character and uprightness of intention which we have ascribed to him, that he will do what lies in his power to remove an undeserved stigma from the memory of the departed.

WILLIAM J. PABODIE.

PROVIDENCE, June 2, 1852.

GRISWOLD TO PABODIE.

[Gill.]

New York, June 8, 1852.

Dear Sir, — I think you have done wrong in publishing your communication in yesterday's "Tribune" without ascertaining how it must be met. I have never expressed any such regrets as you write of, and I cannot permit any statement in my memoir of Poe to be contradicted by a reputable person, unless it is shown to be wrong. The statement in question I can easily prove, on the most unquestionable authority, to be true; and unless you explain your letter to "The Tribune" in another for publication there, you will compel me to place before the public such documents as will be infinitely painful to Mrs. Whitman and all others concerned. The person to whom he disclosed his intention to break off the match was Mrs. H——t. He was already engaged to another party. I am sorry for the publication of your letter. Why you did not permit me to see it before it appeared, and disclose in advance these consequences, I cannot conceive. I would willingly drop the subject, but for the controversies hitherto in regard to it, with which you are acquainted. Before writing to "The Tribune" I will await your opportunity to acknowledge this note, and to give such explanations of your letter as will render any public statement on my part unnecessary.

In haste, yours respectfully,

R. W Griswold.

W. J. Pabodie, Esq.

PABODIE TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Collection.]

PROVIDENCE, June 11, 1852.

DEAR SIR, — In reply to your note I would say, that I have merely testified to what *I know to be true*, viz. that no such incident as that extensively circulated in relation to certain alleged outrages at the house of Mrs. Whitman, and the calling in of the Police, ever took place. The assertion that Poe came to Providence, the last time, with the express intention of breaking off the engagement, you will find to be equally unfounded, when I have stated to you the facts as I know them.

In remarking that you had expressed regret at the fact of their admission into your Memoir, I had reference to a passage in a letter written by Mrs. Hewitt to Mrs. Whitman, which was read to me by the latter some time since. I stated in all truthfulness the impression which that letter had left upon my mind. If I have wrongly interpreted her words, believe me, it was not intentional. I enclose an extract from the letter, that you may judge for yourself.

I know that from the commencement of Poe's acquaintance with Mrs. W., he repeatedly urged her to an immediate marriage ; and, more than once, her refusal to consent to this was followed by some act of reckless indulgence. At the time of his interview with Mrs. Hewitt, circumstances existed, which threatened to postpone the marriage indefinitely, if not altogether to prevent it. It was undoubtedly with reference to these circumstances that his remark to Mrs. H. was made — *certainly not* with any intention, on his part, of breaking off the engagement, as his subsequent con-

duct will prove. He left N. York for Providence on the afternoon of his interview with Mrs. H., not with any view to the proposed union, but at the invitation of the Prov. Lyceum; and, on the evening of his arrival, he delivered a lecture on American Poetry before an audience of some two thousand persons. During his stay in the City, he again succeeded in renewing his engagement, and in obtaining Mrs. W.'s consent to an immediate marriage. He stopped at the Earl House, where he became acquainted with a set of somewhat dissipated young men, who often invited him to drink with them. We all know that he could seldom withstand such temptations; and, on the third or fourth evening subsequent to that on which he lectured, he came up to Mrs. Whitman's in a state of partial intoxication. I was myself present nearly the whole of the evening, and do most solemnly affirm that there was no unusual noise, no disturbance, no outrage; neither was there any call for the Police. Mr. Poe said but little and was very quiet. This was undoubtedly the evening referred to in your Memoir, for it was the *only* evening on which he was intoxicated during his last visit to the City. But it was not "the evening that should have been the evening before the bridal," for they were not yet published; and the law in our State, at that time, required that a couple should be published three several times, on as many different days, before they could be legally married. The next morning Mr. Poe manifested and expressed the most profound contrition and regret, and was profuse in his promises of amendment. He was still urgently anxious that the marriage should take place before he left the City. That very morning he wrote a note to Dr. Chivers, requesting him to publish the intended

marriage at the earliest opportunity, and intrusted this note to me with the request that I should deliver it in person. The note is still in my possession. I delayed complying with his request, in the hope that the union might yet be prevented. Many of Mrs. W.'s friends deprecated this hasty and imprudent marriage, and it was their urgent solicitations and certain representations which were that afternoon made by them to Mrs. W. and her family, that led to the postponement of the marriage, and eventually to a dissolution of the engagement. In the evening of that day Mr. Poe left for New York. These are the facts which I am ready to make oath to if necessary. You will perceive, therefore, that I did not write unadvisedly in the statements published in the Tribune.

For yourself, Mr. Griswold, I entertain none other than the kindest feelings. I was not surprised that you should have believed those rumors in regard to Poe and his engagement; and although, from a regard to the feelings of the lady, I do not think that a belief in their truth could justify their publication, yet I was not disposed to ascribe to you any wrong motive in presenting them to the public. I supposed rather that, in the hurry of publication, and in the multiplicity of your avocations, you had not given each statement that precise consideration, which less haste and more leisure would have permitted. I was thus easily led to believe from Mrs. Hewitt's letter, that, upon being assured of their incorrectness, and upon learning how exceedingly painful they were to the feelings of the surviving party, you sincerely regretted their publication. I would fain hope so still. In my article in the Tribune, I endeavoured to palliate their publication on your part, and to say every thing in your extenuation, that was

consistent with the demands of truth and justice to the parties concerned.

I have only to add, that, in regard to Mr. Poe's intoxication on the evening above alluded to, it was, to all appearances, as purely accidental and unpremeditated, as any similar act of his life. By what system of logic any one should infer that, in this particular instance, it was the result of a malicious purpose and deliberate design, I have never been able to conceive. Surely the circumstance was not of so rare occurrence, as to call for any such speculation as to its cause. The circumstances of the case and his subsequent conduct prove, beyond a doubt, that he had no such design.

With Mr. Poe's Mother in Law, I have no acquaintance. I have never seen her, or corresponded with her. She knew nothing of my intention of publishing the article in the Tribune.

With great respect,

Your obt. servt.

William J. Pabodie.

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.

MRS. LEWIS[1] TO GRISWOLD.

[Griswold Collection.]

125 Dean Street,
Friday morn. 20 Sept. [1853 ?].

Dear Doctor, — The third volume of Mr. Poe's works has just been sent me from the office. It is got up in a very readable style, and the able manner of its editorship must give satisfaction to friends and foes. I saw by yesterday's Tribune that it is to be

1 "Stella."

published to-morrow. I shall go to Mr. Redfield's in the morning and get several copies. I bought six sets of the first volumes.

Nothing has ever given me so much insight into Mr. Poe's real character as his letters to you, which are published in this third vol. They will not fail to convince the public of the injustice of Graham's and Neal's articles. I was astonished at the part of P.'s Note, where he says — "*But I have promised Mrs. L. this.*" I will explain. Mrs. C. said to me on one of her visits, "Dr. G. has been to Fordham. He came to see Eddie about you. Something about the new Edition of *The Female Poets*. But you are not to know anything about it." Mr. P. never mentioned the subject to me, or I to him. He only sent to me for my latest Poems, saying that you were going to increase or re-write the Sketch for a new Edition of "*The Female Poets*."

I have ceased to correspond with Mrs. C. on account of her finding so much fault, and those articles of G.'s and N.'s. I cannot endure ingratitude. I have felt and do feel that you have performed a noble and disinterested part towards Mr. Poe in the editing of his works. At the time you published the article on his death in the Tribune, you did not know that you were his appointed Editor, and therefore, you had a right to say what you thought of his merits and demerits. . . .

Yours ever sincerely,

ESTELLE.

P. S. As soon as I can get time I will read "*The Literati*" thoroughly, and write out my impressions, and give some account of Mr. P. and his family, as I knew them.

MRS. WHITMAN TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

New York, Nov. 14, '58.

My dear Mrs. Clemm, — I yesterday received your note of November 8th, which was forwarded to me from Providence. I, too, have seen the very unjust & perverted statements to which you allude and regret that a story so false & dishonoring to one whose memory is dear to you should have thus been thoughtlessly republished. You may remember that I wrote you some five or six years ago that a friend of mine (who was authorised to speak on the subject from his personal knowledge of the circumstances) had sent a refutation of the story to the New York Tribune, which refutation has been subsequently republished in various public journals.

I have reason to believe that an article[1] will soon appear in one of our leading magazines which will tend greatly to enlighten the public with regard to this and other unfounded statements in Dr. Griswold's Memoir.

A literary friend of mine at the South, who is deeply interested in all that relates to the character and Genius of Edgar Poe, intends I think to write an essay on the subject — perhaps a Memoir of the author — which will, in a measure, invalidate much that has been so recklessly alleged against him.

When in New York last June I received a card from Mrs. Lewis with an invitation from her, as from

[1] This refers to Mrs. Whitman's own "Edgar Poe and his Critics." The article was sent to "The Atlantic Monthly," then edited by James Russell Lowell, but was declined. — Ed.

the lady at whose house she boarded, to visit them in Irving Place on an evening when they were expecting company. Unable to accept their invitation as I was intending to leave the city I called at the house and supposing you to be Mrs. Lewis's guest enquired for you & her, when I learned with regret that you had left the city. I was accompanied by a southern gentleman who is greatly interested in Edgar's genius & who would gladly have made your acquaintance.

There are one or two subjects on which I wish for information. In the published notices written soon after Mr. Poe's decease I noticed that he had been engaged for two or three months to a lady of Richmond — a widow, beautiful & wealthy, to whom he had been attached years before. No one that I have heard speak on the subject seems to have any definite knowledge in relation to this rumor. Some doubt that there was any foundation for the report, others affirm that it related not to a widow but to Miss Elizabeth White of Richmond, &c. &c. Can you enlighten me on this subject. I have a friend who specially desires information on this point & *that from no idle curiosity*.

If I should visit Washington this winter I will try to see you. I am at present visiting a friend in New York, but any letter which you may address to me at Providence will be immediately forwarded to me.

Truly & affectionately
Your friend
S. H. Whitman.

Can you tell me who wrote the "Memoir" prefixed to the Illustrated Poems?

MRS. WHITMAN TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 24.

MY DEAR MRS. CLEMM, — When I received your note of Nov. 7th my mother was just recovering from a severe attack of pleurisy which confined her for many weeks to her chamber. My time was so constantly occupied that until about a week ago I could not find a moment's leisure to reply to you, and even then I was unwilling to write without making some further effort to obtain purchasers for the "Memoir" &c. I have no money of my own but I hoped to make an arrangement with a friend by which I might obtain something to send you. The gentleman to whom I wished to apply was out of Town. After two or three fruitless attempts to see him I obtained an interview which only resulted in disappointment. I can send you my *truest* sympathy — my most sincere and affectionate wishes for your welfare and happiness. I do not wonder at your wish to be with your Southern friends, although I should feel truly sorry to have you leave the North without seeing you.

Had I a home of my own how earnestly I should wish to have you with me — to hear you speak of him whose memory is so dearly cherished by us. Can you tell me what has become of my letters? Mr. Griswold wrote me some two years ago that he understood they had been returned to me, but as I have never received them I presume he must have been mistaken in his impressions in relation to the matter.

Mr., or rather *Dr.* Thomas Chivers wrote to Mr. Pabodie a few days ago requesting him to send him

your address. He is writing a life of Edgar and probably wishes to make some enquiries of you. He also wished Mr. Pabodie to obtain a daguerreotype of him which was taken at one of the offices when Edgar was in Providence. You ask about Mrs. J. E. Locke. I have seen her but *once* for the last three years, and then only for a few moments. It was in September last. She called on me as she was passing through Providence on her way to Philadelphia. She was going there to pass a few weeks with a friend. I presume she is now in Boston. They are at housekeeping in Bedford place. In the spring of 1849 I received many letters from Mrs L. urging me to visit her at Lowell. She was at that time a stranger to me and I of course declined the invitation. She, however, would take no denial & renewed her entreaties so pressingly & with such earnest assurances of having important information to impart, which could not be entrusted to a letter, that I at length consented to pass a week with her. It was in the month of May 1849. Her object in seeking my acquaintance was unquestionably to prevent any renewal of my correspondence with Mr. Poe, by whom she conceived herself to have been deeply wronged. During the summer of 1849 I received many letters from her in which there were frequently allusions to the subject that so deeply engrossed her feelings. I saw however that she was too much under the influence of wounded pride to exercise a calm judgment in the matter, and said but little in reply to her representations. After Mr. Poe's death she wrote to me to say that he had spoken disrespectfully of me to his friends in Lowell. In my reply I made no allusion whatever to the paragraph in question — In her next letter she repeated the assertion —

I passed it in silence as before. She then came to Providence and passed a night with me. On her attempting to introduce the subject which she had so often touched upon in her letters, I interrupted her by saying that I did not wish to listen to any charges against one whose memory was dear and sacred to me — that if *false* they could not now be refuted — if *true* I could understand and forgive them. This, (and my refusal to show her the note which you wrote me respecting a farewell message from Edgar said to have been forwarded her through me) led to a partial estrangement of feeling, and although we occasionally exchange letters, it is with increasing reserve & formality. She has, I doubt not, many noble & generous qualities, but they were, when I saw her, repressed by antagonistic feelings.

I fear, from her own confessions, that she has sometimes used my name *very unwarrantably* to endorse her own opinions of Mr. Poe's character. In a letter to Mr. Willis written about the time of Edgar's death she ventured to do so — citing me as authority for some impressions which she entertained with regard to his moral character. I wrote to Miss Lynch at the time, requesting her to set Mr. Willis right on this matter, but as some coolness then existed between Miss Lynch & myself I am ignorant whether the request was ever complied with.

Let me hear from you soon and
believe me sincerely and truly
Your friend
SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

MRS. WHITMAN TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

New York, March 10, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Clemm, — I thank you for your kind letter. All that you have told me is interesting. There are one or two questions that I should like to ask of you. Did Edgar go *twice* to Richmond during the last Summer of his life — the Summer of 1849? If you could tell me anything in relation to the period of Mrs. Stannard's death it would be interesting to me. I will tell you *why*. Edgar told me once about going to her house with Robert, who was at the time I think a schoolmate of his. She was very kind to Edgar, and when she died very suddenly, a few weeks after, he felt such sorrow for her death (as he told me) that he used to go every night to the cemetery where she was buried; leaving school, or Academy, privately to visit it. He told me much that was *very interesting* about his sorrow at her death, though he had only *once* seen her. For this reason I wish to know if possible the period of her death. Perhaps some of her friends can tell you. Can you tell me who wrote the Memoir prefixed to the Illustrated Poems? Mr. O'Connor tells me he thinks it may have been *Briggs*. Do you know?

I did not see Mrs. Lewis, nor have I *ever* seen her. I *should* like to see Edgar's letter to you and also the letter of Mrs. Shelton. I will return them to you as soon as I have read them & will consider their contents as sacred.[1]

[1] Mrs. Whitman was then apparently at work on her "Edgar Poe and his Critics," which appeared shortly afterward. Mrs. Shelton's letter will be found on page 396. — Ed.

I have only peaceful & happy thoughts in view of the change which seems so near. I have long anticipated it as a translation to a fairer life — a life of increased capacities for happiness and opportunities for beneficence.

It is pleasant to me to be remembered in your prayers. In mine I have often remembered *you*. I have been too ill since I have been in N. York to see any one — even my dearest friends.

Will you accept the enclosed note (I wish it were more) and believe me ever

Most truly your friend,

Sarah Helen Whitman.

Did Edgar's grandfather live in Baltimore & can you tell me from what part of the old world his paternal ancestors came? I am greatly interested in genealogy & have a particular reason for wishing to know.

MRS. WHITMAN TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

New York, April 4th, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Clemm, — Some time in November last I received from you a letter in which you spoke of the Memoir prefixed to the Illustrated Volume of Edgar's Poems, regretting the misrepresentations of injurious statements that were reprinted in it & requesting me to write for your friends a statement which should remove the effect they were calculated to induce.

I answered your letter, I think, by return of mail, complying with your wish & asking from you some information with regard to Edgar's reported marriage

engagements with a lady of Richmond whose name I did not then know, but which I have since learned through Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie of that city. Will you tell me something of this lady? I remember that Edgar spoke of her when he was in Providence during the autumn of 1848. He spoke of having thought of renewing with her an earlier attachment previous to visiting Providence, &c. &c. But at that time I think he told Mr. Pabodie that the years of their separation had greatly changed the tastes & idiosyncrasies of both and that there seemed but little chance of happiness for either in a renewal of their earlier relations.

After the unhappy incidents which terminated my engagement with Edgar, I believe his attentions to this lady were renewed.

Did he love Mrs. Shelton at the time of his death & were they indeed engaged? I should like to hear from you the history of this affair respecting which such various rumours have reached me.

I was in Washington for a few weeks in February and sought in vain to learn the address of Mr. Johnson, or I should have made an effort to see you. I was very unwell during my visit there and am so still. My physicians tell me that I may die very suddenly with a complaint of the heart which has caused me great suffering for more than a year & which rapidly increases. I have one or two other questions to ask of you — I wish very much to know the date of *Mrs. Helen Stannard's death* — I mean the wife of Judge Stannard of Richmond, the mother of the late Robert Stannard. Can you ascertain this for me — & can you tell me whether Mr. Allan was twice married? — I ask the question because Mrs. Ritchie (who is intimately acquainted with Mrs. Allan, the widow of Mr.

Allan) writes that he was only once married, while Griswold gives the very date at which the former Mrs. Allan died — & also says that Edgar "accompanied Mr. & Mrs. Allan to England." Any facts which you can give me in relation to these matters will deeply interest me. While at Georgetown with my cousin the Rev. N. Power Tillinghast he spoke of his neighbour Mr. George Poe as a relative of Edgar's. Can you tell me in what degree? I have some doubts whether my last letter ever reached you. Will you have the kindness, dear Madame, to write me a line on receiving this & direct to the Care of *Horace H. Day*, 23 Cortlandt St., *New York?*

Yours very affectionately,

Sarah H. Whitman.

Have you heard of the death of Mrs. Jane E. Locke? I saw it not long ago in the Boston papers.

MRS. WHITMAN TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

New York, April 5th, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Clemm, — Your kind & very interesting letter should have been sooner acknowledged but I have been very unwell since I received it & have moreover been pressed by very urgent engagements. I know you will forgive me. Mrs. R.'s letters are full of such genuine love for you that I know they must be very dear to you. I am afraid you may have been anxious about them.

I return them with many thanks. They indicate a very sweet & sincere nature. I am going to the sea-

coast near Portland to-morrow rather unexpectedly & am to-day very much hurried by preparations, but I cannot leave without returning your letters & expressing to you my gratitude for your kindness in sending them.

I wrote during the past year an article about Mr. Poe — a protest against the very unjust estimates that have been formed of his character & genius — which I think you will *like*. It alludes very briefly & *remotely* to personal matters and has NO *reference to the incidents connected with the two last years of his life*. But I think it will *very essentially* modify the popular judgment — at least if it should obtain an extensive circulation. It has been seen by some of the best scholars & critics of my acquaintance & highly approved by them — It was read by the editor of an influential Religious Monthly & by him commended to the Editors of the Atlantic. After detaining it three months it was rejected without explanation. I believe that Mr. Lowell is not disposed to look favourably upon anything written in Edgar's favor.

My friends wish me to prepare for a second edition of my poems & *if* I also publish a small volume of *prose* I shall include the article of which I speak. I wish you would tell me the *year* of your father's death & his *age* at the time of his death. I should like (purely through a private interest in the matter) to know the name of the M. L. S. to whom the last verses in the "poems" are addressed.

I have heard Edgar speak of the circumstances under which he composed the poem of Ulalume. — It purports to have been suggested by a midnight walk on the Anniversary of a burial — and it is my impression that he told me it *was* so written. But Virginia died in January, did she not? — And the poem was professedly

written in *October* — perhaps the correspondence in time was purely *ideal* — I know he described the emotions themselves as *real*. I rode last Sunday with some friends to High Bridge & remembered as I walked there much that Edgar had told me of his love for that place & his habit of walking there at all hours.

If you write to me address your letter to me at *Providence*, R. I.

I shall hope to hear from you during the week — but do not trouble yourself to write if you feel unequal to it —

I will write again before long.

Your affectionate friend

SARAH H. WHITMAN.

MRS. WHITMAN TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

NEW YORK, April 17th, '59.

MY DEAR MRS. CLEMM, — I thank you for your very kind letter & for the papers which you entrusted to me. I found them *very* interesting, but VERY sad. My heart ached to think on the sorrows of those last fatal days. Yet doubtless *all was for the best*. Believe that his parting prayer was accepted & that his redeemed spirit is unfolding and expanding into diviner harmonies with the spirits of those who best loved him & whom he best loved on *earth* as in heaven —

What you tell me of Mrs. Stannard perplexes me — If she died only 26 years ago, Edgar could not have been at the Academy in Richmond at that time — he would have been 22 years old — Yet I *so well remember* that he described to me his sorrow at hearing of her

death while in *school*, & told me of his solitary visits to the cemetery. Was the cemetery in the city or was it only in the neighborhood of Richmond? — Is there not a mistake about the period of her death? —

I was particularly interested in what you told me about Edgar's grandfather having been born in *Ireland*. I will tell you why. Mr. Poe was one day speaking to me of the marked resemblances in certain of our tastes & habits of thought, some of which might almost be termed *idiosyncrasies*, yet were common to *both*. Assenting to what he said, I added — "Do you know it has just occurred to me that we may have come from distant branches of the same *family* and that the name of Power as well as that of Poe are both variations from the name as originally spelled — I think the correct orthography of the name in both instances is *Poer*." He looked suddenly up with an expression of surprise & pleasure on his face, & said "Helen, you startle me! for among some papers of my grandfather's there is one in which some reference is made to a certain Chevalier Le *Poer* who was a friend of the Marquis de Grammont & a relative of our family." He said at the time that he would at some future day show me this paper and seemed very much interested in the matter. My father's ancestors were of an Anglo-Norman family who went over to Ireland in the time of Henri II. The founder of the family in Ireland was, I think, Sir Roger Le Poer, who went to Ireland as Marshal to Prince John in the reign of Henry II. The name of Poer is by the historians of Ireland spelled sometimes as Power & sometimes as Poer or *De Le Poer*. I knew nothing about the old style of spelling the name at the time when I expressed to Edgar my belief that our names had a common origin. I have been so strongly im-

pressed within a few years with the idea that Edgar's family on his father's side came from *Ireland* that I requested my aunt Mrs. J. L. Tillinghast, who now resides with her son at Georgetown, to enquire of Mr. George Poe about the origin of the family. He had *forgotten* or had never *known*. The information that *you* have given me on the subject is therefore very interesting to me — My Aunt says that Mr. Poe (who before he became a Catholic was a member or an attendant of her son's church in Georgetown) looks very much as my father looked in the later years of his life.

I do not know that these things will interest you, but they may do so. I tell them to you simply to show you how interesting to me in connection with this conversation was your intelligence. I have been for several years past very much interested in genealogical researches, and anything in relation to your father's family will interest me. The name of your mother, too — I should like to learn. Can you tell me whether Edgar's father ever was in England — or did he meet his wife Miss Arnold in this country — I think she was of English birth — & did Edgar's father adopt the stage as a profession? I know it has been so stated, & again I have heard the statement contradicted. Can you tell me whether an article in Griswold's Edition of Edgar's works entitled *Landor's Cottage* was ever published *before* it appeared there — I mean was it ever published in a magazine? Did I ask you if you knew the name of the author of the Memoir prefixed to the Illustrated Edition of Edgar's Poems? I *think* I did, but you do not allude to it in your letter.

Do you still maintain friendly relations with the lady in Lowell of whom Edgar writes, and does she still cherish his memory? I have never seen her.

There are many things which I should like to learn of you, but I am suffering to-day with such a deadly weight about my heart that I must only say how grateful I am to you for entrusting me with the papers which I return to you — I think I can understand all the motives that influenced Edgar in those last days & can see how the desire to provide a home & friends for you swayed him in *all*. Your friend

S. H. Whitman.

MRS. CLEMM TO NEILSON POE.

[Ingram.]

Aug. 19, 1860.

Oh, how supremely happy we were in our dear cottage home! We three lived only for each other. Eddie rarely left his beautiful home. I attended to his literary business, for he, poor fellow, knew nothing about money transactions. How should he, brought up in luxury and extravagance?

He passed the greater part of the morning in his study, and, after he had finished his task for the day, he worked in our beautiful flower garden, or read and recited poetry to us. Every one who knew him *intimately* loved him. Judges pronounced him the best conversationalist *living*. We had very little society except among the *literati*, but this was exceedingly pleasant. [Signature missing.]

MRS. CLEMM TO NEILSON POE.

[Ingram.]

Aug. 26, 1860.

. . . It is utterly false the report of his being faithless or unkind to her.[1] He was devoted to her until the last hour of her death, as all our friends can testify. . . . I enclose you two of Eddie's letters. . . . The other was written at the time you generously offered to take my darling Virginia. I wrote to Eddie asking his advice, and this is his answer. Does the affection then expressed look as if he could ever cease to love her? And he never did.

[Signature missing.]

"ANNIE" TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

Sunday Eve, June 15 [no year].

My darling Muddie,— Notwithstanding my last letter to you remains unanswered, I will not let pass an opportunity of writing to you. — I am alone in the house & oh how I wish my own precious Muddie could sit down beside me, if only for one hour, this night — do you think we shall ever meet again on earth? Sometimes I think it is impossible, then I feel that I must see you & that some good angel will bring about a meeting for us — I so long to hear your voice calling me again, "Annie" "dear Annie," as you have so often called me, & as he used to call me, oh so tenderly — Muddie, was there ever a voice so

[1] Virginia.

sweet? As the years go by & I see others who are called refined & elegant among men, I realize more fully his superiority — I look in vain for a brow that will compare with his — for such a carriage — such grace & dignity combined — again & again I have replied to those who have asked me if such & such a man were not a "perfect gentleman" that I had never yet seen but one man, I deemed worthy to bear that title & Muddie I know I shall never see another, for there can never be another like him. — Muddie, I have something sad to tell you — some one has stolen my Daguerreotype of him. Since we came to this house I have kept it in a drawer of a little table, in the parlor with some twenty others. About six months ago I missed it, & for a long time supposed some one must have taken it to have copied & would bring it back, but now that I have asked everybody I can think of & can get no clue to it, I am perfectly wretched; — true I have the crayon, but that is not nearly so good. Oh Muddie do put yours under lock & key & keep it always safe! Can you have a card photograph taken from it, where you are? But Muddie dear Muddie, you will leave me the Daguerreotype, if God should take you first, won't you? I will not claim another thing, for I have the next dearest treasure you possess — the locket with the hair — that is always under lock & key, & the picture used to be, but I had to go for it so often, that I finally left it down stairs for a few weeks, never once dreaming but it would be safe. — Oh Muddie, if you did but realize how unhappy it makes me, I am sure you would promise that if I outlive you, yours shall be mine — I will promise you to keep that safely, for I will not allow it to be seen even. So many of his admirers

have wanted to borrow mine to have it copied, but I never once lent it — I was so fearful some accident might befall it. I have promised to have it copied myself & really did intend to, for there are a few persons I would be glad to have own it, because they would thoroughly value & esteem it. I am sorry to pain you by telling you of it, but Muddie it was not from any carelessness, or I never could forgive myself — it may yet be returned, I cannot but hope — still the possibility that it may not, makes me so anxious that you guard yours with tenfold care — if you can have it copied there, I will send the money, if the pictures are good — there are so few good photographers, & so many miserable pictures palmed off upon people that I am almost afraid to trust its being done well — but you can tell me what you think about it [1] —

GABRIEL HARRISON TO MRS. CLEMM.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 31st, 1865.

My dear Mrs. Clemm, — You must not think that I have forgotten you because I did not answer your letter before this, or immediately after I received it, — the truth of the matter is I have not been very well, besides I am forced to keep so close at work, day and evening, that I have not as much time for my pleasures — and the greatest of all is to write to you, one for whom I have so much love and respect.

You know how much respect I have for the memory of Eddie, — a memory that takes its grace from

[1] Here ensues a break in the MS.

his great genius, and as I always believed him to have had a gentler and nobler nature,— I have of late felt it a sacred duty to see justice done his likeness ;— all the pictures, that have as yet been published of him, or prefixed to his Poems, are to me perfect failures. I have photographed the Daguerreotype of him, which is in my possession, and which in my opinion is excellent, as I remember him (I think) in 1849 or 50, and have been working it up in water colors for the purpose of presenting it to the L. I. Historical Society,[1] — therefore I desire it to be the authentic likeness of our great Poet. You know how much he has of late advanced in public estimation ; like the sweet bard of Avon, his great worth and merit was not felt and known till after his death, and Poe, like the great Shakspeare, will keep on growing until his stature has its proper height and fullness. —

Now, dear Muddie, will you please sit down when you feel well enough, and write me a full and careful description of the color of his eyes, his hair, his complexion, &c. &c. As I remember him I think his eyes were of a dreamy hazel color, and his complexion much the same as my own ; please tell me if I am right ; — you know this is no more than justice to Eddie's memory, as well as a duty which we owe to the future. —

There have been so many strange statements made as to the circumstances under which he wrote the Raven, that some time you will relate the true ones to me so as to preserve facts for the future — Next week I shall send a small Box, &c.

Ever yours, G. H[arrison].

[1] The portrait is in the rooms of the Society in Brooklyn. (See frontispiece to this volume.)— Ed.

MRS. WHITMAN TO W. F. GILL.

[Gill.]

August 25, 1873.

No such scene as that described by Dr. Griswold ever transpired in my presence. No one, certainly no woman, who had the slightest acquaintance with Edgar Poe, could have credited the story for an instant. He was essentially and instinctively a gentleman, utterly incapable, even in moments of excitement and delirium, of such an outrage as Dr. Griswold has ascribed to him. No authentic anecdote of coarse indulgence in vulgar orgies or bestial riot has ever been recorded of him. During the last years of his unhappy life, whenever he yielded to the temptation that was drawing him into its fathomless abyss, as with the resistless swirl of the maelstrom, he always lost himself in sublime rhapsodies on the evolution of the universe, speaking as from some imaginary platform to vast audiences of rapt and attentive listeners. During one of his visits to this city, in the autumn of 1848, I once saw him after one of those nights of wild excitement, before reason had fully recovered its throne. Yet even then, in those frenzied moments when the doors of the mind's "Haunted Palace" were left unguarded, his words were the words of a princely intellect overwrought, and of a heart only too sensitive and too finely strung. I repeat that no one acquainted with Edgar Poe could have given Dr. Griswold's scandalous anecdote a moment's credence.

Yours, etc.,

S. H. WHITMAN.

NEAL TO NEILSON POE.

[From MS. in possession of Miss A. F. Poe.]

My Dear Sir, — Edgar A. Poe was a wonderful man, and he has never had justice done him. Of late I have had some correspondence with a Mr. Ingram who is preparing a life to appear with the works of Poe, by and by. I have sent him all that remains of a correspondence after the great fire and the pillage I have been subjected to by autograph hunters. Most happy should I be if in my power, to witness the ceremony, the inauguration of Poe's monument : for after all the abominable calumnies that have been circulated against him both abroad and at home, he stands higher to-day in the estimation of hundreds of poets, than he ever did while on earth. He says in one of his letters, which I have sent a copy of to London, that I gave him the first push in his upward career, and for that reason was bound to keep him moving.

Respectfully yours,

John Neal.

Portland, Maine, Nov. 3/1875.

GRAHAM TO W. F. GILL.

[Gill.]

Dear Sir, — From my near acquaintance with Edgar A. Poe at the time "The Raven" was written, I have no doubt that your theory as to the source of the inspiration of The Raven is in the main correct. It was his foible to mislead and mystify his readers.

His published analysis of "The Raven" is a good specimen of his capability in this kind of fiction.

Your impression that the poet was accessible to fear, is entirely correct. He was singularly sensitive to outside influences, more so than most imaginative men.

His organization, as I have always said, was extremely delicate and fine. Hence his impressibility and subjection at times to influences which would not have a feather's weight with ordinary men.

Even when absorbed in writing, I noticed that a sudden breath of air, a noise unheard by others around him, would startle him.

He disliked the dark, and was rarely out at night when I knew him. On one occasion he said to me, "I believe that demons take advantage of the night to mislead the unwary"— "although, you know," he added, "I don't believe in them."

The mysteries of his inner life were never revealed to any one, but his intimates well understood that to mystify his hearer was a strong element of his mind.

Yours very truly,

GEO. R. GRAHAM.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1877.

ENGLISH TO W. M. GRISWOLD.

[From MS. in possession of Mrs. W. M. Griswold.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 10th, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR, — The incident to which I alluded[1] was as follows: —

Poe called on me one day in great glee and said: "I have a good joke on Griswold. I met him the other day and suggested to him that he should get me

[1] Cf. Poe-English controversy, page 233.

through his publishers to write a review of his last work, 'The Poets and Poetry of America.' He said it would be a good idea and that he would speak to his publishers about it and said, 'I am sure they 'll pay fairly and I think you can go on and do the work without waiting.'" "Well, I wrote the review, and a few days after handed it to him, when he gave me the money for it from the publishers." "Well," I said, "this is nothing more than the ordinary booksellers' advice and I dare say your review was a fair one and will be of use to the work." "There lies the joke," he replied. "I began at the very beginning and did not allow a single merit in the book: I assailed it to the extent of my powers and should like to have seen Griswold's face as he read the manuscript." I looked at him and said, "That is a very good joke doubtless for you, but Griswold and the publishers paid you; of course, you returned the money?" "No," said he, "I spent it." He had not the least idea that he had been doing a very contemptible thing, and it was impossible to get angry with him because, in spite of his unsurpassed ability in certain lines of literary work, he was in morals an absolute idiot.

In other instances I remember that he showed this lack of appreciation of right and wrong, and one of them was his trip to Boston. He came to me one day looking very dilapidated and I knew from that fact he was just recovering from indulging to excess in liquor, for Poe was naturally a very neat man in his person and dressed with great care even when poorest. Whenever you found him slovenly or careless in his dress you knew that he was on a drinking bout or he had been on one. I said to him rather testily, "You have been on another of your sprees." "Well," he said, "it

is the last, I never intend going on another." I said, "I have heard that so often it has lost its force with me, but what can I do for you, what do you want?" "Well," said he, "I don't know what to do, I am in a strait." "What is the matter?" "Well, you see they have invited me in Boston to deliver an original poem and I have been in a condition that I am unable to do it; I have got to go next week." "Well," I said, "write to them that you have been indisposed, because you have been. I consider it a case of disease in you, and postpone the event." "But," said he, "I want the money." "Well," I said, "you can't get the money without you earn it." He said, "I'll fix it," and went off. The next thing I heard was that he went down to Boston and read "Al Aaraaf," a poem which he wrote when he was a young man, (he said when he was a boy, but that is another of his figments). They were disappointed. It was not what they expected, but they treated him with great courtesy, gave him a supper, and speaking under the influence of champagne and excitement, he let the facts out. Of course, they became very indignant, and when Poe came back he wrote an article in the "Broadway Journal" in which he assumed that he had gone there with this poem in order to test their acumen. He had not the least notion that he was doing anything wrong. He never had. Anything that he did was right, regardless of its morality or lack of it, and everything he said for a purpose was true to him, however false it might be. I could cite numerous instances of his recklessness of assertion and bold statement without basis. In morals, as I have said before, he was an idiot. To hold such a man responsible for his deeds or sayings is absurd.

In time you will vindicate your father from the charges made against him. These arose from the disappointed ambition of other parties: when he prepared his work on "The Poets and Poetry of America," the best ever seen of its kind, he made enemies not only of those whom he omitted but of those he did admit where he did not give them great prominence or tickle their vanity. They followed him not only to the day of his death but after it, and slandered him most abominably, as I know. He suppressed much about Poe that he might have said, and much about Poe would have been lost but for the industry of Ingram, who in his anxiety to out "Boswell Boswell" raked from the dust letters that utterly damaged Poe's reputation.

Your father was made to pose before the public as a man without a heart, which was just the reverse of his principal characteristic. He had a great reserve where he could have done much mischief without passing the bounds of truth, and where he could do a service for another he always rendered it freely. There was the instance of "Gaslight" Foster in which he labored hard to prevent that unfortunate man from the results of his indiscretion and succeeded, without receiving, so far as I can learn, any show of gratitude in return.

THOS. DUNN ENGLISH.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

POE'S EARLIEST KNOWN LETTER.

1829.

"THE YANKEE; AND BOSTON LITERARY GAZETTE; New Series . . . No. 1; July, 1829," was the title of a literary monthly edited by John Neal. In some way Poe's attention was drawn to it after the issue of his Boston "Tamerlane." Neal alludes to him in his notices "To Correspondents," September, 1829; and also in November. In an article on "Unpublished Poetry," December, of the same year, he prints the following: —

"The following passages are from the manuscript-works of a young author, about to be published in Baltimore. He is entirely a stranger to us, but with all their faults, if the remainder of Al Aaraaf and Tamerlane are as good as the body of the extracts here given — to say nothing of the more extraordinary parts, he will deserve to stand high — very high — in the estimation of the shining brotherhood. Whether he *will* do so however, must depend, not so much upon his worth now in mere poetry, as upon his worth hereafter in something yet loftier and more generous — we allude to the stronger properties of the mind, to the magnanimous determination that enables a youth to endure the present, whatever the present may be, in the hope, or rather in the belief, the fixed, unwavering belief, that in the future he will find his reward.

"'I am young,' he says in a letter to one who has laid it on our table for a good purpose, 'I am young — not yet twenty — *am* a poet — if deep worship of all beauty can make me one — and wish to be so in the more common meaning of the word. I would give the world to embody one half the ideas afloat in my imagination. (By the way, do you remember — or did you ever read the exclamation of Shelley about Shakspeare? — "What a number of ideas must have been afloat before such an author could arise!") I appeal to you as a man that loves the same beauty which I adore — the beauty of the natural blue sky and the sunshiny earth — there can be no tie more strong than that of brother for brother — it is not so much that they love one another, as that they both love the same parent — their affections are always running in the same direction — the same channel — and cannot help mingling.

"'I am and have been from my childhood, an idler. It cannot therefore be said that

> "I left a calling for this idle trade,
> A duty broke — a father disobeyed" —

for I have no father — nor mother.

"'I am about to publish a volume of "Poems," the greater part written before I was fifteen. Speaking about "Heaven," [1] the editor of the "Yankee" says, "He might write a beautiful, if not a magnificent poem" — (the very first words of encouragement I ever remember to have heard). I am very certain that as yet I have not written *either* — but that I *can*, I will take oath — if they will give me time.

"'The poems to be published are "Al Aaraaf" — "Tamerlane" — one about four and the other about three hundred lines, with smaller pieces. "Al Aaraaf"

[1] A poem by the author of "Al Aaraaf," mentioned in No. III: 168. — [Neal.]

has some good poetry, and much extravagance which I have not had time to throw away.[1]

"'"Al Aaraaf" is a tale of another world — the star discovered by Tycho Brahe, which appeared and disappeared so suddenly — or rather, it is no tale at all. I will insert an extract, about the palace of its presiding Deity, in which you will see that I have supposed many of the lost sculptures of our world to have flown (in spirit) to the star "Al Aaraaf" — a delicate place, more suited to their divinity.

Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile
  Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthened air —
[2] Flashing, from Parian marble, that twin-smile
  Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
  And nursled the young mountain in its lair :
Of molten stars their pavement — such as fall
Thro' the ebon air — besilvering the pall
Of their own dissolution while they die —
Adorning, then, the dwellings of the sky ;
A dome by linked light [3] from Heaven let down,
Sat gently on these columns as a crown ;
A window of one circular diamond there
Looked out above into the purple air,
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
Save when, between th' Empyrean, and that ring,
Some eager spirit flapp'd a dusky wing :
But, on the *pillars*, seraph eyes have seen
The dimness of this world : that grayish green
That nature loves the best for beauty's grave,
Lurked in each cornice — round each architrave —

[1] This will remind the reader of the following anecdote. Your sermon was too long, sir — why did n't you make it shorter? *I had n't time.* — [Neal.]

[2] Alluding to a prior part.

[3] The idea of linked light is beautiful ; but the moment you *read* it aloud, the beauty is gone. To say link-ed light would be queer enough, notwithstanding Moore's "wreath-ed shell ;" but to say link'd-light would spoil the rhythm. — [Neal.]

And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout
That from his marble dwelling ventured[1] out,
Seemed earthly in the shadow of his niche —
Archaian [?] statues in a world so rich ?
Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis —
From Balbec and the chilly, clear abyss
Of beautiful Gomorrah ! — oh ! the wave
Is now upon thee — but too late to save !
Far down within the crystal of the lake
Thy swollen pillars tremble — and so quake
The hearts of many wanderers who look in
Thy luridness of beauty — and of sin.

" ' Another —

— Silence is the voice of God —
Ours is a world of words : quiet we call
" Silence " — which is the merest word of all.
Here Nature speaks — and ev'n ideal things
Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings ;
But ah ! not so, when in the realms on high,
The eternal voice of God is moving by,
And the red winds are withering in the sky !

" ' From Tamerlane —

The fever'd diadem on my brow
I claimed and won usurpingly :
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given
Rome to the Cæsar — this to me ?
The heritage of a kingly mind
And a proud spirit, which hath striven
Triumphantly with human-kind.
. . . . . .
On mountain soil I first drew life,
The mists of the Taglay have shed
Nightly their dews upon my head ;
And, I believe, the winged strife
And tumult of the headlong air
Hath nestled in my very hair.
. . . . .

[1] The word in the original was *peered :* we have changed it for the reason stated above. — [Neal.]

So late from Heaven, that dew, it fell,
Mid dreams of one unholy night,
Upon me with the touch of Hell —
While the red flashing of the light
From clouds that hung, like banners, o'er,
Seem'd then to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy;
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar
Came hurriedly upon me telling
Of human battle (near me swelling).

. . . . . .

The rain came down upon my head
Unsheltered, and the heavy wind
Was giantlike — so thou, my mind!
It was but man, I thought, who shed
Laurels upon me — and the rush —
The torrent of the chilly air
Gurgled within my ear the crush
Of empires — with the captive's prayer;
The hum of suitors, and the tone
Of flattery round a sovereign-throne.

. . . . . .

Young Love's first lesson is the heart:
For mid that sunshine and those smiles,
When, from our little cares apart,
And laughing at her girlish wiles,
I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears,
There was no need to speak the rest —
No need to quiet any fears
Of her — who ask'd no reason why,
But turned on me her quiet eye.

"'Tamerlane dying —

Father! I firmly do believe —
I know — for Death, who comes for me
From regions of the blest afar,
(Where there is nothing to deceive)
Hath left his iron gate ajar;
And rays of truth you cannot see
Are flashing through Eternity —

I do believe that Eblis hath
A snare in every human path ;
Else how when in the holy grove
I wandered of the idol, Love,
Who daily scents his snowy wings
With incense of burnt offerings
From the most undefiled things —
Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
Above with trelliced rays from Heaven
No mote may shun — no tiniest fly
The lightning of his eagle eye.
How was it that Ambition crept
Unseen, amid the revels there,
Till, growing bold, he laugh'd and leapt
In the tangles of Love's brilliant hair ?

" ' Passage from the minor poems.

If my peace hath flown away
In a night — or in a day —
In a vision — or in none —
Is it therefore the less gone ?
I am standing mid the roar
Of a weatherbeaten shore,
And I hold within my hand
Some particles of sand —
How few ! and how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep !
My early hopes ? — No — they
Went gloriously away,
Like lightning from the sky
At once — and so will I.

" Having allowed our youthful writer to be heard in his own behalf, — what more can we do for the lovers of genuine poetry ? Nothing. They who are judges will not need more ; and they who are not — why waste words upon them ? We shall not."

POE TO COLONEL S. THAYER.

March 10, 1831.

This important letter, recently discovered, may not settle definitely the vexed question as to Poe's whereabouts during the year or two after he left West Point; but it does throw light on his intentions at that time, and it is highly valuable as being the only direct letter from the poet during his military career. It is directed to the Superintendent of the Military Academy. It was first printed in the New York "Sun" of October 30, 1902, with the statement that it had been found by Captain Gilbert of the Artillery Corps, U. S. A., in an examination of the manuscripts left to the Association of Graduates by the late General Cullum. The "Sun" version of the letter is as follows: —

New York, March 10, 1831.

Sir: Having no longer any ties which can bind me to my native country — no prospects — nor any friends — I intend by the first opportunity to proceed to Paris with the view of obtaining thro' the interest of the Marquis de La Fayette an appointment (if possible) in the Polish Army.

In the event of the interference of France in behalf of Poland this may easily be effected — at all events it will be my only feasible plan of procedure.

The object of this letter is respectfully to request that you will give me such assistance as may lie in your power in furtherance of my views.

A certificate of "standing" in my class is all that I have any right to expect.

Anything farther — a letter to a friend in Paris — or to the Marquis — would be a kindness which I should never forget. Most respectfully, Yr. obt. s't,

Edgar A. Poe.

Col. S. Thayer, Supt. U. S. M. A.

LETTER TO B——.

1831.

This letter is really an introduction, inasmuch as "B——" is probably a fictitious personage. Originally it was prefixed to the Poems of 1831, but later Poe revised and corrected it slightly, and printed it in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (July, 1836), which text is here given.

The *Messenger* version is accompanied by a note from Poe, as follows: "These detached passages form part of the preface to a small volume printed some years ago for private circulation. They have vigor and much originality — but of course we shall not be called upon to endorse all the writer's opinions." The "letter" reads: —

"It has been said that a good critique on a poem may be written by one who is no poet himself. This, according to *your* idea and *mine* of poetry, I feel to be false — the less poetical the critic, the less just the critique, and the converse. On this account, and because there are but few B——'s in the world, I would be as much ashamed of the world's good opinion as proud of your own. Another than yourself might here observe, Shakespeare is in possession of the world's good opinion, and yet Shakespeare is the greatest of poets. It appears then that the world judge correctly, why should you be ashamed of their favorable judgment? The difficulty lies in the interpretation of the word 'judgment' or 'opinion.' The opinion is the world's, truly, but it may be called theirs as a man would call a book his, having bought it; he did not write the book, but it is his; they did not originate the opinion, but it is theirs. A fool, for example, thinks Shakespeare a great poet —

yet the fool has never read Shakespeare. But the fool's neighbor, who is a step higher on the Andes of the mind, whose head (that is to say, his more exalted thought) is too far above the fool to be seen or understood, but whose feet (by which I mean his every-day actions) are sufficiently near to be discerned, and by means of which that superiority is ascertained, which *but* for them would never have been discovered — this neighbor asserts that Shakespeare is a great poet — the fool believes him, and it is henceforward his *opinion*. This neighbor's opinion has, in like manner, been adopted from one above *him*, and so, ascendingly, to a few gifted individuals who kneel around the summit, beholding, face to face, the master spirit who stands upon the pinnacle. . . .

"You are aware of the great barrier in the path of an American writer. He is read, if at all, in preference to the combined and established wit of the world. I say established; for it is with literature as with law or empire — an established name is an estate in tenure, or a throne in possession. Besides, one might suppose that books, like their authors, improve by travel — their having crossed the sea is, with us, so great a distinction. Our antiquaries abandon time for distance; our very fops glance from the binding to the bottom of the title-page, where the mystic characters which spell London, Paris, or Genoa, are precisely so many letters of recommendation. . . .

"I mentioned just now a vulgar error as regards criticism. I think the notion that no poet can form a correct estimate of his own writings is another. I remarked before, that in proportion to the poetical talent, would be the justice of a critique upon poetry. Therefore, a bad poet would, I grant, make a false critique, and his self-love would infallibly bias his little judgment in his favor; but a poet, who is indeed a poet, could not, I think, fail of making a just critique. Whatever should be deducted on the score of self-love, might be replaced on account of his intimate acquaintance with the subject; in short,

we have more instances of false criticism than of just, where one's own writings are the test, simply because we have more bad poets than good. There are of course many objections to what I say: Milton is a great example of the contrary; but his opinion with respect to the Paradise Regained, is by no means fairly ascertained. By what trivial circumstances men are often led to assert what they do not really believe! Perhaps an inadvertent word has descended to posterity. But, in fact, the Paradise Regained is little, if at all, inferior to the Paradise Lost, and is only supposed so to be, because men do not like epics, whatever they may say to the contrary, and reading those of Milton in their natural order, are too much wearied with the first to derive any pleasure from the second.

"I dare say Milton preferred Comus to either — if so — justly. . . .

"As I am speaking of poetry, it will not be amiss to touch slightly upon the most singular heresy in its modern history — the heresy of what is called very foolishly, the Lake School. Some years ago I might have been induced, by an occasion like the present, to attempt a formal refutation of their doctrine; at present it would be a work of supererogation. The wise must bow to the wisdom of such men as Coleridge and Southey, but being wise, have laughed at poetical theories so prosaically exemplified.

"Aristotle, with singular assurance, has declared poetry the most philosophical of all writings[1] — but it required a Wordsworth to pronounce it the most metaphysical. He seems to think that the end of poetry is, or should be, instruction — yet it is a truism that the end of our existence is happiness; if so, the end of every separate part of our existence — every thing connected with our existence should be still happiness. Therefore the end of instruction should be happiness; and happiness is another

[1] Spoudaiotaton kai philosophikotaton genos.

name for pleasure; — therefore the end of instruction should be pleasure: yet we see the above mentioned opinion implies precisely the reverse.

"To proceed: ceteris paribus, he who pleases is of more importance to his fellow men than he who instructs, since utility is happiness, and pleasure is the end already obtained which instruction is merely the means of obtaining.

"I see no reason, then, why our metaphysical poets should plume themselves so much on the utility of their works, unless indeed they refer to instruction with eternity in view; in which case, sincere respect for their piety would not allow me to express my contempt for their judgment; contempt which it would be difficult to conceal, since their writings are professedly to be understood by the few, and it is the many who stand in need of salvation. In such case I should no doubt be tempted to think of the devil in Melmoth, who labors indefatigably through three octavo volumes, to accomplish the destruction of one or two souls, while any common devil would have demolished one or two thousand. . . .

"Against the subtleties which would make poetry a study — not a passion — it becomes the metaphysician to reason — but the poet to protest. Yet Wordsworth and Coleridge are men in years; the one imbued in contemplation from his childhood, the other a giant in intellect and learning. The diffidence, then, with which I venture to dispute their authority, would be overwhelming, did I not feel, from the bottom of my heart, that learning has little to do with the imagination — intellect with the passions — or age with poetry. . . .

> "'Trifles, like straws, upon the surface flow,
> He who would search for pearls must dive below,'

are lines which have done much mischief. As regards the greater truths, men oftener err by seeking them at the bottom than at the top; the depth lies in the huge abysses where wisdom is sought — not in the palpable

places where she is found. The ancients were not always right in hiding the goddess in a well: witness the light which Bacon has thrown upon philosophy; witness the principles of our divine faith — that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man.

"We see an instance of Coleridge's liability to err, in his Biographia Literaria — professedly his literary life and opinions, but, in fact, a treatise *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis*. He goes wrong by reason of his very profundity, and of his error we have a natural type in the contemplation of a star. He who regards it directly and intensely sees, it is true, the star, but it is the star without a ray — while he who surveys it less inquisitively is conscious of all for which the star is useful to us below — its brilliancy and its beauty. . . .

"As to Wordsworth, I have no faith in him. That he had, in youth, the feelings of a poet I believe — for there are glimpses of extreme delicacy in his writings — (and delicacy is the poet's own kingdom — his *El Dorado*) — but they have the appearance of a better day recollected; and glimpses, at best, are little evidence of present poetic fire — we know that a few straggling flowers spring up daily in the crevices of the glacier.

"He was to blame in wearing away his youth in contemplation with the end of poetizing in his manhood. With the increase of his judgment the light which should make it apparent has faded away. His judgment consequently is too correct. This may not be understood, — but the old Goths of Germany would have understood it, who used to debate matters of importance to their State twice, once when drunk, and once when sober — sober that they might not be deficient in formality — drunk lest they should be destitute of vigor.

"The long wordy discussions by which he tries to reason us into admiration of his poetry, speak very little in his favor: they are full of such assertions as this — (I have opened one of his volumes at random) 'Of genius

the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before' — indeed! then it follows that in doing what is *un*worthy to be done, or what *has* been done before, no genius can be evinced; yet the picking of pockets is an unworthy act, pockets have been picked time immemorial, and Barrington, the pick-pocket, in point of genius, would have thought hard of a comparison with William Wordsworth, the poet.

"Again — in estimating the merit of certain poems, whether they be Ossian's or M'Pherson's, can surely be of little consequence, yet, in order to prove their worthlessness, Mr. W. has expended many pages in the controversy. *Tantæne animis?* Can great minds descend to such absurdity? But worse still: that he may bear down every argument in favor of these poems, he triumphantly drags forward a passage, in his abomination of which he expects the reader to sympathize. It is the beginning of the epic poem '*Temora.*' 'The blue waves of Ullin roll in light; the green hills are covered with day; trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze.' And this — this gorgeous, yet simple imagery, where all is alive and panting with immortality — this, William Wordsworth, the author of 'Peter Bell,' has *selected* for his contempt. We shall see what better he, in his own person, has to offer. Imprimis:

"'And now she 's at the pony's head,
And now she 's at the pony's tail,
On that side now, and now on this,
And almost stifled her with bliss —
A few sad tears does Betty shed,
She pats the pony where or when
She knows not: happy Betty Foy!
O, Johnny! never mind the Doctor!'

Secondly:

"'The dew was falling fast, the — stars began to blink,
I heard a voice; it said — drink, pretty creature, drink;
And, looking o'er the hedge, be — fore me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a — maiden at its side.
No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was — tether'd to a stone.'

"Now, we have no doubt this is all true; we *will* believe it, indeed, we will, Mr. W. Is it sympathy for the sheep you wish to excite? I love a sheep from the bottom of my heart. . . .

"But there *are* occasions, dear B——, there are occasions when even Wordsworth is reasonable. Even Stamboul, it is said, shall have an end, and the most unlucky blunders must come to a conclusion. Here is an extract from his preface —

"'Those who have been accustomed to the phraseology of modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to a conclusion (*impossible!*) will, no doubt, have to struggle with feelings of awkwardness; (ha! ha! ha!) they will look round for poetry (ha! ha! ha! ha!) and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts have been permitted to assume that title.' Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

"Yet let not Mr. W. despair; he has given immortality to a wagon, and the bee Sophocles has transmitted to eternity a sore toe, and dignified a tragedy with a chorus of turkeys. . . .

"Of Coleridge I cannot speak but with reverence. His towering intellect! his gigantic power! He is one more evidence of the fact 'que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu'elles nient.' He has imprisoned his own conceptions by the barrier he has erected against those of others. It is lamentable to think that such a mind should be buried in metaphysics, and, like the Nyctanthes, waste its perfume upon the night alone. In reading his poetry, I tremble, like one who stands upon a volcano, conscious, from the very darkness bursting from the crater, of the fire and the light that are weltering below.

. . . . . .

"What is Poetry? — Poetry! that Proteus-like idea, with as many appellations as the nine-titled Corcyra! Give me, I demanded of a scholar some time ago, give me a definition of poetry. 'Très-volontiers,' and he

proceeded to his library, brought me a Dr. Johnson, and overwhelmed me with a definition. Shade of the immortal Shakespeare! I imagine to myself the scowl of your spiritual eye upon the profanity of that scurrilous Ursa Major. Think of poetry, dear B——, think of poetry, and then think of — Dr. Samuel Johnson! Think of all that is airy and fairy-like, and then of all that is hideous and unwieldy; think of his huge bulk, the Elephant! and then — and then think of the Tempest — the Midsummer Night's Dream — Prospero — Oberon — and Titania! . . .

"A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with *in*definite sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definitiveness.

"What was meant by the invective against him who had no music in his soul? . . .

"To sum up this long rigmarole, I have, dear B——, what you no doubt perceive, for the metaphysical poets, *as* poets, the most sovereign contempt. That they have followers proves nothing —

> "The Indian prince has to his palace
> More followers than a thief to the gallows."

POE TO THE "RICHMOND COURIER AND DAILY COMPILER."

SEPTEMBER 2, 1836.

WHILE Poe was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, he wrote a letter to the *Richmond Courier and Daily Compiler*, which may be regarded as a general answer to his critics. It is valuable also as furnishing insight into Poe's methods, and furnishing definite data in regard to the work done by him on the *Messenger*. The letter is as follows: —

Sept. 2, 1836.

To the Editor of the Compiler:

DEAR SIR: In a late paragraph respecting the *Southern Literary Messenger*, you did injustice to that Magazine, and perhaps your words, if unanswered, may even do it an injury. As any such wrong is far from your thoughts you will, of course, allow the Editor of the *Messenger* the privilege of reply. The reputation of a young Journal, occupying a conspicuous post in the eye of the public, should be watched, by those who preside over its interest, with a jealous attention, and those interests defended when necessary and when possible. But it is not often possible. Custom debars a Magazine from answering in its own pages (except in rare cases) contemporary misrepresentations and attacks. Against these it has seldom, therefore, any means of defence — the best of reasons why it should avail itself of the few, which, through courtesy, fall to its lot. I mean this as an apology for troubling you to-day.

(*a*) Your notice of the *Messenger* would generally be regarded as complimentary, especially as to myself. I would, however, prefer justice to compliment, and the good name of the Magazine to any personal considera-

tion. The concluding sentence of your paragraph runs thus: "The criticisms are pithy and often highly judicious, but *the editors* must remember that it is almost as injurious to obtain a character for regular cutting and slashing as for indiscriminate laudation." The italics are my own. I had supposed you aware of the fact that the *Messenger* had *but one* editor — it is not right that others should be saddled with demerits which belong only to myself.

(*b*) But this is not the point to which I especially object. You assume that the *Messenger* has obtained a character for regular "cutting and slashing," or if you do not mean to assume this every one will suppose that you do — which, in effect, is the same. Were the assumption just I would be silent and set immediately about amending my editorial course. You are not sufficiently decided, I think, in saying that a career of "regular cutting and slashing is *almost* as bad as one of indiscriminate laudation." It is infinitely worse. It is horrible. The laudation may proceed from — philanthropy, if you please, but the "indiscriminate cutting and slashing," only from the vilest passions of our nature. But I wish briefly to examine two points — first, is the charge of "indiscriminate cutting and slashing" just, granting it adduced against the *Messenger*, and second, is such charge adduced at all? Since the commencement of my editorship in December last ninety-four books have been reviewed. In seventy-nine of these cases the commendation has so largely predominated over the few sentences of censure that every reader would pronounce the notices highly laudatory. In seven instances, viz., in those of The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow, The Old World and the New, Spain Revisited, The Poems of Mrs. Sigourney, of Miss Gould, of Mrs. Ellet and of Halleck, praise slightly prevails. In five, viz., in those of Clinton Bradshaw, The Partisan, Elkswatawa, Lafitte, and the Poems of Drake, censure is greatly predominant; while the only reviews decidedly and harshly condemnatory are those of

Norman Leslie, Paul Ulric, and Ups and Downs. The "Ups and Downs" alone is *unexceptionably* condemned. Of these facts you may satisfy yourself at any moment by reference. In such case the difficulty you will find, in *classing* these notices, as I have here done, according to the predominance of censure, or commendation, will afford you sufficient evidence that it cannot justly be called "indiscriminate."

But this charge of indiscriminate "cutting and slashing" *has never been adduced* — except in four instances, while the rigid justice and impartiality of our Journal has been lauded even *ad nauseam*, in more than four times four hundred. You should not, therefore, have assumed that the *Messenger* had obtained a reputation for this "cutting and slashing" — for the asserting a thing to be famous is a well known method of rendering it so. The four instances to which I allude are the *Newbern Spectator*, to which thing I replied in July, the *Commercial Advertiser*, of Colonel Stone, whose Ups and Downs I had occasion (pardon me) to "use up," the *New York Mirror*, whose Editor's Norman Leslie did not please me, and the *Philadelphia Gazette*, which, being conducted by one of the sub-editors of the Knickerbocker, thinks it is its duty to abuse all rival magazines.

(*c*) I have only to add that the inaccuracy of your expression in the words: "The August number of the *Southern Literary Messenger* has been well received by *most* of the editorial corps who have noticed it," is of a mischievous tendency in regard to the *Messenger*. You have seen, I presume, no notices which have not been seen by myself — and you must be aware that there is *not one*, so far, which has not spoken in the highest terms of the August number. I cannot, however, bring myself to doubt that your remarks upon the whole were meant to do the *Messenger* a service and that you regard it with the most friendly feelings in the world.

Respectfully,

The Editor of the Messenger.

THOMAS TO POE.

July 6, 1841.

The following letter from F. W. Thomas to Poe was called forth by Poe's article on "Secret Writing" in *Graham's Magazine* (1841) : —

Washington, July 6th, 1841.

My Dear Sir,

This morning I received yours of yesterday, deciphering the "cryptograph" which I sent you last week, from my friend, Doctor Frailey. You request that I would obtain the Doctor's acknowledgment of your solution. I have just received the enclosed from him.

Doctor Frailey had heard me speak of your having deciphered a letter which our mutual friend, Dow, wrote upon a challenge from you last year, at my lodgings in your city, when Aaron Burr's correspondence in cipher was the subject of our conversation. You laughed at what you termed Burr's shallow artifice, and said you could decipher any such cryptography easily. To test you on the spot, Dow withdrew to the corner of the room, and wrote a letter in cipher, which you solved in a much shorter time than it took him to indite it.

As Doctor Frailey seemed to doubt your skill to the extent of my belief in it, when your article on "Secret Writing" appeared in the last number of your Magazine, I showed it to him. After reading it, he remarked that he thought he could puzzle you, and the next day he handed me the cryptograph which I transmitted to you. He did not tell me the key.

The uncommon nature of this article, of which I gave you not the slightest hint, made me express to you my strong doubts of your ability to make the solution. I confess that your solution, so speedily and correctly made, surprised me. I congratulate myself that I do not live in

an age when the black art is believed in, for, innocent as I am of all knowledge of cryptography, I should be arrested as an accessory before the fact, and, though I escaped, it is certain that you would have to die the death, and alas! I fear upon my testimony.

Your friend,

F. W. THOMAS.

EDGAR A. POE, ESQ.

POE TO DANIEL BRYAN.

JULY 6, 1842.

The Critic of April 16, 1892, prints the subjoined letter with this comment: "Mr. Charles Aldrich of Webster City, Iowa, sends us a copy of the following interesting letter from Poe, the original of which has been presented to him for the Aldrich Collection in the Iowa State Library by the Hon. John A. Kasson, to whom it was given some thirty years ago by a relative of Mr. Bryan. So far as we know, it has never before been seen in print": —

PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: — Upon my return from a brief visit to New York a day or two since, I found your kind and welcome letter of June 27.

What you say in respect to "verses" enclosed to myself has occasioned me some surprise. I have certainly received none. My connection with *Graham's Magazine* ceased with the May number, which was completed by the 1st of April — since which period the editorial conduct of the journal has rested with Mr. Griswold. You observe that the poem was sent about three weeks since.

Can it be possible that the present editors have thought it proper to open letters addressed to myself, because addressed to myself as "Editor of *Graham's Magazine*"? I know not how to escape from this conclusion; and now distinctly remember that, although in the habit of receiving many letters daily before quitting the office, I have not received more than half a dozen during the whole period since elapsed; and none of those received were addressed to me as "Editor of *G.'s Magazine.*" What to say or do in a case like this I really do not know. I have no quarrel with either Mr. Graham or Mr. Griswold — although I hold neither in especial respect. I have much aversion to communicate with them in any way, and, perhaps, it would be best that you should address them yourself, demanding the MS.

Many thanks for your kind wishes. I hope the time is not far distant when they may be realized. I am making earnest although *secret* exertions to resume my project of the *Penn Magazine*, and have every confidence that I shall succeed in issuing the first number on the first of January. You may remember that it was my original design to issue it on the first of January, 1841. I was induced to abandon the project at that period by the representations of Mr. Graham. He said that if I would join him as a salaried editor, giving up, for the time, my own scheme, he himself would unite with me at the expiration of six months, or certainly at the end of a year. As Mr. G. was a man of capital and I had no money, I thought it most prudent to fall in with his views. The result has proved his want of faith and my own folly. In fact, I was continually laboring against myself. Every exertion made by myself for the benefit of *Graham*, by rendering that Mag. a greater source of profit, rendered its owner at the same time less willing to keep his word with me. At the time of our bargain (a verbal one) he had 6000 subscribers — when I left him he had more than 40,000. It is no wonder that he has been tempted to leave me in the lurch.

I had nearly 1000 subscribers with which to have started the *Penn*, and, with these as a beginning, it would have been my own fault had I failed. There may be still three or four hundred who will stand by me, of the old list, and, in the interval between this period and the first of January, I will use every effort to procure others. You are aware that, in my circumstances, a single name, *in advance*, is worth ten after the issue of the book; for it is upon my list of subscribers that I must depend for the bargain to be made with a partner possessing capital, or with a publisher. If, therefore, you can aid me in Alexandria, with even a single name, I shall feel deeply indebted to your friendship.

I feel that now is the time to strike. The delay, after all, will do me no injury. My conduct of *Graham* has rendered me better and (I hope) more favorably known than before. I am anxious, above all things, to render the journal one in which the *true*, in contradistinction from the merely factitious, genius of the country shall be represented. I shall yield nothing to great names — nor to the circumstances of position. I shall make war to the knife against the New England assumption of "All the decency and all the talent" which has been so disgustingly manifested in the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America." But I am boring you with my egotism. May I hope to hear from you in reply? I am, with sincere respect and esteem, your ob't Servt.,

EDGAR A. POE.

DANL. BRYAN, ESQ.,
Alexandria, D. C.

P.S. — I have not seen the "attack" to which you have reference. Could it have been in a Philadelphia paper?

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